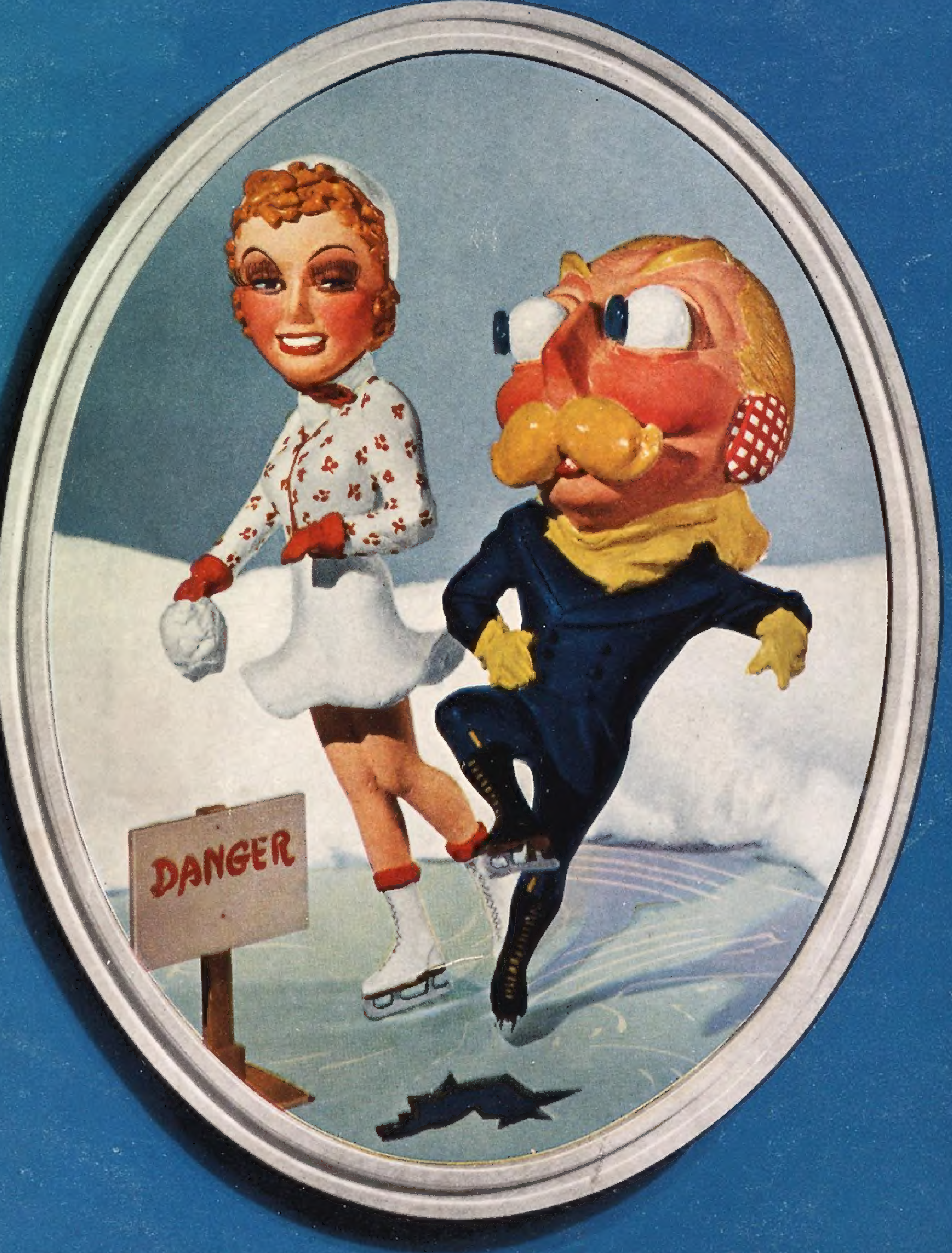
# Esquire

**• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN**

MARCH
1939



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BRUCE HENRY
BOB BROWN
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FRED S. TOBEY
MILTON A. STODDARD

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### ART

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MORT LUBY
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GILBERT SELDES
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(COVER)

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**FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR**
**CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS**

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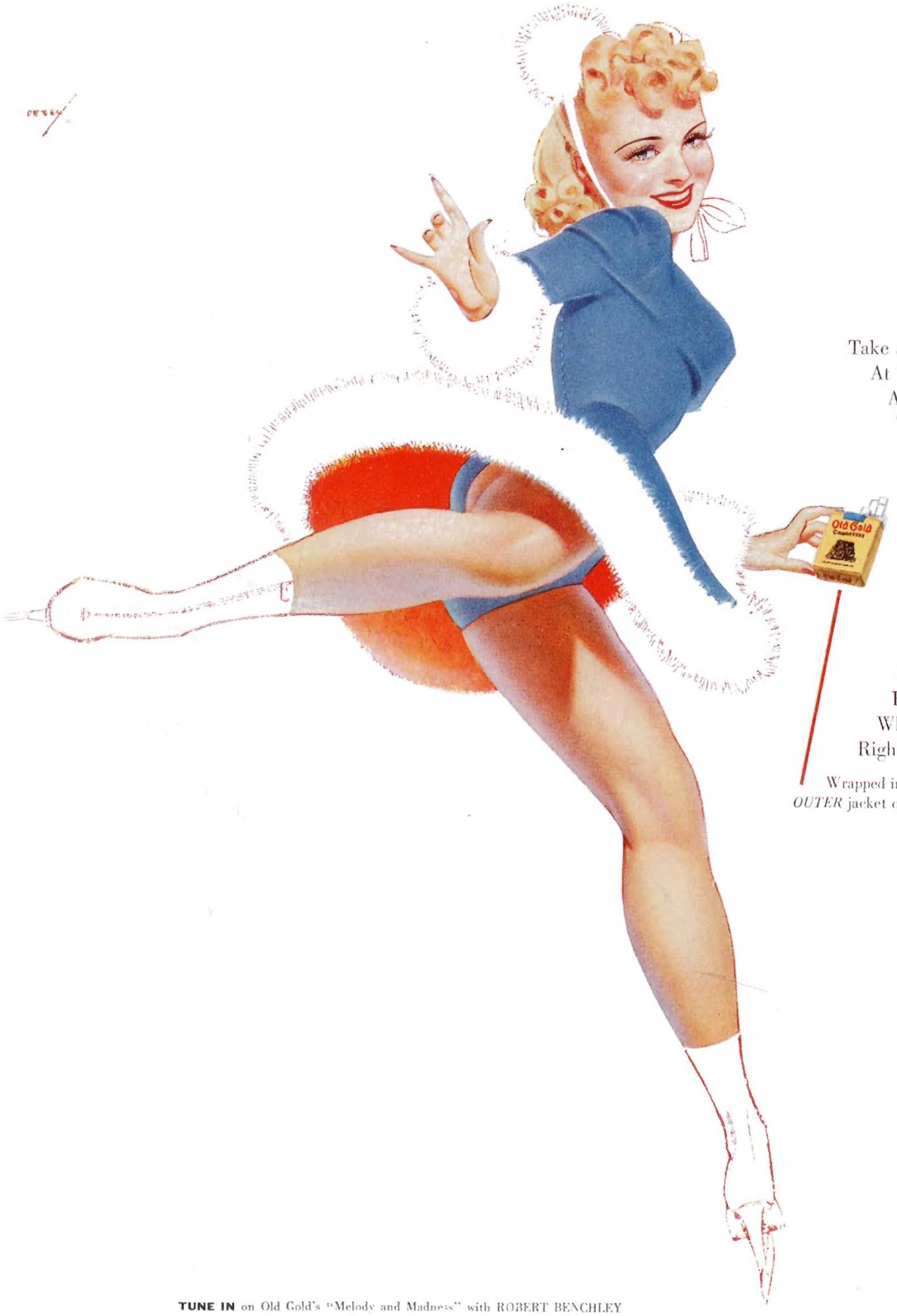

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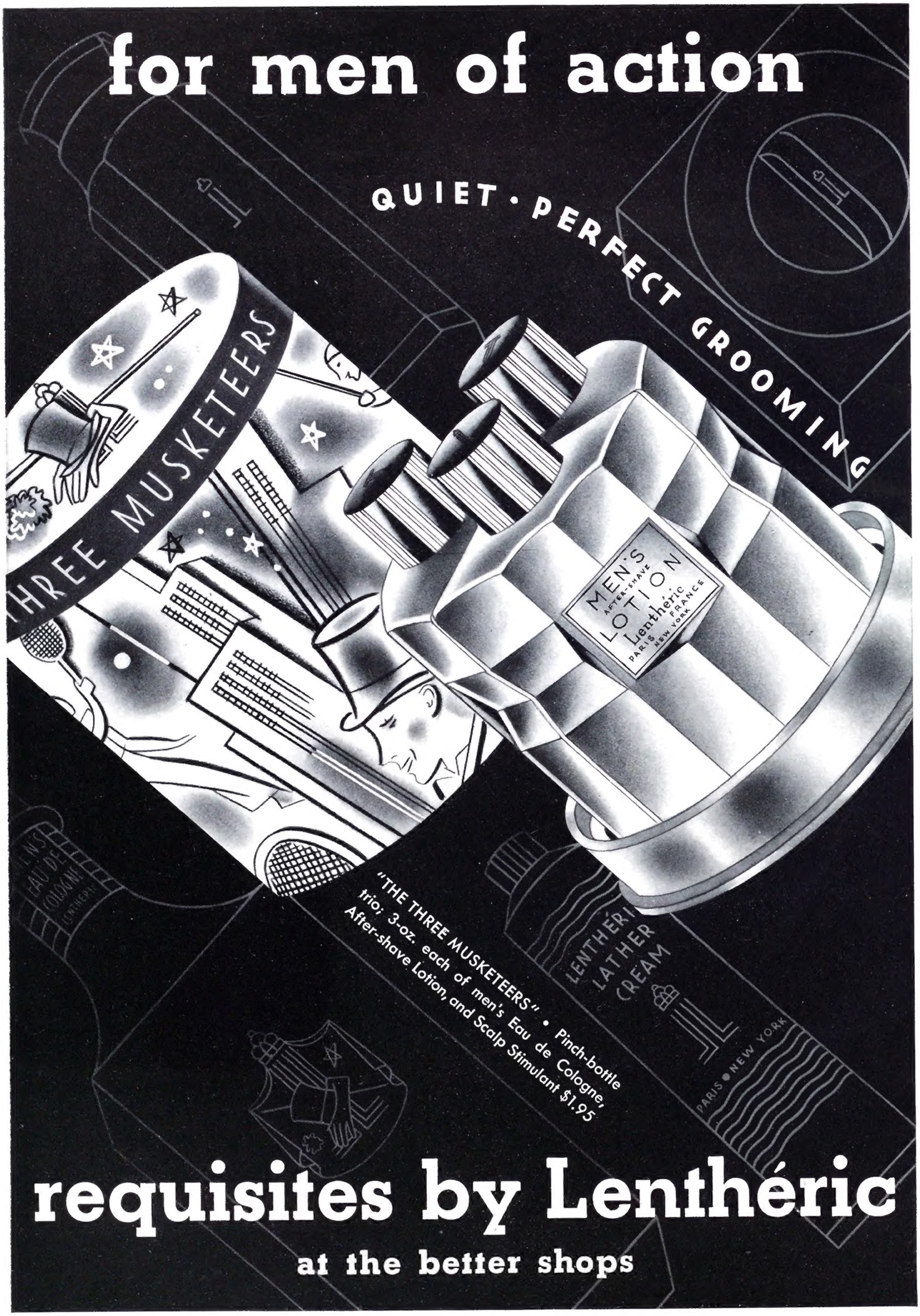
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# Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

*Publishers:*
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*Art Director:* Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquiro*. It is never done knowingly

## *Making the world safe for monarchy*

Of the sins that may be committed between lines of cold type there are few with which Esquire's fond readers have not charged it. We've been called escapists, defeatists, pacifists, exhibitionists, sensationalists, nihilists, propagandists, cultists, faddists, superficialists, obstructionists, communists, yellow-journalists, Democrats, war-mongers and anarchists, as our maybe-suffering but certainly-not-silent public has yowled in response to one controversial article after another. True, nobody but *New Masses* has so far seen fit to call us fascists. But nothing surprises us anymore.

Currently, there's a crop of letters coming in calling us Reactionaries. That's a refreshing new note, heretofore unsounded on our keyboard of complaints, and now touched off by the fact that we published a piece in defense of kings, by the Archduke Franz Josef of (what was known up to last year as) Austria.

Well, we did publish it, and it was a defense of kings, classifiable under the heading of Special Pleading, and if you want to take it that way, it *was* an advocacy of the idea of monarchy. And if you think we're going to wriggle out of that aspect of it you're crazy. But with world progress rushing counter-clockwise at its present dizzying rate, think twice before you call people Reactionaries for advocating such a comparatively enlightened institution as monarchy.

You see, we are in favor of monarchy for Austria and for Germany, which does, we suppose, make us counter-revolutionaries. But we go farther than that. We're in favor of monarchy for Italy. That, under present circumstances, would make us liberals, we imagine. In fact, if you're going to corner us on this thing, we'll even come right out with it and say that we're in favor of monarchy for Chamberland or (what was known up to the end of September 1938 as) Great Britain. And that, with the way of the world the way it is at the moment, makes us downright dangerous, not to say dirty, radicals.

You remember perhaps, out of your schoolbooks, the romantic description of the medieval heroine Nicolette, "the whiteness of whose dainty foot made the very daisies seem black." Well, there are systems of government in the civilized world today so coal-black dirty that a douse of good old-fashioned monarchy could only turn them snow-white by contrast. So we stand by whatever advocacy of the monarchic system may have been either expressed or inferred in last month's piece by the Archduke Franz Josef.

We got that piece, incidentally, through the kindly offices of Seymour Berkson, world-traveled newspaper correspondent and editor, who was so intrigued by the Archduke's random remarks on monarchy, as developed in the course of a casual conversation, that he induced him to put them down on paper as a thesis for dissemination by this periodical of public enlightenment. We don't know whether Berkson was toying at the time with the idea of doing a book on the world's royal families, or whether indeed he saw an idea for himself at the moment of scouting one for us, but in any event he has since blossomed out as the author of *Their Majesties!*, published by Stackpole Sons, and aptly sub-titled *A Royal Merry-go-Round*. The sub-title is felicitous, because this is one of those rare books (they are rare, despite the glib tendency of reviewers to hail every plough-throughable volume as un-put-downable) that really give the reader a merry-go-round ride so lively that he finds himself as unable as unwilling to get off before it finally comes to a full stop at the end. Lively is too tame a term for it, though. Each chapter goes off like a string of firecrackers. And there's an eyebrow-lift on almost every page, beginning with the very first one pointing out that all eleven of Europe's hereditary reigning monarchs are directly descended from King James I of England. The whole book teems with epigrams and juts with anecdotes.

For instance: The Shavian observation, "Kings are not born, they are made by universal hallucination" . . . And George VI himself, apropos of the British royal household: "We are a firm, not a family" . . . And the crack of a London wag, apropos of the same: "Lucky for us our royal family is German. No Britishers would endure what they have to go through" . . . And the remonstrance of King William IV, "But how can I as a gentleman so humiliate myself," and Wellington's classic comeback, "Sir, you are not a gentleman, but King of England" . . . And the Abdication Epilogue when in the bowels of London a grimy Cockney ditch digger being bawled out by his foreman for not working fast enough looked up and said: "Blimey, I carn't work wiffout the woman I love beside me" . . . And the case of the Swedish Communist leader who was asked who would be the Communists' choice to head a Swedish Soviet Regime and promptly replied: "Why King Gustaf, of course" . . . And the inside story, at long last, of why Queen Mary clung for thirty years to those quaint toques and turbans which made her hats the butt of jokes throughout the world: it was so the curious public on both sides of the street could see her majestic profile as she rode by . . . And the one about the time Queen Mary took Princess Elizabeth to an exhibition of articles made by the blind, where one of the attendants, in a flutter to please the royal guests, picked out some object that he thought would amuse a child and said: "Your Majesty, I think this will interest the little lady." "I'm not a little lady, I'm a princess!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "She's quite right," Queen Mary added hastily, "the princess is not a little lady—but we're trying to make her one."

But read *Their Majesties!* for yourself. It will tell you, and far more entertainingly, all that we started out to say in this space: that kings are infinitely more desirable world citizens today than certain rulers we can think of, quite aside from the obvious fact that they are a much better class of people!

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Vol. XI, No. 3
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**CULINARY COUNSEL ON CURRY.** Seems to be a pretty consistent call for this great Indian contribution by the Curry Conscious. With an eye to catering to the Better Stomachs we tender the following: Armando, affable little restauranteur in Manhattan, comes across with a curry soup yclept *"cold cream of chicken Indienne"*: 4 chopped onions, 2 stalks celery, 2 bayleaves all smothered in butter with 4 tbsp. curry powder mixed with white flour. Add 4 cups canned chicken broth and 4 glasses milk. Put mixture in your ice box and let mellow for 2 or 3 days (this is the secret of its success, Armando says) before serving.

**CHICKEN CURRY.** Helena Rubinstein, famous purveyor of beautifiers, is also a superb cook. Madame's menials stand in awe whilst she skillfully concocts chicken curry as follows: chop and fry 4 onions, 3 tomatoes, 2 large cooking apples, 2 bananas, add 3 tsps. raisins and place mixture in large pot. Add 6 cupfuls of chicken stock or water and simmer for 2 hours, then add ½ cupful of chutney and 2 to 3 tsps. curry-powder. In the meantime 2 chickens have been fried to a nice brown, but not thoroughly cooked. Add to curry mixture and simmer another hour. Add dash of lemon juice before serving. Accompanied, of course by rice. If you want your rice to emerge in dry, separate, fluffy grains, put it in a sieve and pour *cold* water over it (after you've boiled it 13 minutes) then let it drain well.

**BENGAL RICE.** An American civil engineer, who lived in India for years, imports and puts up a lot of East Indian curry accoutrements which he sells through a fascinating Indian shop in New York. You can buy chutney, Indian poppadums (giant Indian version of a potato chip and absolutely mouthwatering); Bengal *rice* which he pops and welds into what correspond to popcorn balls.

**CURRIED PINEAPPLE.** The touch elegant when served with almost any meat. One can Hawaiian pineapple, 2 tbsp. curry powder, 3 tbsp. butter, ½ tsp. salt. Melt butter, add curry powder and salt. Cut up pineapple in small bits, add pineapple and juice to curry mixture, simmer 15 minutes.

**CURRY SAUCE.** Good way to put new life into odds and ends of vegetables that you suddenly discover resting quietly in the icebox left over from yesterday's party: 2 slices onion, 2 tbsp. butter, 2 tbsp. flour, celery salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper, 1 tbsp. *bitters*, 1 cup scalded milk. Cook onion in butter 5 minutes, remove. Add flour, salt, pepper, curry and bitters. Then add milk. Pour over heated and drained vegetables.

**VEAL CURRY WITH MOLASSES.** We went to a luncheon the other day at which molasses was used in every course, from the stuffed baked oranges through the dessert. Main dish, however was a super veal curry dolled up with a slug of molasses. Recipe as follows: 2½ lbs. veal, 1 tsp. salt, 3 medium size onions, 6 stalks celery and 2 apples . . . all minced; ¼ cup curry powder, ¼ tsp. pepper, ½ tsp. ginger, 1 lb. rice, ½ tsp. tabasco sauce, 1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce, ½ cup cold water, 2 egg yolks, well beaten, 2 tbsp. butter, ½ cup pure New Orleans molasses, 2 cups meat stock or 2 boullion cubes. Cook veal, onions, celery and apples. In frying pan, pour meat stock and stir in curry powder. Simmer 5 minutes. Add molasses, other seasoning and meat, cook 20 minutes. Pour in water and cook 5 minutes, stirring until thickened. When ready to serve, add egg yolks and heat to boiling, stirring constantly. Serve in hot rice ring. Serves 8 curry addicts.

**CURRIED EGGS WITH BANANAS.** Gale Page, about to appear in Warner's "The Professor Steps Out" does diced hard boiled eggs in a curry sauce flavored with chopped apple and onion. Served on boiled rice and surrounded with fried bananas which have been sprinkled with cocoanut.

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● You won't find it in the encyclopedia. You will find it in any lexicon of fashion . . . and in the minds and on the tongues of the Fashion Wise Men Of New York.

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For the very reason that John David is headquarters for these New York residents . . . John David will be the fashion meeting-place of all the really *knowing* visitors to New York during the great 1939 New York World's Fair days that will start with a bang come next April 30th.

Naturally you are coming to see the World of Tomorrow . . . and naturally, you will be equally interested in New York's own world of today. That world, when it comes to men's fashions, is unlike any other anywhere. Its distinction derives from a subtle blend of high fashion and conservatism . . . both present . . . at one and the same time.

No one knows these New York niceties better than John David. And nowhere will your greeting be warmer . . . when you are here.

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TIMELY CLOTHES
Timely Tailored

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# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

## FILE UNDER WHY NOT

In the January issue of Esquire, I notice in the *Sound and Fury* a most exemplary letter from an anti New Dealer.

This anti New Dealer (Incidentally, what doesn't an anti New Dealer deal in?) very laudably takes exception to a caricature aimed at the Chief Executive and in taking exception and cancelling his subscription to your horribly un-American magazine sets a beautiful example for the reading public to follow. Why not pass a law to cancel all subscriptions to all newspapers, magazines and other publications that indulge in the vile practice of exhibiting cartoons? With the passage of such a law all subscriptions would stop and the publisher would publish only for his own enjoyment, which, I am sure, would not suffer from longevity.

Of course I would not think of subscribing for your so unfair magazine but when I can find a trustworthy newsstand operator once a month, I put on my dark glasses and in the dead of night sneak in and with alacrity shell out fo' bits for the awful rag.

For some time I was under the impression that free speech, free expression and free press was an advantage to the country. Since reading Mr. Anti New Dealer's stirringly patriotic letter I find that this kind of freedom is un-American.

Heil, Anti New Dealer!

Yours insincerely,

Columbia, La. **Bill Gordon**
No Dealer

## SEAMEN HAVE EYES FOR EVERYTHING

Your attention is invited to the January, 1939, issue of Esquire.

Page 5.—Under the heading "satire" you print: "Who Said a Thousand Years? . . . Doug Welch 74."

Page 74.—Is a piece of satire entitled, "Who Said a Thousand Years?" Well done.

Page 26.—Second column, third item. In part I quote: "Doug Welch . . He often appears in our pages—currently . . . on page 86."

Page 86.—An excellent close-up of an elephant's dead kisser and chin whiskers. But just who in the hell did bang that elephant and sits on its knee—Doug Welch or George Petty?

Everything was all right until I looked at page 87. There, someone whom you call "George" is peek-a-booing from the other side of a rhino. George looks so much like Doug and Doug looks so much like George—they must be twins!

Yours very truly,
**The Seaman's Eye**
U. S. S. Minneapolis
San Pedro, Calif.

## HIGHER CRITICISM

Perhaps an ignorant person shouldn't express themselves too freely—I am not especially familiar with many of the current writers—but I have read Esquire minutely for a long time—and about this writer, Hemingway. He may be tops to some people but all through his piece *The Denunciation*, in November, my impression was all through the story he was trying so very hard to be Esquirish. Too, it seemed that he assumed an easiness in his writing that he did not feel.

While *The Denunciation* is a pretty story with its colorful Spanish background, the main theme, namely—the love, respect and devotion that folk did or should have for the genial proprietor of the men's bar, Pedro Chicote—is somewhat out of proportion to the tragical embellishments of the rest of the story.

He informs us in the beginning that Chicote "had zest." He then explains nonchalantly what "zest is," then drives home the fact a few more times that Chicote *had it*. About the seventh time I got so I didn't care whether Chicote had zest or ants in his pants.

Oh well—as I have said before—or, was it Rupert Hughes, "we can't have everything."

**Lolo M. Stultz**
Kansas City, Mo.

P. S. By the way, I meant to tell you I like Esquire very very much—better talent, than any other magazine.

## ARE WE MICE?

The anonymous lad in your January issue who wrote *In Defense of the American Gigolo*, seems to have fallen the way of so many defenders and becomes the worst offender of those whom he sets out to defend. By his constant charge at the inferiority of the American Husband and his synonymous refusal to recognize the virtue of his necessary existence, he is shaking loose the best and only foundation of defense that the Gigolo may hope to possess. For without the American Husband, the American Gigolo just cannot exist; or at least not and still retain his illusion of personal achievement. And you can bet that his Continental Brother will be the last to condemn, or wish for the extinction of the provident husband of Europe, lest he be satisfied to accept the same dull repute as that of his female prototype.

It was best, I suppose, that the author of the article remains anonymous, for it was pretty stupid and outdated stuff.

Despite the fact that at Fifty Cents a head you have been able to mow 'em down into your Sixth New Year's Esquire, this is not the age of plenty, and the modern female's independence is largely mythical. The woman in this day of unemployment, relief and of the W.P.A. is forced to resort to her old civilized custom of grabbing quickly what and while she can, not necessarily a husband with ideals, wealth or knowledge of her subtle needs, but one just so long as he has a job. And this she is doing, or trying to.

And that remark about the "misguided poet," he of "Love is a woman's whole existence," was used rather badly. It stunk! For no one meant such less, nor few have reached his height in gigoloism. That evidently meant nothing at all to little Anonymous, though.

Instead of playing about after the fashion of a George Jean Nathan of a long ago popular printed time, of petting the manes of the Gigolo and the bottoms of the too much petted females, the author might have stared for a moment beneath the surface of his idle reflections, torn up his manuscript and done an ala-C.I.O. rally piece in an effort to enlighten or organize the contemporary masculine mass to revolt. Or isn't Esquire a Magazine for Men?

If so, then forget about pampering the bitches and their lice, and start a little female-baiting to warn our brothers against the rise of woman's affected subduedness with which she is flaunting the present. Inform our fellows that since the depression he can damned near pick what he chooses—and as many as he likes and when he pleases.

You might also inform Anonymous that he needn't waste all his time with careful tactics or minute grooming, because time and circumstances make it quite unnecessary. And while your advertisers may not like it—Well, Man to Man, Esquire, what of it! Now you're not going Gigolo in your policy, are you? Come, my friend, about face!

Sincerely,

El Paso, Texas **L. T. King**

P. S. When the hell is a "Defense of the American Husband" to be proclaimed? Except sentimentally, that poor man seems to get nothing from you literary fellows.

## OR ARE WE LICE?

Shades of Grandma's farthingale. What in tarnation are we coming to? The article by Anonymous in the January number was enough to bring a listless WPA loafer to life with a start.

Can it be possible that this person is in complete control of his faculties and the trend that he sets forth will be an accomplished fact in time to come?

Where is the spirit of "76"? Where is the spark of Breed's Hill, Shiloh, San Juan, and Vimy Ridge? We may have skidded a long, long way, but have we come this far? If so, what sort of a national catastrophe will be necessary to awaken us?

As an old fossil, who loves to prowl and rummage through the niches and corridors of the past and creates lullabys on the cussedness of man and the saintliness of woman, I refuse to believe it. Even if everything I ever said about man, and I have said plenty, were true, yet he could not descend to the low water mark set by Anonymous. A polecat can be a gentleman at times.

As for the ladies, any Johnnie-come-lately and upstart, who sets about the task of analyzing them, classifying them, pretending to know their likes and dislikes, following their whims and fancies, pleasing them or displeasing them, as a whole or as a single unit, must have bats in his belfry. A woman can climb to heights that only a saint could attain and she can descend to the dregs that would shame the Devil.

When a woman does climb the heights, she does so on her own motive power and you can just bet all the tequila in Mexico that you won't find a man giving her a boost over the rough spots. Furthermore, whenever you find a woman on the skids and sunk beyond redemption, back there somewhere along the trail, you will find a man, if not a whole passel of them.

A woman's weakness is a pair of pants and when she falls in love, it is a gamble whether she comes out right side up or not. It all depends on what she falls in love with. Her chances of success in love and marriage is getting slimmer each day, for the quality is dropping fast and some of the scum and trash she must put up with is becoming a national calamity.

Anonymous may know his macks and male strumpets, but he does not know the first damn thing about women, nor does any other man for that matter. They are a mystery of our own making and we may as well settle down to the fact, that as long as we have created them, we should make the best of it. To live off one of them, wear the clothes she bought, spend the money she furnishes, eat her food, drink her drinks, and sleep in her bed, it would take a two legged thing so aptly described by Anonymous. God forbid that it could be called a man.

Respectfully yours,

Reedley, Calif. **Walt Harper**

## HOW FAST IS A FAST FISH?

You have on, or near, your fiction staff one Paul Annixter. You are no doubt aware of this, but I thought it necessary as a preliminary to mention his name.

In the January issue of Esquire Mr. A wrote a bit titled *The Swordsman*, and I, having relieved myself of $0.50, read it.

I would like to quote from this story, thereby giving you some additional information for which you probably have no particular use: ". . . for porpoise are mammals, not fish, and slow swimmers compared to the other clans of the sea." Sometime I would like to read Mr. P. Annixter's definition of a marine "slow swimmer," as I recently read that porpoises under way have been clocked from airplanes and that they have attained a speed of 80 miles per hour. I don't recall where I read this information, and I wouldn't quote the publication if I did, but I will admit that I'm a bit confused, more so than usual, in fact.

The author mentions the full speed of Xiphias as that of a fast motorboat, and also that he (and she) travelled 600 miles in one day. I wouldn't know the cruising speed of a swordfish, but even at 50% of his maximum it would only be 50 miles per hour. He would never catch up with our friend the sea pig at that rate.

I have seen many porpoises in action, singly, in pairs, and by the hundreds, and while I'm not able to state from observing them that they can do 80 miles per I do know that they can, if startled, get away from a vessel's side faster than the eye can follow. They also have been known to play *across* a destroyer's bow with that vessel doing 35 knots. You can't drag your feet and perform that feat (no pun intended).

Of course I may be wrong about the whole thing. If so I really would like to be enlightened. Until I have been I can only believe that the reason Xiphias and his mate travelled so far so fast was that a porpoise or something was chasing them. Or does the term "fiction" cover it? Or don't you care?

Anyway don't stop printing till I get straightened out, cause I'll probably be able to locate four bits for February.

Very truly yours,
**F. R. Noyes**
S. S. Mexican
Brooklyn, N. Y.

## TRANSATLANTIC TUT-TUT EXCHANGE

Browsing through the *S & F* of a recent issue (December) of dear old Esky, I was aroused from my lethargy by the letter of "Aldenhamian" in criticism of the article *Hail to the Gentry*. After his brief comments on said article, the gentleman reverts to the ancient British pastime; that of judging the manners and morals of "We-uns." These vocal chastisements by our English cousins, from G. B. Shaw upward, are usually accepted meekly and indifferently.

Although I feel a complete lack of confidence as to the corrective influence of the following comment; nevertheless, I must have my gentle word of reproval: In my youth, my daddy impressed upon my mind (and posterior) the fact that a gentleman does not openly criticize the manners of another person or persons.

Please accept this as being written entirely without malice Dear Chappie.

Yours truly,

Yankton, S. Dak. **J. R. C.**
(ex-gentleman)

***Continued on page 12***

## *We Photographed Him in the Nick of Time*

A SECOND MORE and he'd have passed the coffee service...

And *that coffee service* can tell you a story that will make you want the glorious, all-'round excellence of Four Roses in all your highballs, forever more!

For the coffee that is drawn from this old Sheffield urn is—like all grand coffees—really a combination of several coffees...one chosen for aroma, one for flavor, still others for body and smoothness.

*A combination of virtues*—that's the secret of greatness in the coffee *you* buy and enjoy—and in the *whiskey* you see on the tray above...*Four Roses!*

For Four Roses owes *its* magnificence to the fact that while it is *ALL* whiskey, it is more than a *single* straight whiskey—it's a combination of *several* selected whiskies.

Each of the whiskies that go into Four Roses is blessed with some special quality: *aroma,* or *body,* or *smoothness,* or *flavor.* Brought together into *one* liquor, they bequeath to Four Roses *every* virtue you could hope to find in a whiskey!

So we'd like to suggest that you go to your favorite package store or bar, *today,* and ask for Four Roses. Taste it—carefully—yes, *critically.* Think back, as you sip it: have you ever tasted *any* whiskey that can match Four Roses' surpassing goodness?

FOUR ROSES

*A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof—Every Drop is Whiskey*
*Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore*

WE BELIEVE FOUR ROSES IS AMERICA'S FINEST WHISKEY—*BAR NONE!*

# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

### FINLAND FOREVER

Congratulations on your article *Sport Among the Vikings.* For American writers messieurs Springer & Read exhibit a remarkable knowledge of the sport. Most attempts made by Americans to describe skiing are so full of the glory of the so-called Arlberg technique that it makes a skier sick. Everybody should know by now that the great and wonderful Arlberg technique is nothing but a lot of hooey cooked up by mid-European professional skiers to catch the eye of simpleminded American tourists who have more money than sense.

The best skiers in the world come from Finland, Sweden and Norway. I would say that the Finns are the best skiers, Norwegians the best jumpers and the Swedes a happy combination of both. You can dismiss the Swiss and the Austrians with a shrug. 90 percent of their skiing is done with an eye for the tourist trade.

Good as the article by Springer & Read was, there are some minor details that need correcting. Among the other things the article states that Norwegians started the whole skiing business. That, mah frans, is not so. The oldest pair of skis in the world were found in Finland. They are over four thousand years old which means that when Moses was leading the Jews out of Egypt the Finns were skiing already. The first reference to skis in the history is made by Olaf Magnusson who, writing about Finns, calls them "skrid-Finnar" meaning "the sliding Finns." I think this was about the sixteenth century although I am not certain about the date. The word "ski" also comes from the Finnish-Carelian word "suski." The modern Finnish equivalent is "suksi." The bit of history above is not intended as a slur on the Norwegians for whom I have a great respect in the realm of skis.

Leaving the skiing, your magazine is not bad as a whole. You print some lousy stuff but most of the time you make up for it by having something worth reading in every issue. I think that Carleton Smith and Pietro Di Donato are your best contributors. As for your favorite author Ernest Redmond Buckler I missed that "beautiful white-cold beating Hemingway once gave bright-pup Bill Saroyan" but I think that "bright-pup" Saroyan is just as good as "hair on my chest" Hemingway. Saroyan is all style, Hemingway all action. Both are good in their own fields although I think that if Saroyan took little more care in choosing his subjects he would far surpass Hemingway.

Yours till next month,
JOHNNY FINN
Montreal, Que., Can.

### TREMENDOUS TRIFLES

I have enjoyed Mr. Brody's article on Hungarian horsemanship considerably and was amazed how accurately and concisely he set down the fine technical points of horsemanship as practiced in Hungary.

Permit me however to point out a few small but rather glaring errors that crept into the part of the story which describes the state horse breeding establishments: if Mr. Brody strains his memory a little or consults a reference book, he will find that the Nonius strain was never bred at Bábolna but at Mezöhegyes where it is the predominating breed, considerably overshadowing the prettier but less important Gidrans.

Kladrubs of course were never bred at Kisbér nor any other place in Hungary: they being a small strain of old type Spanish coach-horses bred for the exclusive use of the Imperial & Royal stables at Kladrub, the Bohemian part of Austria.

Kisbér is the home of the Thoroughbred, along which there is also a line of English half-blood horses centered there.

Bábolna is and has been for almost a century the home of the Arabian horse in Hungary. You may be interested to know that Emperor of Japan is one of the best foreign customers of this great stock farm. Since 1919, when Rumania invaded Transylvania and Fogaras had to be abandoned, the Lipizza's are also housed at Bábolna.

Very truly yours,
WILLIAM J. SCHEFFER
Bridgeton, N. J.

### CARRYING GEMS TO KIMBERLEY

Your *Candid Cameraman's* phraseology in his movie review (November Issue) gives me what many of your correspondents would vulgarly call a pain in the neck. To say "The genius of theatrical comedy is literary, a conception of character which transcends in validity the credible" is not only abstract, but also ambiguous and circumlocutary. The author obviously grew fond of this sentence for he practically repeats it in a lower paragraph only adding the words "new" and "undeniably" to give this preposterous sentence I suppose a still more euphonious literary flavour.

I heartily recommend to this quasi-intellectual twirp a book called "The King's English" by H. W. & F. G. Fowler, compilers of "The Concise Oxford Dictionary." A cursory study of this will, I feel sure, convince him that circumlocution is not only bad form, but in most cases unnecessary. Apart from this I enjoy your delightful mag immensely, and the fact that it is read even in this remote corner of our Empire should give you some satisfaction be it ever so smug.

Yours very truly,
JOHN STANDEN
Kimberley, Cape Province,
South Africa

### FAREWELL TO ESQUIRE

Oh, Esquire, you require something subtle;
Some theme, with meaning intricate and fine.
You have no time for trite or sugared phrases
Prosaic executions such as mine.
'Though, oft' I ve tried to crash your sacred gateway,
My efforts, forthwith, come a-bouncing back.
You use no subtlety in your rejections;
They tell me frankly of the gift I lack.
To grace your great escutcheon I've labored.
My intellect I've squandered in the cause.
But my feeble efforts found the basket.
So ready for my vain, well meant, faux pas.
Love on the loose; political precision;
What element, illusive lies therein?
What dancing wraith of my imagination,
Can I transfix, and, on my paper, pin?
I've had enough of terse and tart comeuppance.
And so, farewell, oh, mecca of my dream!
For I have never learned to think in riddles,
Believing that things are not what they seem.

MARION LEE KING
Detroit, Mich.

### FILE UNDER FAIR WARNINGS

PETTY IS SLIPPING!

Very truly yours,
New Iberia, La. L. BURTON

### SOMEBODY'S HAPPY

Not in a long, long time have I enjoyed so immensely, or appreciated so keenly, the anonymous article *In Defense of the American Gigolo*, in your January issue. It hits a very high mark in writing as well as delicious entertainment.

Notwithstanding its fine drollery and supersophistication, the pungency its remarks cannot help but convince one that there is even more truth than wit in this article. The men can learn much from some of its "trail blazing" facts and theories. It certainly comes as a revelation to many of us.

You have done the American male a great favor in publishing it, and as for the American female—well she is more than able to hold her own and doesn't need any help, especially after what we have learned about her from *In Defense of the American Gigolo.*

And as for its anonymous author, whoever he is, well, he has given us not only a cargo of sagacity, but along with it some succinct new axioms and bon-mots that are worthy of the permanent album. I have cut the article out and will use it as a text book in handling the ladies from now on.

A new gigolo candidate,
HARRY S. FRIEDMAN
Los Angeles, Calif.

### FILE UNDER WHO'S WHO AND WHO CARES

How does Iles Brody get that way? Hungary has never produced horsemen to surpass the Cowboys of the West or the Texas Rangers, nor a cavalry leader to compare with "Phil" Sheridan or "Jeb" Stuart. Nor has Hungary ever had polo players to compare with American players, or jockeys or steeplechase riders.

His story of Charles Kinsky is moonshine. Kinsky had lived in England for years before his great victory in the National of 1883. He was regarded in the Shires as a "thruster" in the first flight. Zoedone finished third in the Grand National of 1882, won by Lord Manners on his horse Seaman. Like Manners, Kinsky lacked experience in steeplechasing but he was a tiger in the hunting field as Manners was. If Brody is a horseman, he must know that it is nonsense to say Kinsky rode Zoedone to Aintree. Zoedone was trained in the most approved English method. The story about the advice given to Count Charles Kinsky may be correct, it is accepted by David Hordley Munroe in his history of the Grand National but it is also told of Lord Manners and of several others. It is only plain common sense. Incidentally the year Kinsky won saw the smallest field in the long annals of the National—only ten starters.

The story of the Captain of Hussars in the Turkish Bath in Budapest is also garbled. Charlie Esterházy's antagonist, or assailant, was a gipsy and although I knew Charlie Esterházy intimately well since our Oxford days and shot with him in his father's places, viz: Abraham and Czekleez, before the war back in 1909 and 1910, I never heard there was a woman in the case. The affair in the Turkish Bath was what Winston Churchill would describe as a "regrettable incident." Of one thing we can be sure, Esterházy's opponent must have been a real champion or else he caught him off his guard because Charlie was a magnificent athlete, an intrepid horseman, a splendid swordsman, a superb shot and no slouch with his fists.

Hungarians are grand sportsmen—the finest in the world. It does not detract from Kinsky's great achievement to get the facts right. Esterházy was also a horseman good enough to have won the National. His mother was English. Both Kinsky and Esterházy were natural horsemen, "top-notchers" before they came to England but they rode to hounds and raced in the typical best English style.

Very truly yours,
London, England E. J. GYRE

### CALL TO THE FAR-OFF PLACES

I've been working on this for a long time. And at last I turn to the *Sound and Fury* editor. If any one knows a lot of people in far-away places it should be you.

I'm a freshman—I have a hell of a lot of fun—but I don't think this college has exactly what I want—or any other college for that matter. So I'm thinking of starting my own personal college and to do it I have to have the cooperation of a hell of a swell guy.

Here's the way this school works. In the mornings I study just about the same as I do now. Only I work on things I really want to know about. I'd read things I never have time for here. I'd write, read, and enjoy. You can take things you like in college; but you get them in such stiff doses that you have to jam it down your gut and you hate it when you come out. In this school you take it easy and have some time to think and dream.

Then in the afternoons I just knock off and have fun. The school's location is either high up in the snow country or down on some lonely stretch of beach where the waves roll in and the fishing is fine. All afternoon I ski and ski and ski. I ski until I'm drunk with the thrill of it. Or if it is a beach school I ride the breakers in for hours on end—long dreamy hours of pure happiness. Then at night I and this swell guy sit around a big fire and talk of things we have read and things that are happening. That would be real education I think.

So here is where you come in. There are Esquire readers the world around. There are men who live up in the ski lands—in Europe and in America. There are men who live on lonely beaches. And I know that I could find one of these who might be interested in having a kid who would give his heart for the chance, stay with him, live with him, and try this new kind of school.

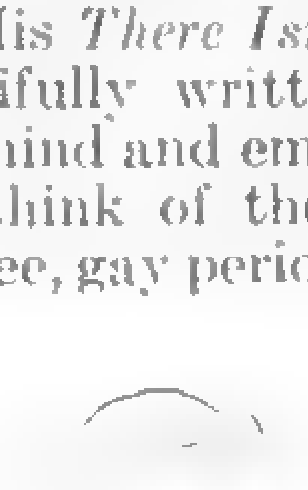
I'm putting all my chips on this deal. Mr. Editor could and would you tell me of some of these guys living in their far off, beautiful, lonely places. I'll do the rest. I'll write them and try and tell how much I'd give for a chance to try my idea.

I guess editors don't have much time for star-struck kids like me; but just the same I'm betting on you, Mr. Esquire Editor, you haven't let me down yet.

Thank you, and here's hoping,
Colorado Springs, Colo. BERT STILES

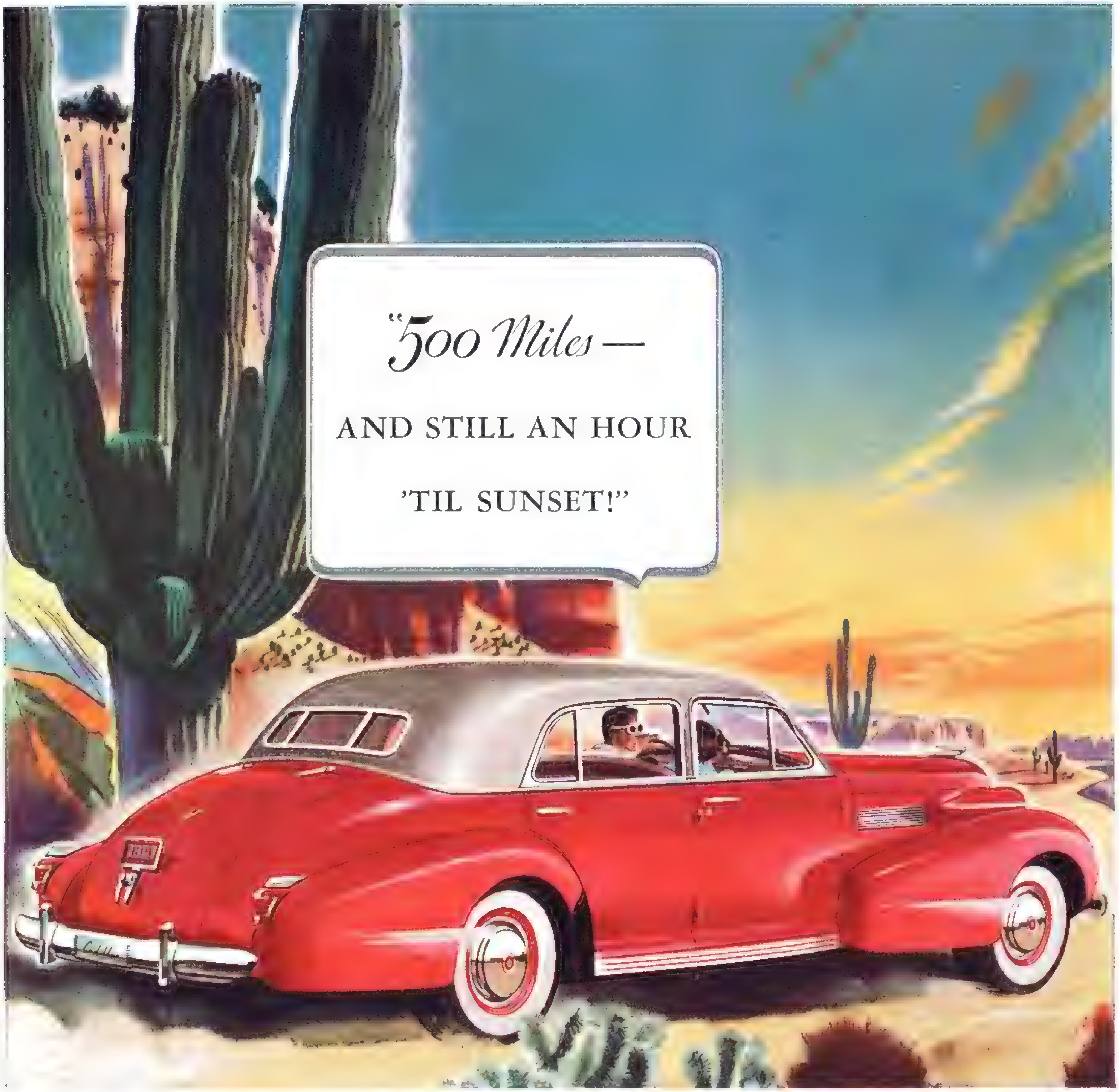
### TIME REMEMBERED

Possibly you receive many compliments on the fiction of Louis Paul, but I'll add mine anyhow. His *There Isn't Any Justice* is a beautifully written word-picture of a boy's mind and emotions. Too many men think of their extreme youth as a carefree, gay period, which they would like to resurrect. Actually boyhood is the most tragic slice of a man's life. I wouldn't be ten—or twenty—again on a bet. Mr. Paul has an honest memory. He can record faithfully the essential tragedy of boyhood, and he appreciates the fact that an eleven-year-old, though naïve, is all too often more intelligent than his parents.



Cordially,
Fort Benning, Ga. JULIUS MIMS

*Continued at bottom of page 116*


"500 Miles—
AND STILL AN HOUR
'TIL SUNSET!"

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

THERE ARE THREE THINGS of vital importance about travel in a motor car.

First, there is the *time* it takes you to go from place to place. And thousands of owners will tell you that they cover more ground, in a given time, in their Cadillac Sixty Specials than in any other cars they have ever driven. And they do this without using excessive speed. The car is simply so quick and responsive that a higher *average* speed results.

Second, there is the *ease* with which you travel—measured largely in terms of how rested and relaxed you feel at the journey's end. Again, owners of the Cadillac Sixty Special hold first place. They say it rides better, handles better, and inspires more confidence in driver and passengers, than any other car now on the American highways.

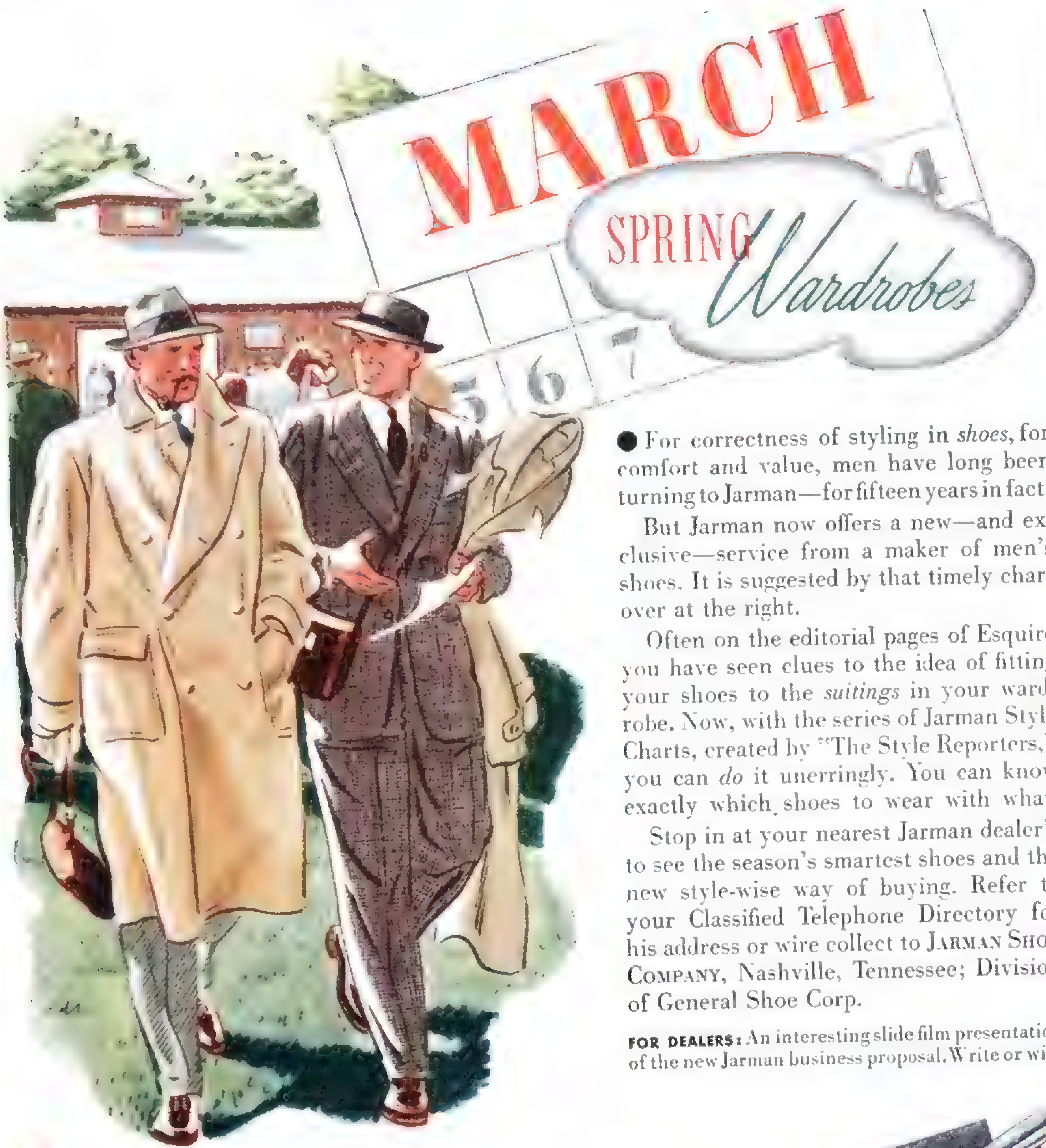
And, finally, there is the matter of *safety*—how well you are protected against the hazards of highway travel. Once more, you head the list if you ride in a Sixty Special. Owners contend that it stands without a peer in road-balance and in its general maneuverability.

There are excellent reasons why these things are true—engineering and structural reasons. But it is much more important to know that the Sixty Special *does* these things, than it is to know *why*.

And that is something you can test for yourself. Get a Sixty Special from your dealer and drive it for a day. You'll know then why so many have called it the most satisfying car in the world.

THE NEW
CADILLAC *Sixty* SPECIAL

*Also, see the new Cadillac Sixty-One—the lowest-priced Cadillac for 1939—available in four body types. Its remarkable performance and luxurious riding comfort make it a worthy companion car to the famous Sixty Special. Your Cadillac dealer will be happy to demonstrate both cars at your convenience.*



# Which

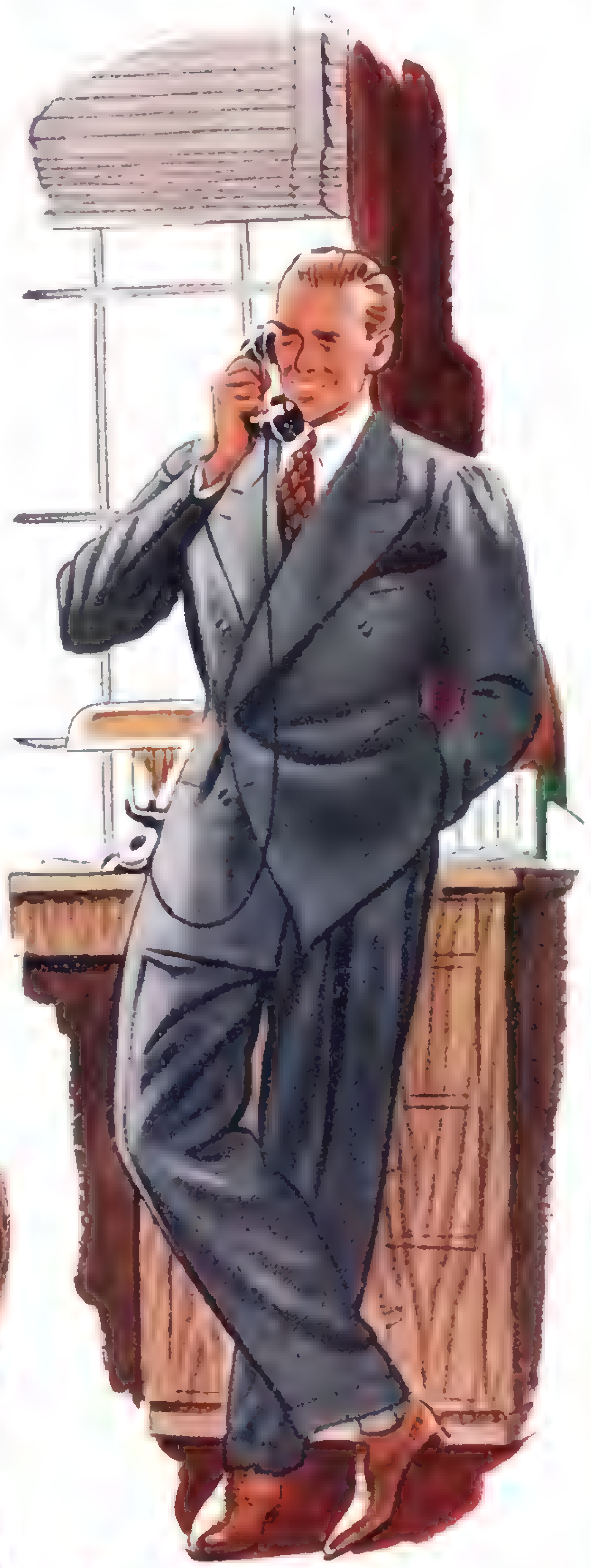
● For correctness of styling in *shoes*, for comfort and value, men have long been turning to Jarman—for fifteen years in fact.

But Jarman now offers a new—and exclusive—service from a maker of men's shoes. It is suggested by that timely chart over at the right.

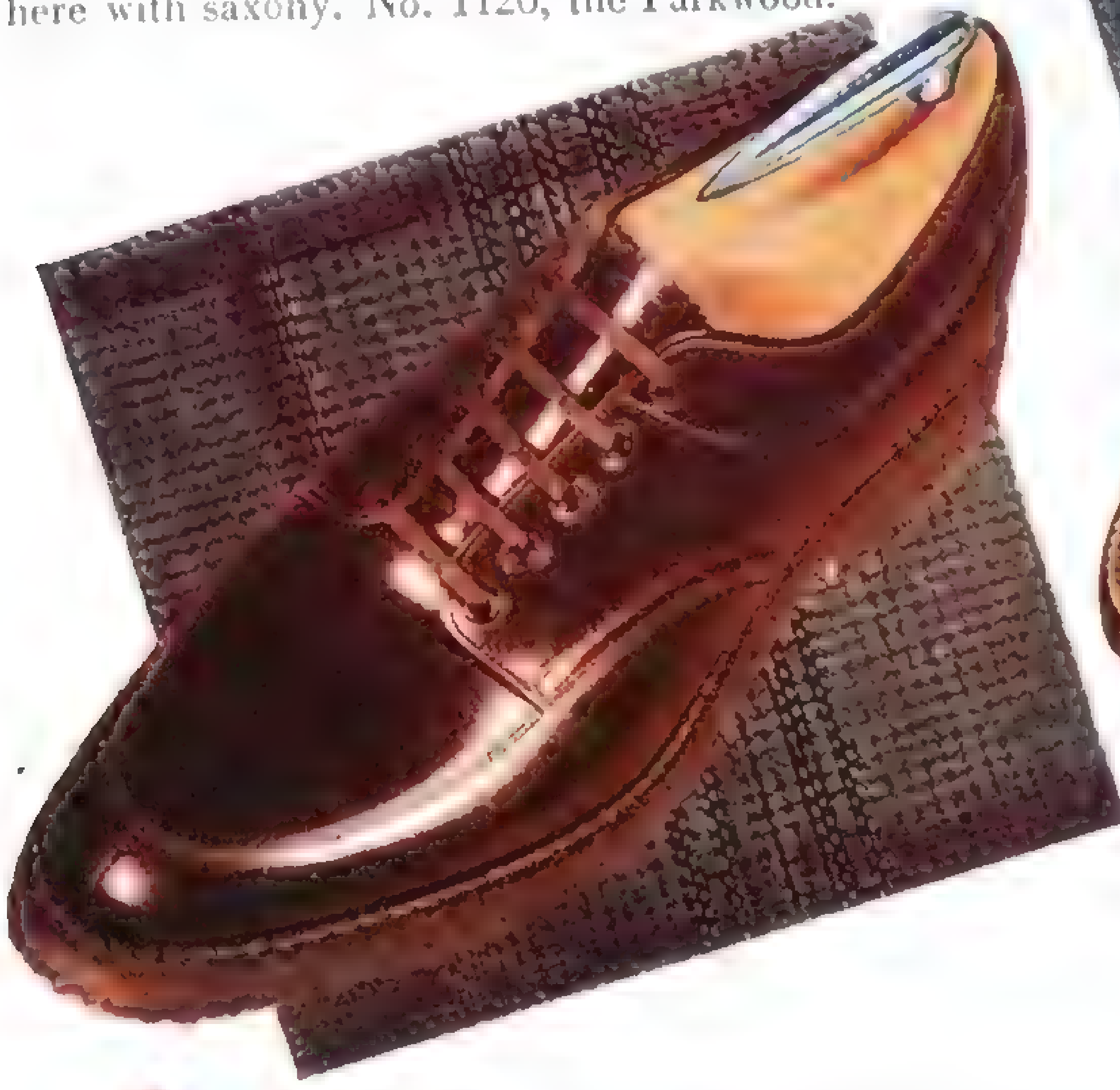
Often on the editorial pages of Esquire you have seen clues to the idea of fitting your shoes to the *suitings* in your wardrobe. Now, with the series of Jarman Style Charts, created by "The Style Reporters," you can *do* it unerringly. You can know exactly which shoes to wear with what.

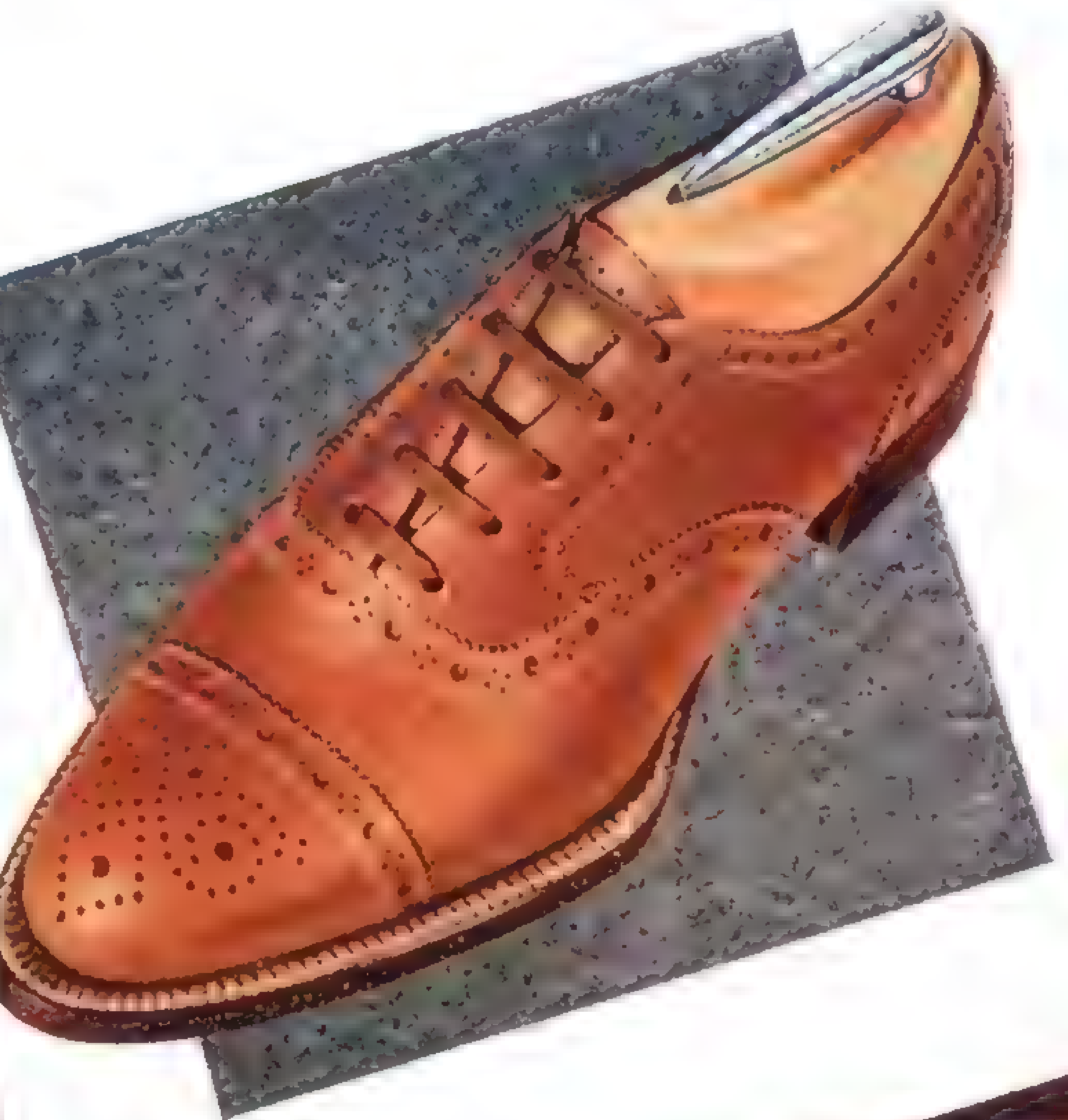
Stop in at your nearest Jarman dealer's to see the season's smartest shoes and the new style-wise way of buying. Refer to your Classified Telephone Directory for his address or wire collect to JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, Nashville, Tennessee; Division of General Shoe Corp.

**FOR DEALERS:** An interesting slide film presentation of the new Jarman business proposal. Write or wire



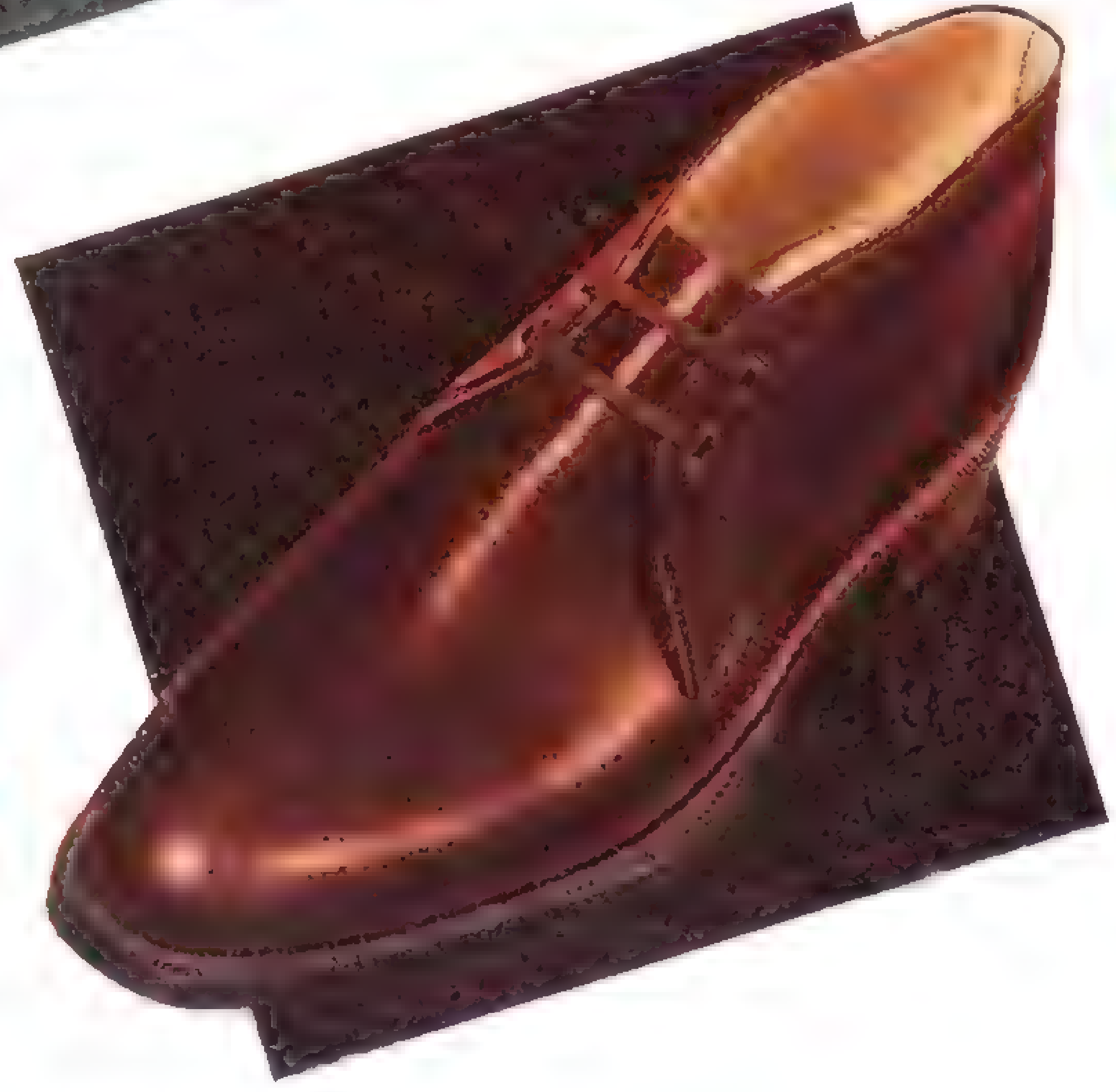
Ⓒ This Jarman dark brown Norwegian pattern, with its smart lines and crepe-soled *comfort*, is particularly suited for spectator wear. A perfect complement for rough tweeds, twills and coverts. Shown here with saxony. No. 1126, the Parkwood.





Ⓐ This light brown straight tip medallion will attract plenty of comment at the office. It's a comfortable, good-looking, quarter brogue to wear with any "downtown" suiting. Shown here with flannel. No. 4769, the Clipper.

Ⓑ For country wear this high-styled Jarman turf boot is a 1939 sensation. Reaching just to the ankle, it comes in brown smooth calf with a medium double leather sole. Super smart with tweeds and other country suitings. Shown here with tweed. No. 4955, on the Parkwood last.

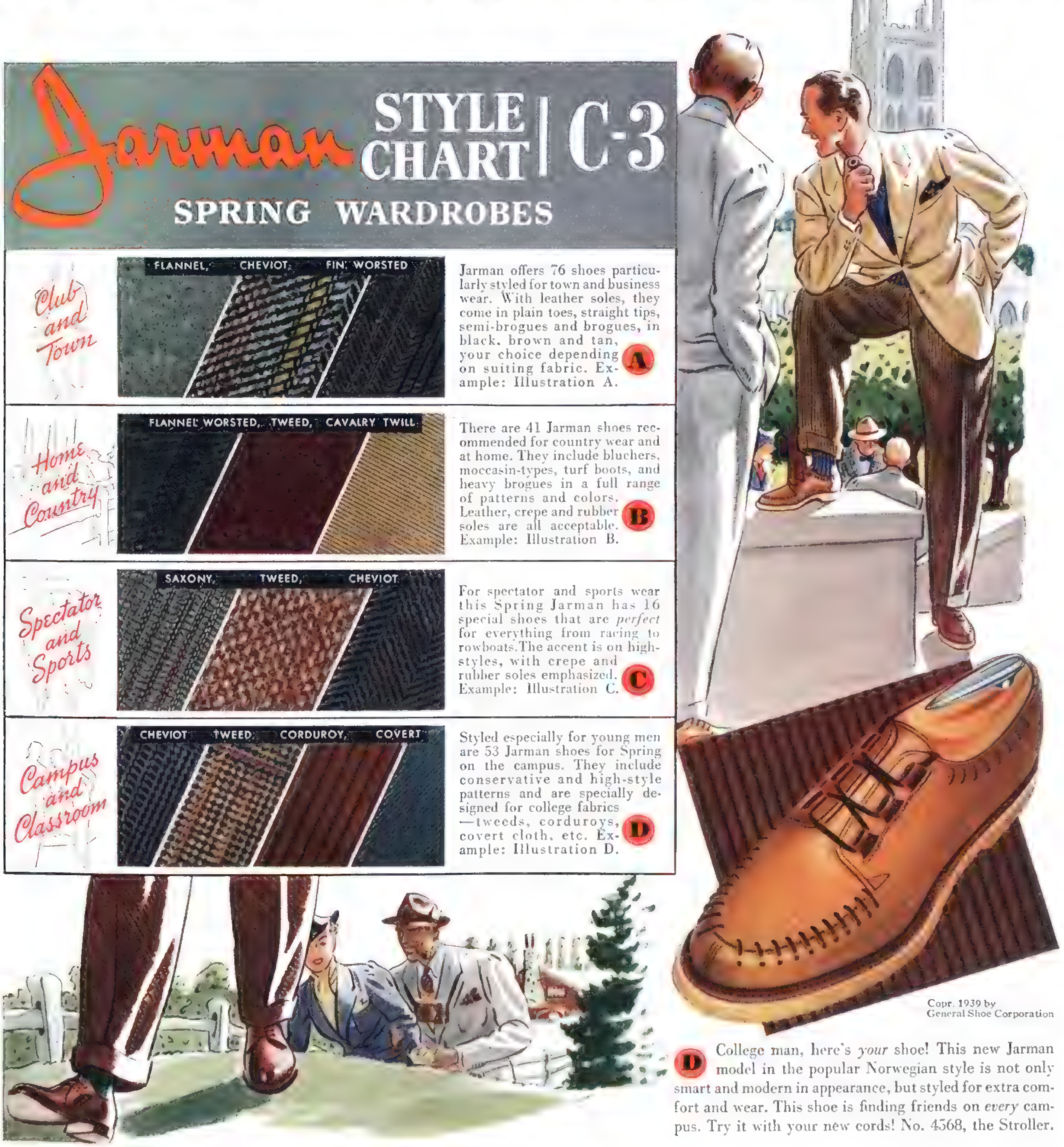


MOST STYLES $5.00 TO $7.50

**Jarman**
SHOES FOR MEN

# shoes to wear with what

## CHARTED FOR YOU BY "THE STYLE REPORTERS"



## Jarman STYLE CHART C-3

### SPRING WARDROBES

Club and Town
FLANNEL, CHEVIOT, FIN. WORSTED

Jarman offers 76 shoes particularly styled for town and business wear. With leather soles, they come in plain toes, straight tips, semi-brogues and brogues, in black, brown and tan, your choice depending on suiting fabric. Example: Illustration A. **A**

Home and Country
FLANNEL WORSTED, TWEED, CAVALRY TWILL

There are 41 Jarman shoes recommended for country wear and at home. They include bluchers, moccasin-types, turf boots, and heavy brogues in a full range of patterns and colors. Leather, crepe and rubber soles are all acceptable. Example: Illustration B. **B**

Spectator and Sports
SAXONY, TWEED, CHEVIOT

For spectator and sports wear this Spring Jarman has 16 special shoes that are *perfect* for everything from racing to rowboats. The accent is on high-styles, with crepe and rubber soles emphasized. Example: Illustration C. **C**

Campus and Classroom
CHEVIOT TWEED, CORDUROY, COVERT

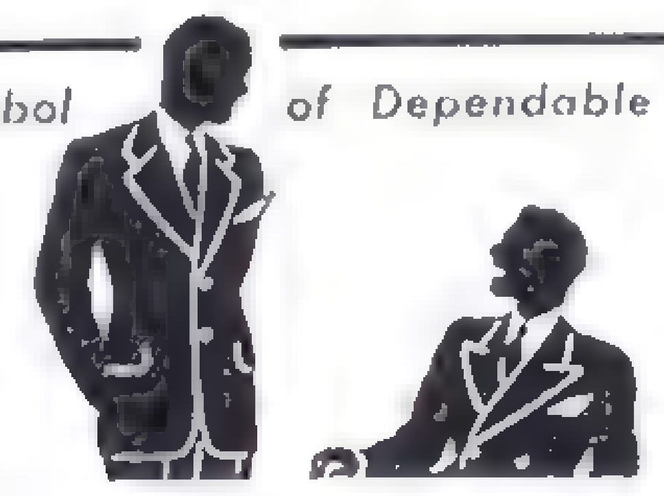
Styled especially for young men are 53 Jarman shoes for Spring on the campus. They include conservative and high-style patterns and are specially designed for college fabrics—tweeds, corduroys, covert cloth, etc. Example: Illustration D. **D**

Copr. 1939 by General Shoe Corporation

**D** College man, here's *your* shoe! This new Jarman model in the popular Norwegian style is not only smart and modern in appearance, but styled for extra comfort and wear. This shoe is finding friends on *every* campus. Try it with your new cords! No. 4368, the Stroller.

# TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

The Symbol of Dependable Quality



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*Proudly Made and Sold*

★ Because every man in the SIMPSON organization takes pride in the product we make and sell, our product is superior in every way. The pride of a SIMPSON salesman is soon transferred to the SIMPSON customer. Most men would *like* to wear made-to-measure clothes. SIMPSON SALESMEN make it possible for them to do so. Spring and Summer lines are now ready, and too, we now present a

**DIGNIFIED BUDGET PLAN**

Many responsible men find it more convenient to pay for clothes out of income. You will like our tested plan which makes this possible. *Write for folder E-3.*

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112 W. North Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

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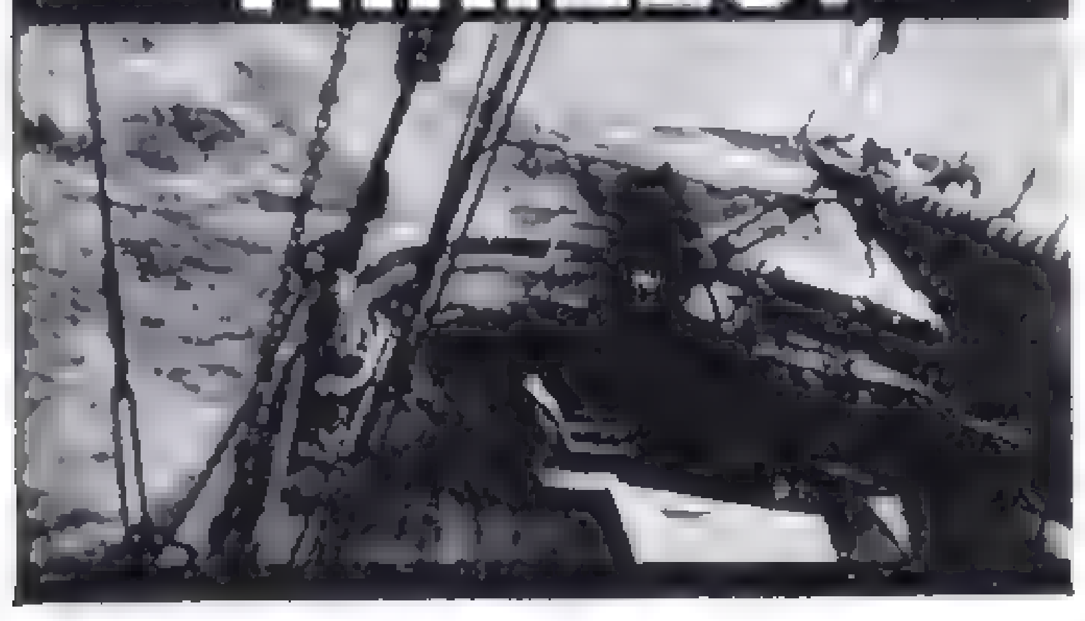
**"SEA GOING THRILLS!"**



Startling camera record of 85-foot sloop's daring adventure cruise around Cape Horn . . . Big fish . . . Violent, raging seas! A sensation for every 16 and 8mm projector owner . . . order your copy today!

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For NEW 1939 catalogue describing "Sea Going Thrills" and 50 Sport, Historic, News, Cartoon, Thrill and Travel Home Movies.

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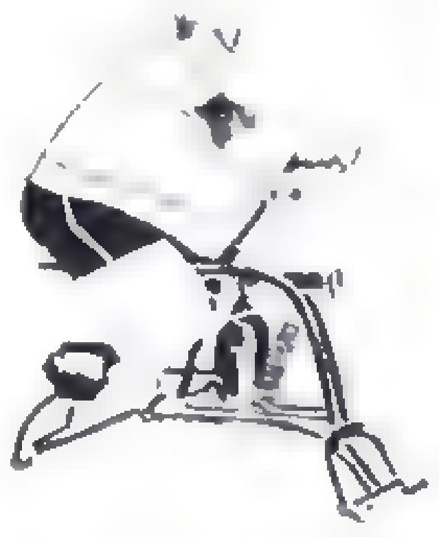
State ..........

**POSTING IN THE PARLOR.** So you've hit the 200 mark on the scales! And all your friends are making cutting remarks about your rotundities. Of course you could diet . . . in a desultory way, you could play squash and you could go through a few self-imposed gymnastics. But you don't. That's where the electric cycle comes in . . . a machine which looks like a bicycle, operating electrically. You climb on, turn on the switch and the cycle gives you a workout without any exertion on your part, you lug. The handle bars move back and forth to give your arms exercise as rigorous as rowing; the seat goes up and down accomplishing the same effect as riding a hoss; you get the same leg action as you do in cycling. Five to fifteen minutes a day should do the trick. And if you are "the thin man" . . . use it to tone up the system.

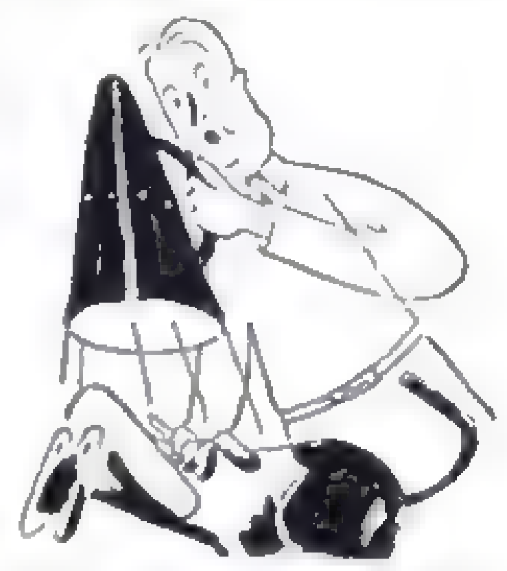


**REST YOUR OPTICS.** Come five o'clock after a grueling day in the office, you've been grappling with figures all day . . . the old eyes smart and burn, and you realize you are in no condition to grapple with figures all night. That's the time to reach into your desk, whip out a glass jar containing a lot of lightweight felt masks saturated in a special healing solution, tip back your head, press the mask over your eyes, and relax for 5 minutes. The solution does a good job in soothing away strain, stimulates the blood flow in those under-eye areas and tones up the tissues. Better a twinkle than a wrinkle, we always say.

**SEA MOSS BATH.** If you want to get the creaks out of your bones, treat yourself to a sea moss bath. You buy a box of powders, which, it seems, have the power of relieving fatigue through relaxation. Their formula is based on sea moss which contains iodine in vegetable form which, volatilized by the hot water in your tub, rises in vapors of the bath as in sea air. To the sea moss has been added minerals of the sea, sodium chloride and magnesium sulphate . . . all of which aid in taking the soreness from your muscles. The powders come in refreshing pine odor as well as lime or clover.

**HANGOVER BATH.** Hangover remedies are usually of the internal variety, but here's a new one, strictly external, inspired by a sterling British formula. You buy the fluid in bottles about the size of a split . . . dump a tablespoon into your tub and after about ten minutes in its uplifting fumes, you emerge, clear visioned and cleansed. Basic principle is ammonia plus other secret re-vivifying ingredients.

**DELOUSER DE LUXE.** Into every life some bug must come. There are 600,000 different species of crawling things officially listed . . . fleas, ants, moths, lice, cimex lectularius (up stage name for bedbug). What to do to combat same? Step into a friend's kitchen some evening and you may find your host on his knees near the base board wielding what looks like a small megaphone. This turns out to be the new infra red ray, the potent and deadly lethal ray machine consisting of a bulb, housed in a cone-shaped container, which sheds a brilliant spot of light which means sudden and sure death to our crawling friends. You can turn it on Fido whose fleas drop in their tracks. You can use it in his doghouse or disinfect chicken coops. You can use it to kill moth larva in your clothes, or direct it on the seams of your mattresses . . . the ray spells ruin to nocturnal scavengers. Gardeners use it for exterminating Japanese beetles, meal worms, root beetles. The deadly sow worm goes in 6 seconds. The light is easy to use, just connect it to any 110 V electric circuit. Ray is harmless to human beings.



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AND RED HEART'S 3-FLAVORED DOG BISCUITS SUPPLY IT . . . !

Your dog—fluffy puppy or towering mastiff—needs Sunshine Vitamin "D"! Red Heart *quality* Dog Biscuits supply it. And they help keep teeth strong and healthy by providing vigorous *gnawing* exercise, by removing tartar.

Red Heart Dog Biscuits contain 24 wholesome ingredients important in maintaining and promoting normal growth. For appetite appeal, 3 flavors are added—*beef, fish, and cheese.*

Ask your dealer for Red Heart Dog Biscuits today—heart-shaped or kibbled. FREE! Write for booklet, *Dogs, Their Care and Feeding.* Address: John Morrell & Co., Dept. 163, Ottumwa, Iowa.

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THE 3 FLAVOR
DOG BISCUITS

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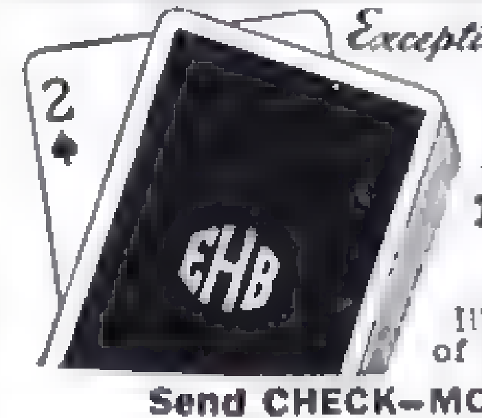
**DOT**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
**SNAPPERS**

**MONOGRAMMED BRIDGE CARDS**



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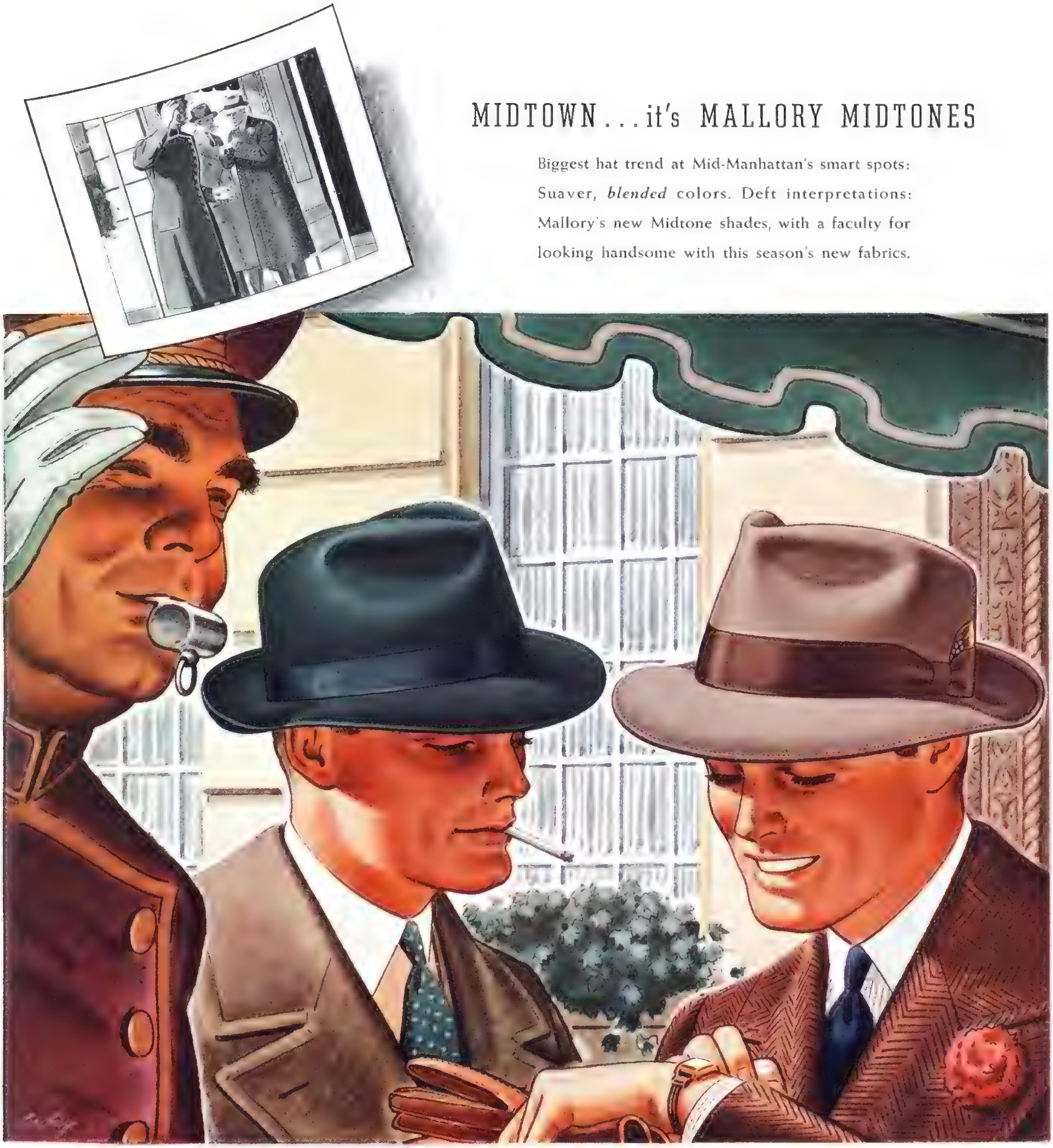


MIDTOWN... it's MALLORY MIDTONES

Biggest hat trend at Mid-Manhattan's smart spots: Suaver, *blended* colors. Deft interpretations: Mallory's new Midtone shades, with a faculty for looking handsome with this season's new fabrics.

"STYLE-EASE" (left) is no misnomer for this self-assured new Mallory Hat. It's style-spiced for Spring with a new slim edge-binding and narrower band ...with a crown taper and brim flare you'll find decidedly flattering. A considerate Stowaway felt, specially lined. In all Midtone colors. $5

★ "Stormy weather" is just a song to Mallory Hats. They're the only hats weatherproofed by the famous "Cravenette" method.

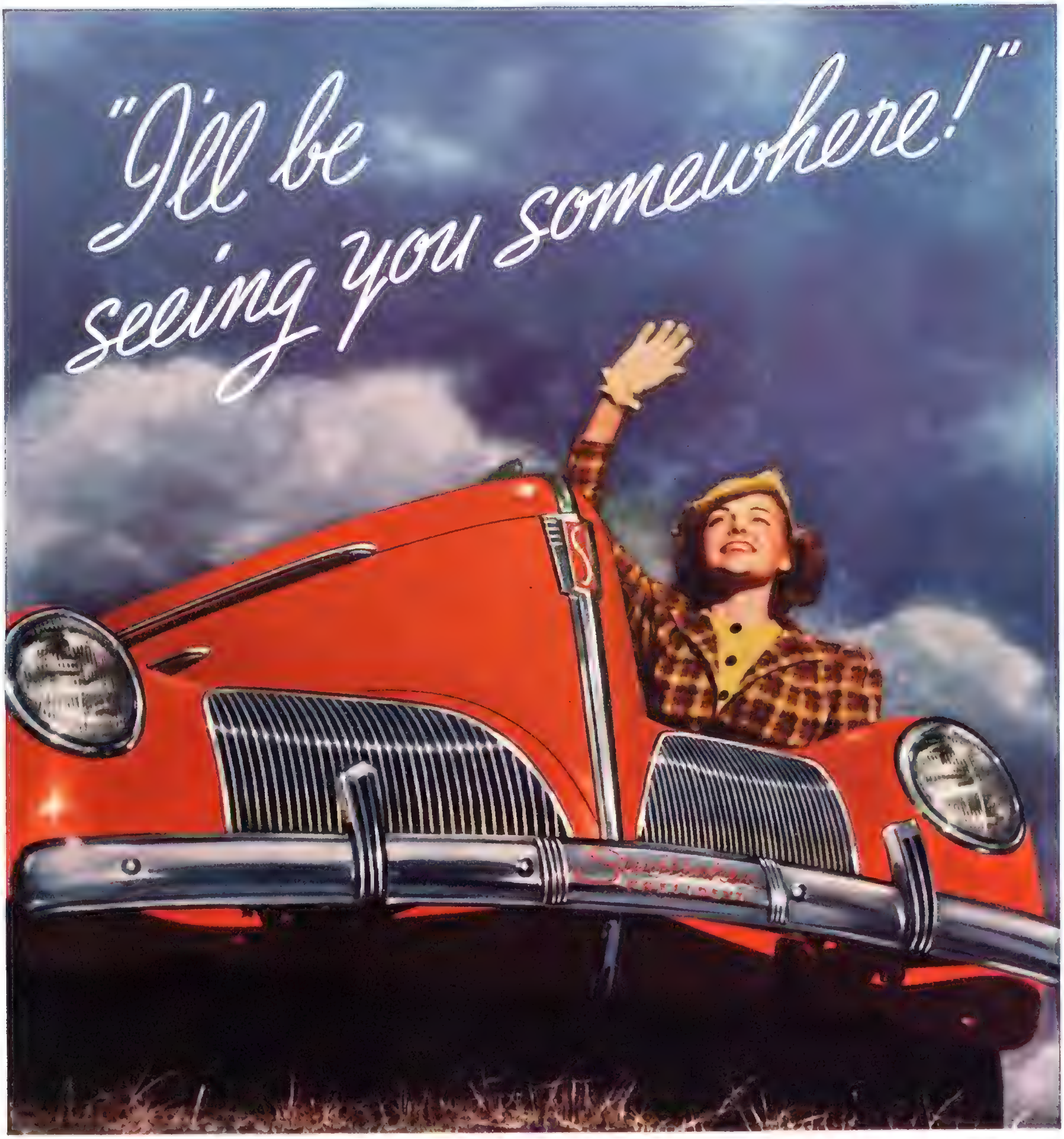
THE FIELDSTON (right) is a town-and-country hat. Styled with a pleasingly buoyant air from the forepeak of its casually sloping crown to the upswing at the stern of its sweeping, narrow-welted brim. In Mallory's luxurious all-season weight Sportabout felt... all Midtone shades. $4

★ For a preview of *all* the season's handsome new styles—visit your Mallory dealer's. Mallory Hats are $4, $5, $7.50 and $10.

EVERY DAY YOU SEE MORE HATS BY

MALLORY

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK


"I'll be seeing you somewhere!"

*"I'll be seeing you somewhere . . . on that curving ribbon of a trail the moonlight silvers . . .*

*"I'll sound my horn and you'll look back startled as my glamorous new Studebaker glides up in whisper silence to where you are . . .*

*"Then, in you'll climb . . . and sit beside me . . . and away we'll go . . . just you and I and a car so perfect every moment in it is a glorious memory!"*

Your pulse will stir to the flowing exterior lines and your whole being will delight in the deep-bedded interior luxury that give the new 1939 Studebaker its distinction as "the world's smartest car," acclaimed by Europe's foremost designers for its stunning, original, modern styling.

Every model is a de luxe model at a low standard-model price—with planar suspension and its miracle ride, non-slam rotary door latches, automatic hill holder, steering wheel gear shift all included.

For just a little more, you get the Climatizer—Studebaker's exclusive and revolutionary new central fresh air heating, filtering and ventilating system—and automatic overdrive.

Your present car will cover part, perhaps all the down payment on easy C.I.T. terms. See your Studebaker dealer about it today. The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Ind.

Brooks Suits in both single and double breasted styles —with either square or natural shoulders—are all cut on Brooks' own patterns in materials of our own selection such as Scotch Cheviots, English Flannels and Worsteds.

Brooks English Hats, such as the one illustrated, are made on our own blocks in England. Other new importations of English felt hats include those made by Lock & Co. of St. James's Street, and Herbert Johnson, Limited, of 31, New Bond Street, London, for both of whom we are special agents.

## SPRING CLOTHES AT BROOKS BROTHERS

In our Suits, Jackets and Overcoats now ready for Spring will be found those elements of taste, materials, and workmanship which year after year make Brooks Brothers synonymous with a distinctive manner of dressing. Their prices, besides those of our Hats, Shoes and other Accessories, reflect whatever tariff reductions are made possible by the recent Trade Agreement with Great Britain.

Odd Jackets are cut as plain-backed or half-belted models in a selection of imported materials, including handwoven Shetlands and Harris Tweeds. While the total stock is large, the number of jackets in each individual pattern is limited. Plain colors, checks and plaids.

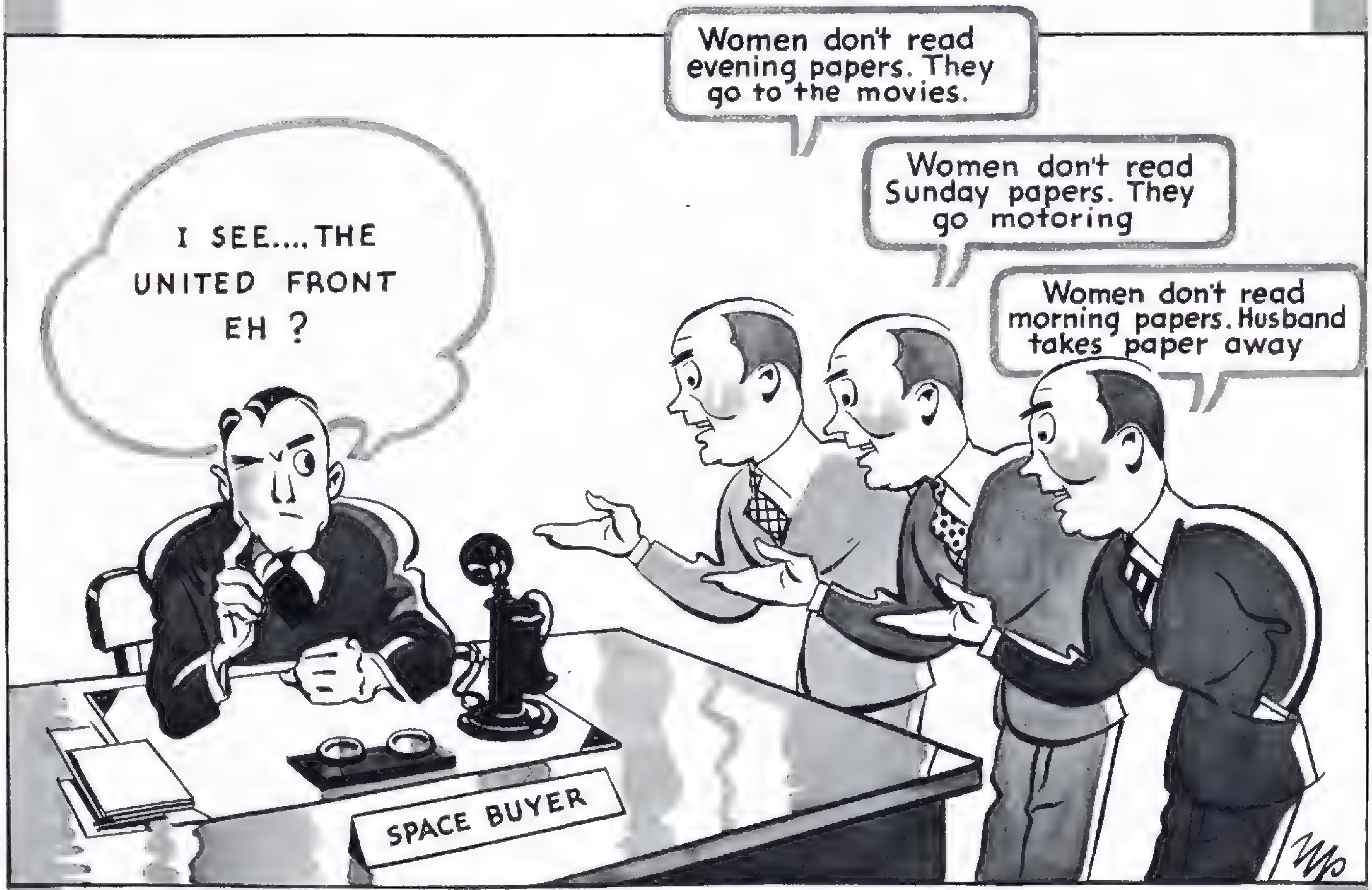
Covert Cloth Overcoats at Brooks Brothers are either single or double breasted—both models made of a fine English Covert Cloth in greys, tans and brown.

Brooks English Shoes are hand-lasted on our own lasts in England. The shoe illustrated is a full brogued wing-tipped oxford for general Spring wear. It may be had in either tan Russia or black calfskin. Shoes made by Peal & Co. of London, for whom we are special agents, are also in stock.

*Brooks Brothers,*
**CLOTHING,**
**Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes**
MADISON AVE. COR. FORTY-FOURTH ST. · NEW YORK
NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET · BOSTON
NUMBER ONE WALL STREET · NEW YORK

The Salisbury Overcoat may be had in Tweeds and Cheviots from Scotland, including bold herringbone patterns, as illustrated above, in either grey or brown.

# What do YOU know about Women?


Women don't read evening papers. They go to the movies.
Women don't read Sunday papers. They go motoring
Women don't read morning papers. Husband takes paper away
I SEE.... THE UNITED FRONT EH ?
SPACE BUYER

In Philadelphia, in the morning, women read The Inquirer. » » » Even if you follow a favorite fallacy when buying newspaper space elsewhere, Philadelphia merchants selling goods to women will tell you that it is The Inquirer which best *moves* merchandise. Department stores, careful buyers of space, *spend more advertising dollars* in The Inquirer than in any other Philadelphia Newspaper.

# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

### HOW ARE YOU ON MODERN ART?

Now you are a pretty intelligent guy in your line . . . but maybe you were on the spot when that shrew at the dinner party asked you what you thought of Eilshemius. You didn't know whether it was a disease or a biblical character. And the way the talk was bandied about . . . you may have thought that Manet was past tense of Monet . . . and that Dada was infantile prattling. Perhaps you'd like to know about a series of field lectures that an enterprising young woman is giving in the various galleries. Each week the art galleries offer exhibits of the works of foremost artists. In order that the layman may fully appreciate them, the paintings, sculpture, etc. are analyzed in simple, direct fashion. You get interesting stories about the artist himself and the interrelating arts of his particular period. To make it easy for Big Business, classes are forming for Saturday afternoons, and after a course of six or so you can pick up enough arty patois to chime in with the experts and need no longer belong to the group who say: "I like it, but is it art?" (N.B. far be it from us to put this on anything but a purely cultural basis . . . but . . . if your best client or your new boss *should* happen to own a very fine private art collection . . . you may as well be able to play ball.)

### BOSWELL AND ROCKEFELLER

We keep hearing of more and more people who have hobbies. Had lunch at Essex House with Connie Boswell, who collects dimes. An announcer once mentioned her hobby over the air and ever since, Connie's admirers, who are legion, have been besieging her with letters, each containing a dime. Connie has another hobby . . . collecting snap shots of her fans. Long ago, she astonished fans who wrote for photographs of her by writing back asking for snapshots of *them.* Now she has to hire a hall to hold the fan albums.

Connie really got in the groove on swing when she and Vet (short for Helvetia, we find) and Martha used to keep the air waves hot with such numbers as "Shout, Sister, Shout," "When I Took My Sugar To Tea," etc. Way back in '35, Connie was hep to jive, and Boswell arrangements were a swell combination of schmaltz and gutbucket.

Just as we were leaving, Martha dropped in . . . now happily married and living on a 200 acre farm near Peekskill. Vet, it seems, pursues a marital career in Toronto . . . but Connie carries on successfully with personal appearance tours and radio.

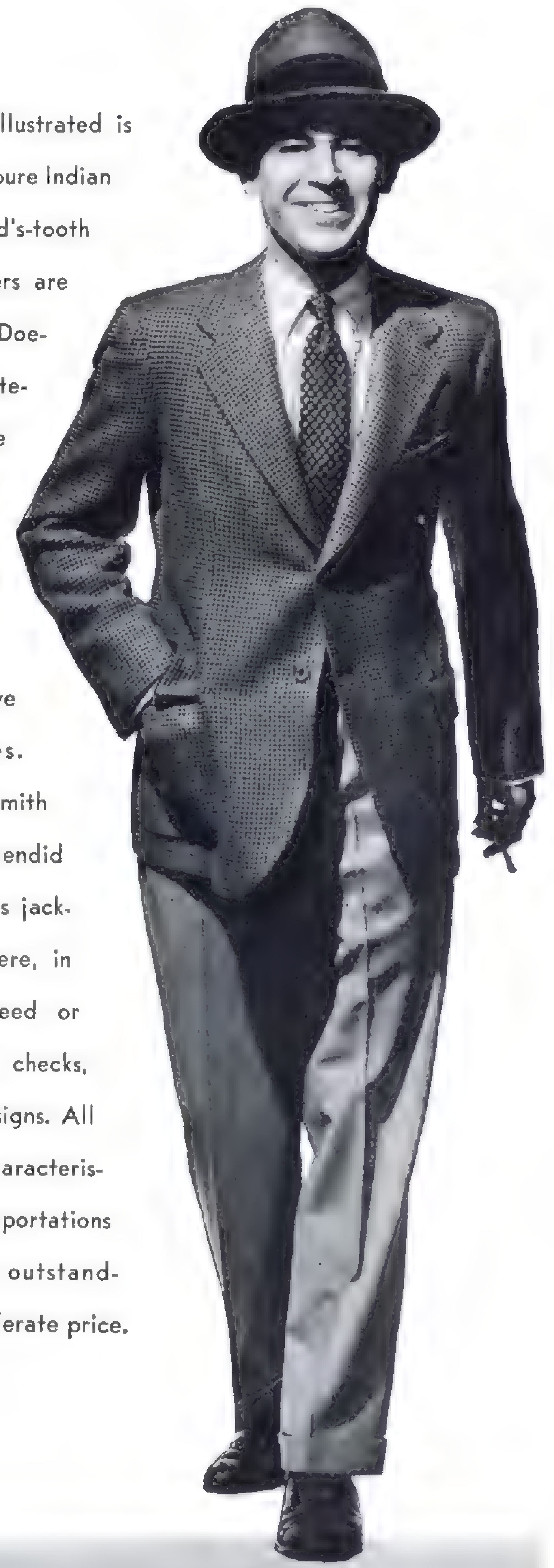
### HE COLLECTS DOOR HINGES

Robert Cummings (white hope recently signed by Universal to play one of the two leading male roles with Deanna Durbin in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up") goes in for hinges. He became addicted when he picked up a hinge from a Scotch castle . . . later sold it for a pretty penny. He has trunks filled with hinges of all kinds and descriptions. Has a hinge from a cabin door of the ill-fated dirigible "Shenandoah."

### WHAT NEXT?

Debutantes no longer debut to get into social swing. Nightclub swing is the thing. Coq Rouge conducts a debutante amateur singing contest . . . flocks of callow canaries vie for professional contract. Lady baritones render songs of the day in hotcha or muted torch style. Out of contest comes Anne Francine, wholesome product of old Philly. Anne settles down for the winter. Coq Rouge forced to enlarge its rooms. *Alice Marble's Newest Racket* . . . Waldorf invades the sports field . . . successfully presents Alice Marble in chiffon instead of shorts. Eleanor Holm holds forth at Rose's Diamond Horseshoe. Next month Babe Didrickson? *El Rio Packs 'em In* to hear Sheila Barrett do merciless imitation of "society songstress." *40 Little Mothers.* The Fadiman boys go into movie business. Not a dry eye in the house at their first French film starring an 18 months old babe. *Selznick Goes One Better* . . . hires Bonnie Belle Barber, infant *10 days* old to star in "Made for Each Other." Bonnie Belle works no more than 20 minutes total time before cameras . . . receives $75. *Dorothy Lamour* appears in picture "Man About Town" minus her sarong.

*For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.*



Cashmere and Doeskin at their best

The sports jacket illustrated is London tailored of pure Indian Cashmere, in a hound's-tooth pattern. The trousers are West of England Doeskin—a unique material with a superfine "glove leather" texture and appearance, loomed exclusively for us in a dozen attractive masculine shades. At the House of Smith you will find a splendid assortment of sports jackets . . . in Cashmere, in Vicuna, Harris Tweed or Camel Hair . . . in checks, plaids, or other designs. All possess the two characteristics for which our importations are celebrated — outstanding quality and moderate price.

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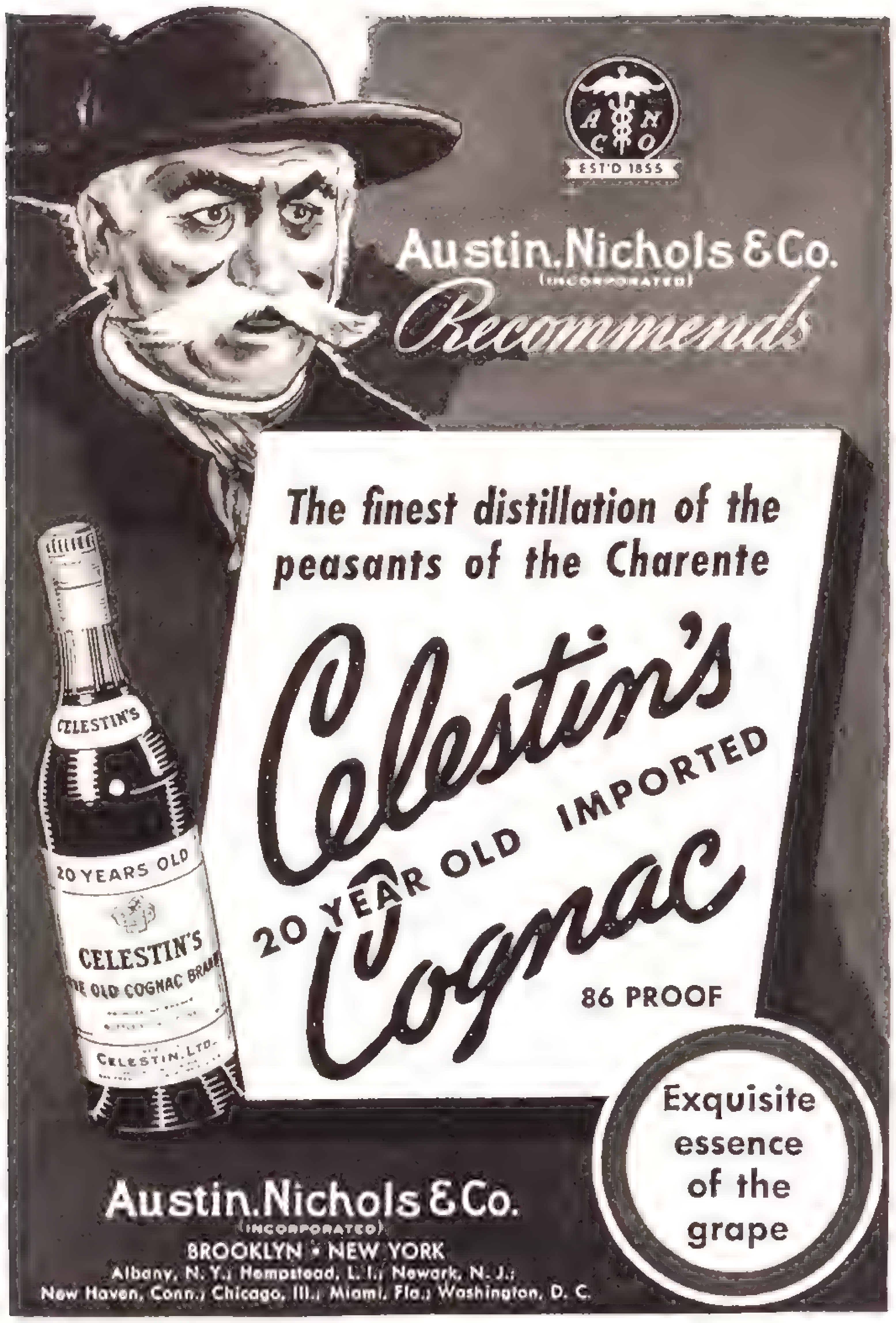
British Apparel of All Sorts for Men and Women



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WHO HAVE PUT ON
"MIDDLE-AGED WEIGHT"

***Let EXERCYCLE put you back in college condition***

How'd you like to be in the shape you were in college? Paunch gone, muscles firm, feeling once again like a million dollars? Fifteen minutes a day on EXERCYCLE will do it. "I lost 30 pounds in seven weeks," writes a former track star, "*and for the first time have gotten back my college weight.*"

Many doctors write us that EXERCYCLE is not only the easiest method they have found to take off weight, but far and away the healthiest method. This revolutionary exerciser is electrically operated. Just get on and relax—it does the exercising for you. Adjustable to four types—swimming, horseback riding, bicycling, rowing. Why risk weakening diets and dangerous drugs when you can reduce this safe, easy, proven way?

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*Small down payment.*
*Terms to meet your convenience.*

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No Cover Charge—No Minimum Charge

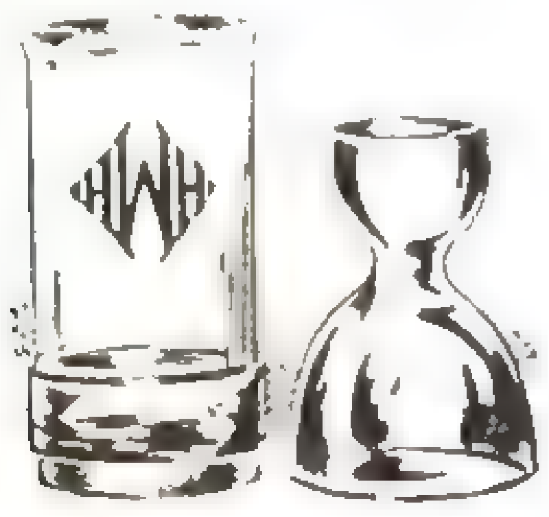
IN
BOSTON

TWO MINUTES FROM
BACK BAY STATION

# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

## BRANDI-CHASER GLASS

If, in your rounds, you see a number of hour-glass shaped receptacles huddling close to a bottle, they're brandy chasers which keep the liquor and its chaser separate in the self-same glass. Pour the water, soda or other chaser into the bottom; in the top goes the brandy, Scotch, rye or whatever you are drinking. What's poured in the top compartment of these remarkable little glasses *stays* in the top to be drunk neat . . . then you follow up with the chaser all in one easy movement. There's a new departure in monogrammed glasses . . . the newest ones are designed with a wide glass border around the base which provides a good non-tip feature as well as being decorative. You can get hi-balls, old fashioneds or whiskeys with hand-engraved monograms.

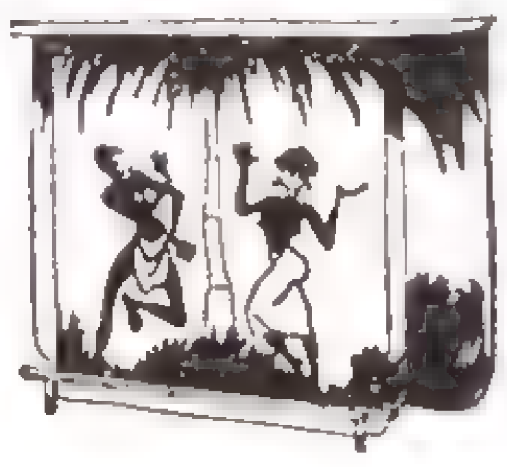


## COME SEVEN!

If you are too refined (or too stiff) to get down on your knees to roll your dice, you can use a small device which twirls the dice mechanically. In a neat composition case about 2 inches long, fitting easily in a pocket or in palm of hand, you pull the plunger in the center, release it with a snap, and the numbered discs rotate freely in the case and your "big dick" or "little joe" appear in little windowed slots in the side of the case.

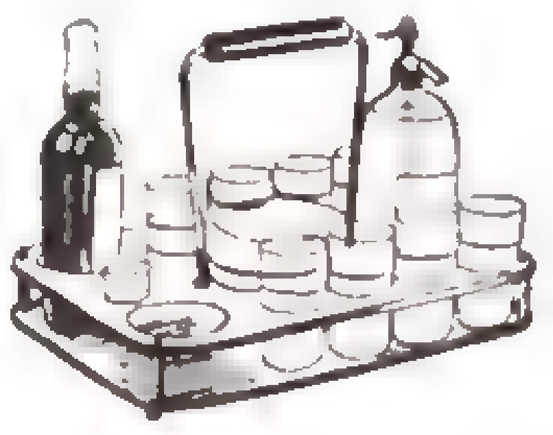
## SPONGE TOOTHBRUSHES

If your gums are unusually sensitive, you might look into a new toothbrush made of sponge instead of bristles. Polishes effectively, massages the gums and stimulates circulation. The sponge head is removable and should be discarded after each use. Nice sanitary feature. Latest kind of tooth powder comes in a small capsule so that you can tuck it in your pocket . . . no spillage or breakage. The powder, in addition to being effective as a dentifrice, makes a pungent mouthwash, gargle or nasal spray when dissolved in warm water.



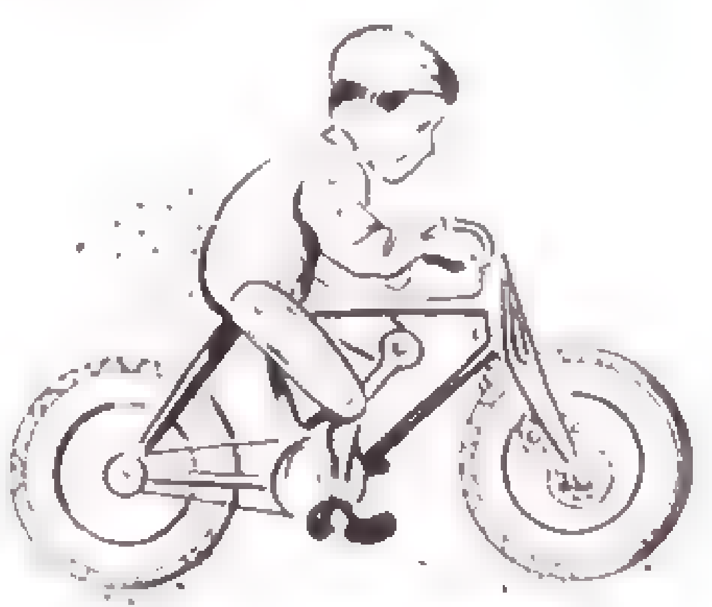
## GARISH BUT GOOD . . .

One of those "open-in-a-jiffy-fold-up-in-a-minute" bars. All one piece, made of plywood and painted loudly with African jitter bugs, apaches, horses, flying fish, etc. Inner shelf for supplies and a chromium rail for that authentic footnote. From California comes a cocktail tray that's a betting board as well. Frame is of wood, the tray itself has a water-proof surface upon which are painted large numbers from 1 to 8. You place your glass upon a number to bet. In the center is a revolving disc which lifts right off and spins on a straight point. With such a combination, you might be able to have your guests pay for the party.



## PORTABLE HAND BAR

It's always a problem in small apartments to know where to put the makings of a good party. One answer, if you have no servants to mix and tote, is the portable hand bar . . . a tray with chrome rail and handle which comes fitted with a set of 8 highballs, frosted ice bucket and a jigger to match the glasses. There's space in the tray into which you fit bottles of liquor, seltzer and siphons. Nothing can spill in transit.



## WIND UP TOY

If you are a six-day bike fan, you'll be tempted to buy your son this little number . . . the gyro-cycle. The little man on the bicycle gets wound up, turns around, banks going around corners and gets under foot in fine style when you're trying to read the evening paper. Another mechanical toy is the hopping rabbit, downright uncanny he looks so real. Don't run to the ice box for lettuce, he can't take it. Then there's the pig that grunts loudly as he scurries along. Lovely thing.

*For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.*

d'apres A. M. CASSANDRE

DUBONNET
Dubonnet
wine

CHEERS FOR THE WINNER AND

good cheer for you . . . a Dubonnet cocktail before you dine. What a grand way to start a meal. Made of fine French wines, deftly blended, Dubonnet will delight you. The flavor of this great French appetizer is neither too sweet nor too dry. Enjoy this delicious aperitif before dinner . . . tonight.

TRY DUBONNET THESE 2 DELICIOUS WAYS

❶ THE FRENCH WAY—Dubonnet straight, well-chilled. You'll find it mild and delicious.

❷ THE AMERICAN WAY—Dubonnet cocktail —half gin and half Dubonnet; stir with ice and strain, add twist of lemon peel. A grand drink!

DUBONNET

STRAIGHT OR COCKTAIL

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*and they drink*

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PILSNER URQUELL IMPORTING CO., INC., 11 West 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

### YOU CAN'T LOSE

Here's a new kind of bridge that will appeal to the guys who continually beef because they have poor cards. Instead of pasteboards you have tiles (a fine thing come summer when you want to play on a windy day outdoors). The tiles are banded around the abdomen by a metal band. Each tile has two symbols . . . an ace and a two, a king and a three, etc. You can bid in the upper or lower register, whichever hand makes up the best values after the deal. You and your partner jockey around until you arrive at a colossal combination. The tiles are bid and played according to regular contract values . . . but you never have a poor hand and can get into some pretty coony bidding often arriving at neat little contracts of 6 and 7. Good for practice is a new bridge board which is really simple to operate, you learn as you turn the rotating dial which spotlights every bid and play . . . each turn a complete round of bidding or a complete four-card trick. The cabinet holds 200 deals. Really a swell thing for private boning up on the game.

### MONEY BELT

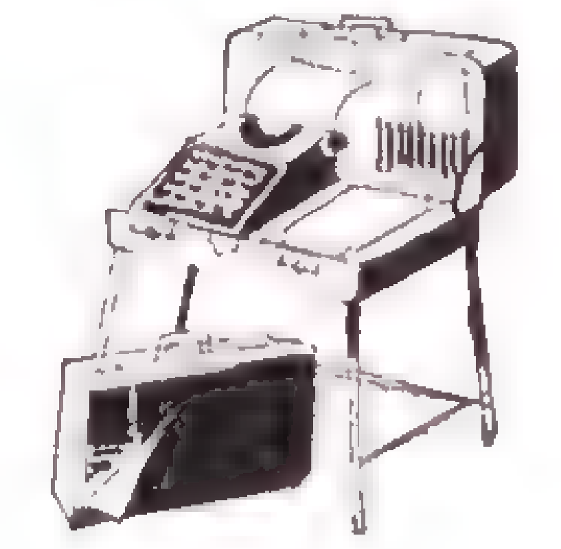
If you do a lot of traveling and carry a large wad of filthy lucre, stuffed carelessly in your pockets, you might like to know about a new safety device for concealing bills. It looks like a regular leather belt, but the under side runs a zipper all the way around in the center . . . a large number of bills can be folded and stowed away around your equator . . . securely and unobtrusively.

### MORE STIRRUPS

Last month we went into the subject of a number of ornaments and wearables influenced by the stirrup motif. Here's one we forgot . . . it's a key ring, made out of a pigskin strap with a chrome stirrup end.

### VIOLET THE VELVET COW

Here's a cuddly toy for little tots, beautiful bovines covered in soft velvet in a lovely violet color. The cow stands up, sits down, does everything but give. Latest bow to sanitation in children's toys, dogs, elephants, etc., with washable, removable hides which zip on and off when they go to the laundry.



### PORTABLE TYPEWRITER DESK . . .

A portable typewriter in the home is a fine thing . . . but where to set it up when you want to write is another thing. Card table is probably too infirm; ordinary desks and dining room table too high for comfortable typing. Cure for this is a *portable* typewriter desk. This new portable desk closed, has the appearance of a fine overnight case measuring 24" x 13½" x 7". Open and set up in a jiffy, it provides a substantial typewriter desk for your portable. The portable typewriter is affixed at the left, with a writing tablet 11" x 13½" at the right. Under the writing tablet is a corresponding file, while handily at the rear of the opened desk are compartments for envelopes and writing paper.

### SEA MOSS BATH

Here's a gift for a man . . . a series of small cellophane packets, each of which contains the makings for a sea moss bath . . . the whole bunch wrapped up in a masculine looking copper package. Seems that the powders have the power of relieving fatigue through relaxation. Their formula is based on sea moss which contains iodine in vegetable form which, volatilized by the hot water in your tub, rises in vapors of the bath as in sea air. To the sea moss has been added minerals of the sea, sodium chloride and magnesium sulphate to stimulate and tone and draw the creaks from your bones and the soreness from muscles. The powders come in good old pine odor, as well as lime or clover.

Ranger

*For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.*

# Testing... Tasting... Selecting

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SHIPS took weeks to cross the ocean back in 1877, when the House of Wile first imported fine wines and spirits. Today, fast liners race over the same route in a few days.

The House of Wile has grown and prospered through these 60 years of change. Today the third generation of connoisseurs to head the firm personally selects imports from the vineyards of the world.

Look for the Wile Seal on imported wines and spirits. It identifies a product respected both by its home country and by the world at large. You'll find its price fair, its quality excellent.

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MADE IN FRANCE
GRAVES ESCHENAUER
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## DRY SACK

*Sherry*

Dry Sack has a distinctive flavour prized by those who know fine sherry. It's a luxury, but your first sip justifies the cost. Produced in Spain by Williams & Humbert. Alcohol 20½% by volume.

## LEMON HART

*Jamaica Rums*

Rich bouquet and delicate liqueur quality make Lemon Hart Rum first choice for smooth, delicious cocktails. For Planter's Punch, there's a special dark Lemon Hart Rum, more pungent. 90° and 97° proof.

## GARNIER

*Crème de Menthe*

Delightful after dinner—the cool delicious flavour of real mint leaves, blended into a superlative liqueur. Also popular poured over shaved ice as a frappé. Available in both green and white. 60° proof.

## ESCHENAUER

*Bordeaux*

Famous Chateau Olivier 1934! A genuine Chateau-bottled white Graves, crisp, fresh . . . and delicately dry. Look for the name Eschenauer for delightful dry Graves, delicious clarets, rich sweet Sauternes.

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"CURTAIN CALL!"

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*A Full Line of Toiletries from Bath to Boudoir*

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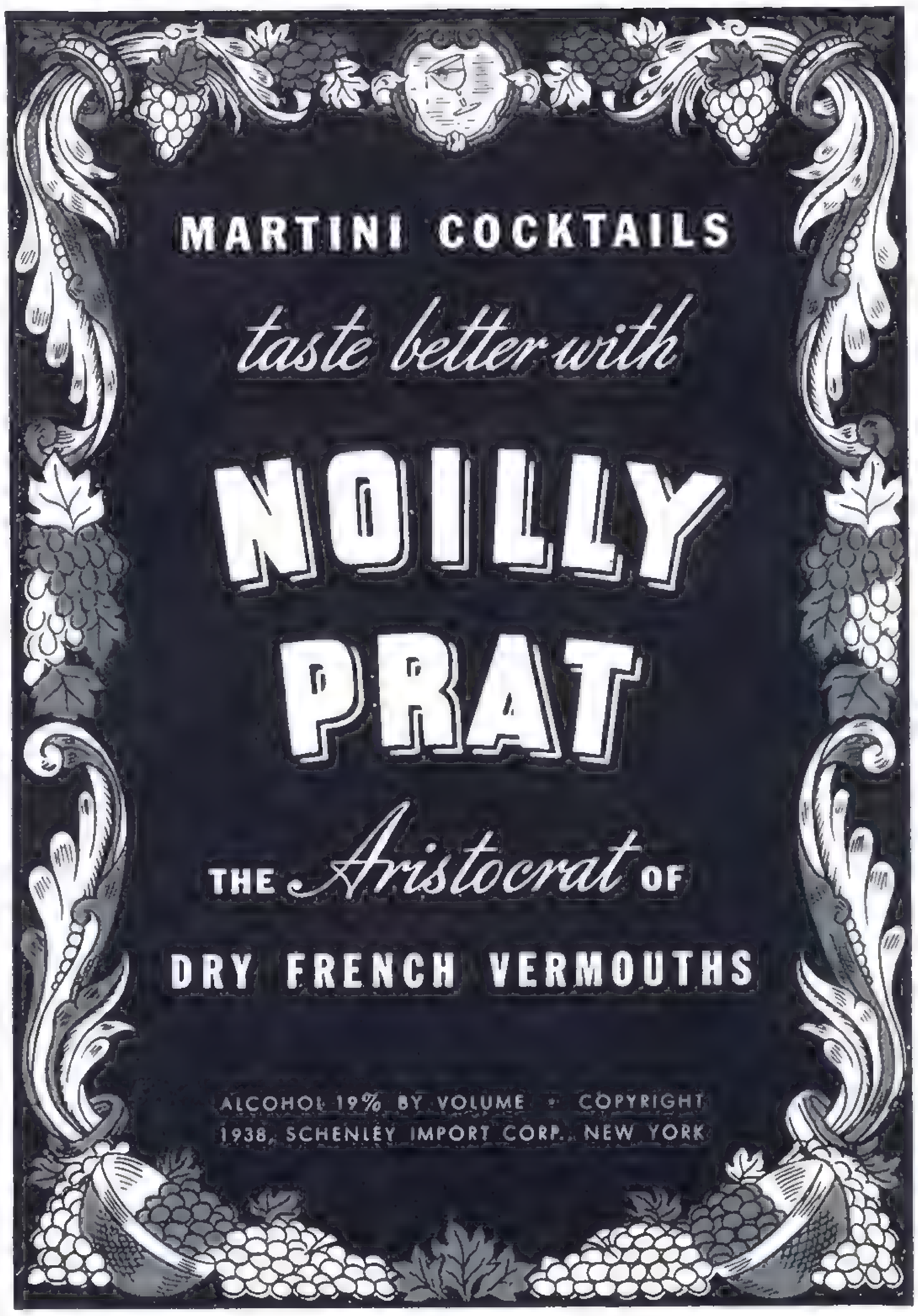

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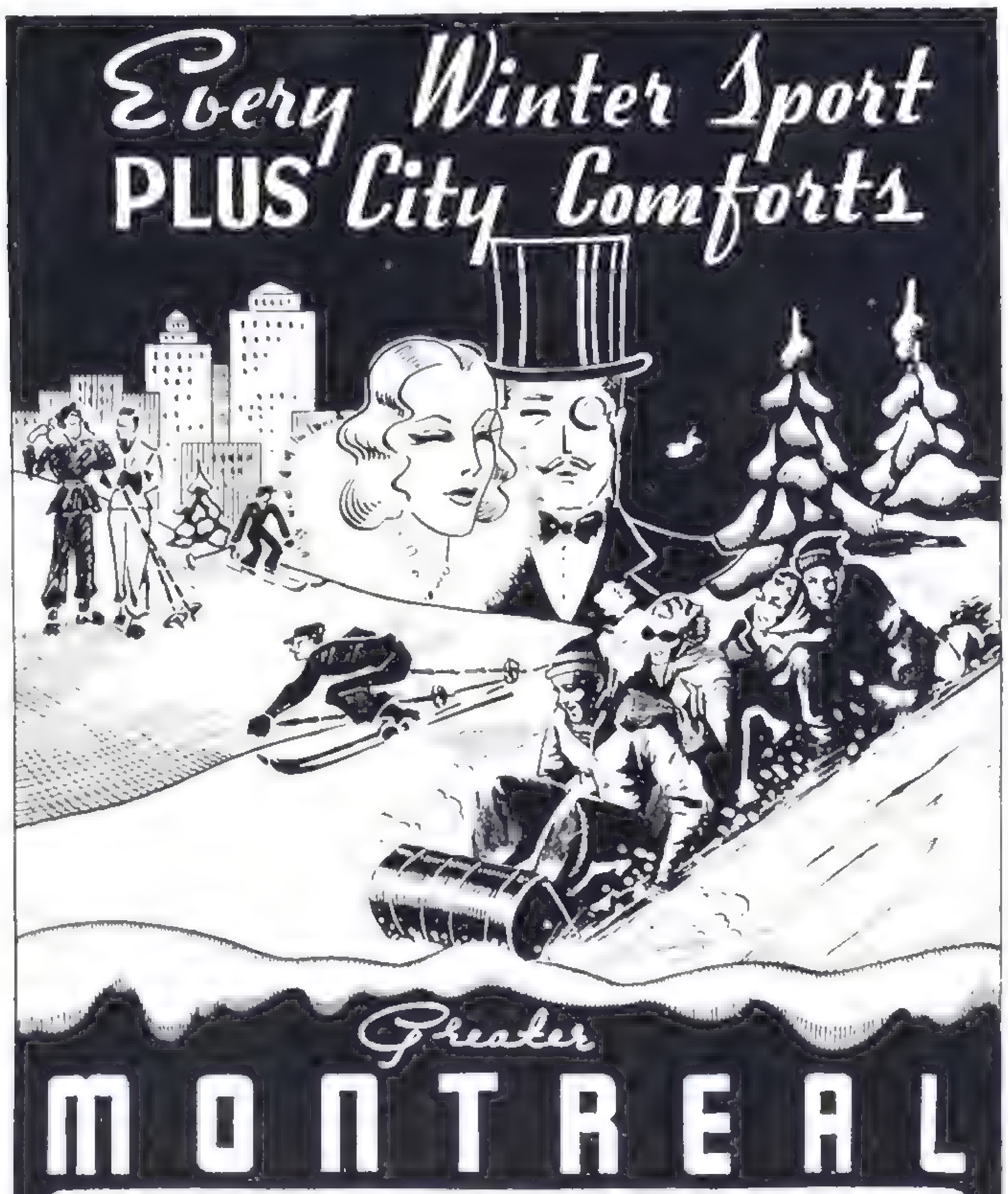

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NEW YORK

# TRUE PICTURE OF YOURSELF AS A BOOK-READER

## Here is a list of some good books widely talked about during 1938. Check those you wanted very much to read—and those you did read.

This list represents the 1938 books which have been most in demand by our members.

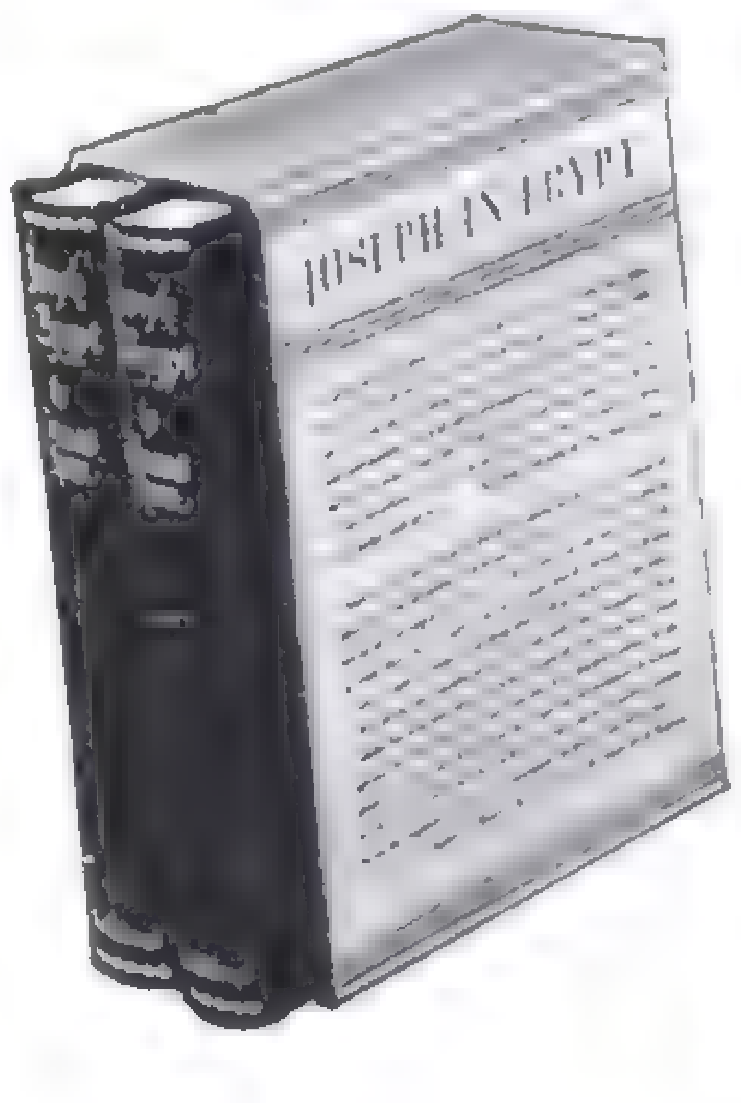
| YOU INTENDED TO READ | NON-FICTION | YOU DID READ |
|---|---|---|
| ☐ | Benjamin Franklin—Carl Van Doren | ☐ |
| ☐ | With Malice Toward Some—Margaret Halsey | ☐ |
| ☐ | The Horse and Buggy Doctor Arthur E. Hertzler | ☐ |
| ☐ | Fanny Kemble—Margaret Armstrong | ☐ |
| ☐ | Philosopher's Holiday—Irwin Edman | ☐ |
| ☐ | The Coming Victory of Democracy Thomas Mann | ☐ |
| ☐ | Listen! the Wind—Anne Morrow Lindbergh | ☐ |
| ☐ | The Evolution of Physics Albert Einstein & Leopold Infeld | ☐ |
| ☐ | Out of Africa—Isak Dinesen | ☐ |
| ☐ | Andrew Jackson—Marquis James | ☐ |
| ☐ | The Promises Men Live By—Harry Scherman | ☐ |
| ☐ | The Summing Up—W. Somerset Maugham | ☐ |
| ☐ | The Fight for Life—Paul de Kruif | ☐ |
| ☐ | Hell on Ice—Commander Edw. Ellsberg | ☐ |
| ☐ | The Folklore of Capitalism Thurman W. Arnold | ☐ |
| ☐ | Red Star Over China—Edgar Snow | ☐ |
| ☐ | The Tyranny of Words—Stuart Chase | ☐ |
| ☐ | This Is My Story—Eleanor Roosevelt | ☐ |
| ☐ | A Southerner Discovers the South Jonathan Daniels | ☐ |
| ☐ | Dry Guillotine—Rene Belbenoit | ☐ |
| ☐ | The Importance of Living—Lin Yutang | ☐ |
| ☐ | Madame Curie—Eve Curie | ☐ |
| ☐ | R.F.D.—Charles Allen Smart | ☐ |
| ☐ | Fashion is Spinach—Elizabeth Hawes | ☐ |
| ☐ | The Arts—H. W. van Loon | ☐ |
| ☐ | Savage Symphony—Eva Lips | ☐ |
| ☐ | Four Hundred Million Customers—Carl Crow | ☐ |
| ☐ | A Puritan in Babylon—William Allen White | ☐ |
| ☐ | Goliath: The March of Fascism G. A. Borgese | ☐ |
| | **FICTION** | |
| ☐ | The Yearling—Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings | ☐ |
| ☐ | The Citadel—A. J. Cronin | ☐ |
| ☐ | Great American Novel—Clyde Brion Davis | ☐ |
| ☐ | Joseph in Egypt—Thomas Mann | ☐ |
| ☐ | What People Said—W. L. White | ☐ |
| ☐ | Winter in April—Robert Nathan | ☐ |
| ☐ | The Turning Wheels—Stuart Cloete | ☐ |
| ☐ | Imperial City—Elmer Rice | ☐ |
| ☐ | Rebecca—Daphne du Maurier | ☐ |
| ☐ | All This, and Heaven Too—Rachel Field. | ☐ |
| ☐ | My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney | ☐ |
| ☐ | Northwest Passage—Kenneth Roberts | ☐ |
| ☐ | The General's Lady—Esther Forbes | ☐ |
| ☐ | My Son, My Son—Howard Spring | ☐ |
| ☐ | . . . and Tell of Time—Laura Krey | ☐ |
| ☐ | Man's Hope—André Malraux | ☐ |
| ☐ | The Mortal Storm—Phyllis Bottome | ☐ |
| ☐ | A Day of Battle—Vincent Sheean | ☐ |
| ☐ | The Rains Came—Louis Bromfield | ☐ |
| ☐ | Action at Aquilla—Hervey Allen | ☐ |
| ☐ | Promenade—G. B. Lancaster | ☐ |
| ☐ | And So—Victoria—Vaughan Wilkins | ☐ |
| ☐ | Count Belisarius—Robert Graves | ☐ |
| ☐ | Testament—R. C. Hutchinson | ☐ |

## FREE . . . TO NEW MEMBERS

## **Joseph in Egypt**, by Thomas Mann

*—or any of the other Book-Dividends listed in coupon*

If you decide to join the Book-of-the-Month Club now, we will give you free, as a new member, a novel which has been acclaimed as "perhaps the greatest creative work of the twentieth century"—JOSEPH IN EGYPT, by Thomas Mann (two volumes, boxed, retail price $5.00). This was one of the recent book-dividends of the Club. Or, if you prefer, you may choose one of the other recent book-dividends listed in the coupon.



## Why miss in 1939—as you did in 1938—so many new books you would deeply enjoy?

THE self-examination provided at the left will show *the degree* to which you may have allowed procrastination to keep you from reading new books which you want very much to read. Over 200,000 families—persons like yourself—have found a subscription to the Book-of-the-Month Club a really effectual means of solving this problem.

You are not obliged, as a member of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

Publishers submit all their important books to us. These go through the most careful reading routine now in existence. At the end of this sifting process, our five judges choose one book as the book-of-the-month.

You receive a carefully written report about this book *in advance of its publication.* If you decide from this report that it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

### *You Still Browse In Bookstores*

Scores of other recommendations are made to help you choose *among all new books* with discrimination.

If you want to buy one of these from the Club, you can get it by merely asking for it. Or you can use these reports (we find that most of our members do) to guide you in buying these miscellaneous recommended books from a favored bookseller.

In other words, instead of limiting your reading, this system widens it. You can browse among the books as always, but now do it intelligently; you know what to look for.

Once and for all this system *really keeps you from missing the new books you want to read.* You do actually buy and read those you want, instead of confessing sadly to friends, "I never got around to reading that!"

In addition, there is a great money-saving. Time and again our judges' choices are books you ultimately find yourself buying anyway, because they are so widely talked about. (Outstanding examples of these in 1938 were THE YEARLING, WITH MALICE TOWARD SOME, THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR, and a list of others too long to include here.) *For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of our book-dividends.*

### *Free Books You Get*

These book-dividends represent a unique system of saving through quantity production. The resulting economy is extraordinary. For every $1 you spend for a book-of-the-month you actually receive over 75¢ back in the form of free books.

Some of the actual book-dividends distributed within recent months is the best indication of what can be done by this system: they included BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS (a special $6 edition); JOSEPH IN EGYPT (2 vols., $5); the Pulitzer Prize edition of ANDREW JACKSON, by Marquis James ($5); MADAME CURIE, by Eve Curie ($3.50); THE ARTS, by Van Loon ($3.95). These books were *given* to members—not sold, mind you!

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You pay no yearly sum to belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. *You pay nothing, except for the books you buy.*

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☐ BARTLETT'S QUOTATIONS ☐ ANDREW JACKSON

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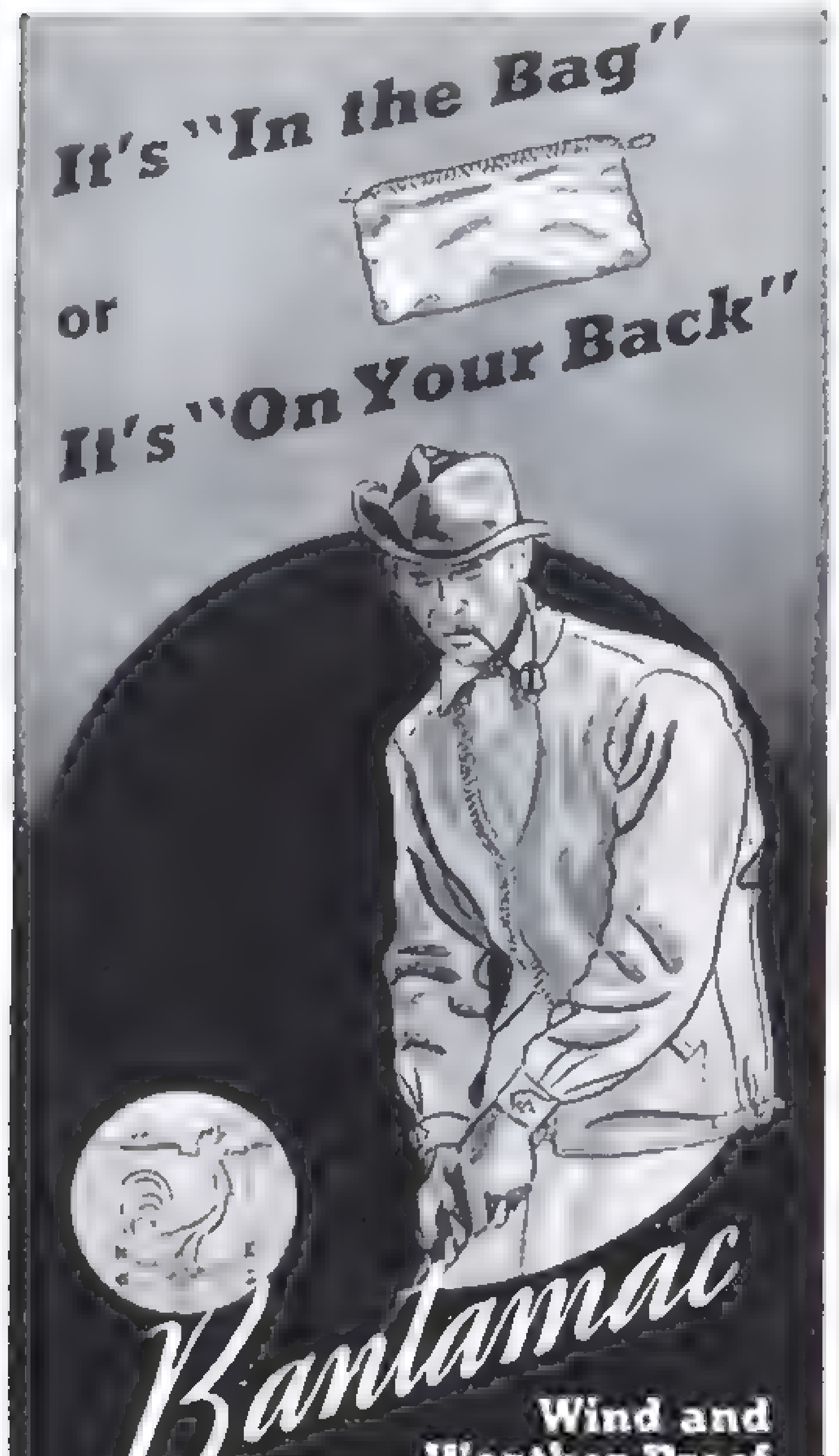
# TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



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**FILM FEST AT HOME.** To snap your parties out of the "ho-hum" stage, give your guests *reel* entertainment by running off a few of your choice library of professionally produced films. You can buy 'em to fit small or large 8 or 16 mm. projectors . . . you can even get 16 mm. sound talking films. When the boys get together, give them some of the high spots of the World's Series or the 1938 football season. The athletically inclined will go for thrilling shots of skiing, skating and tobogganing; sportsters will get a kick out of auto and horse races; or the startling film of Capt. Tompkin's daring adventure cruise around Cape Horn. If the kids are still up and about, work in a few animated cartoons or some educational travel pictures, or "through Africa with gun and camera."

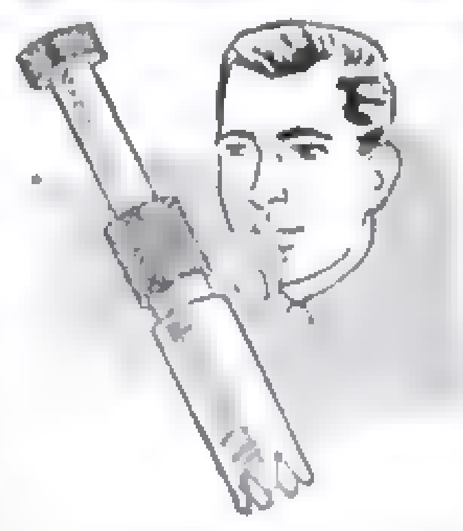
**ELECTRIC SMOKE FOR NOSE AND THROAT.** The great sinus and sniffle season is on. You'd probably be glad to know about a new electric device designed to produce warm fumes to permeate the nose and throat. It consists of a bakelite shell containing a switch, heating element and vapor chamber. Screwed to the top of this is the twin outlet nose piece. At bottom a hand bulb which forces air into vapor chamber, forcing warm medicated fumes from the instrument. Idea is that the microscopic particles of pure medicine floating in warm air gives deeper, and quicker penetration to affected areas, coupled with better and quicker distribution. For instance, iodine reaches infected areas in particles so small it doesn't irritate. The antiseptic action of menthol, camphor, or thymol is increased through this volatilizing process.

**AIR MAIL PAPER.** Sending letters by air mail has become such an item that a smart concern has created lightweight papers for typewritten letters. The paper is designed so that a letter written thereon will have preferred attention from the executive. Most busy men have their mail opened for them, and once the envelope is discarded, there is no way to distinguish air mail from other matters. This paper has a narrow red rule border, and the letters "Air Mail" printed plainly in the lower right corner.

**VOICE-POWERED PHONE.** A telephone which gets its power from your voice is the latest stunt in the communication business. Resembling a child's building block in size and shape, the tiny phone may be carried anywhere in your pocket. Connect it to any conducting line and you can converse over distances of more than 100 miles. To have your own telephone system, you merely clip one of the instruments to each end of a pair of wires forming your line, which, in extreme cases, can be an old barbed wire fence. Twist a small crank protruding from one side of the device to signal the "called party" . . . and there you are! Of course nobody ever heard of a 100 mile barbed wire fence, but guys with big estates use this new phone to connect their various buildings—master study with garage, etc.

*Don't* PULL HAIR FROM NOSE!
May cause fatal infection

use KLIPETTE



Hair in nose or ears is embarrassing to any well-groomed man. KLIPETTE to the rescue! It's a safe little device designed to reach those hard-to-get-at spots. So simple! Just turn . . . off come the hairs without a pull. Gentle, safe and efficient. At cutlery, drug and department stores or sent postpaid for $1. Guaranteed to satisfy or money back. Hollis Co., Dept. 154, 207 Market St., Newark, N. J.

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Even if you can't read a note you can learn by yourself in just a few minutes to play song hits, classics, and old favorites. For solos, duets, pre-band work, it's unbeatable. Not a toy. Used by famous swing bands. Send name and address with one dollar. A Tonette will be mailed with instruction melody chart. Tonette Co., Dept. E-3, 30 East Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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with invisible Spiffy ADJUSTABLE STAY

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PREVENTS WRINKLES

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GET a SPIFFY STAY today at your men's shop or jeweler. It gives you that starched collar appearance with soft collar comfort. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct. Send 25c (coin or stamps) for silver, 50c for Deluxe 24K Gold finish. State name and address of dealer who was unable to supply you and we will include free an attractive tie chain.

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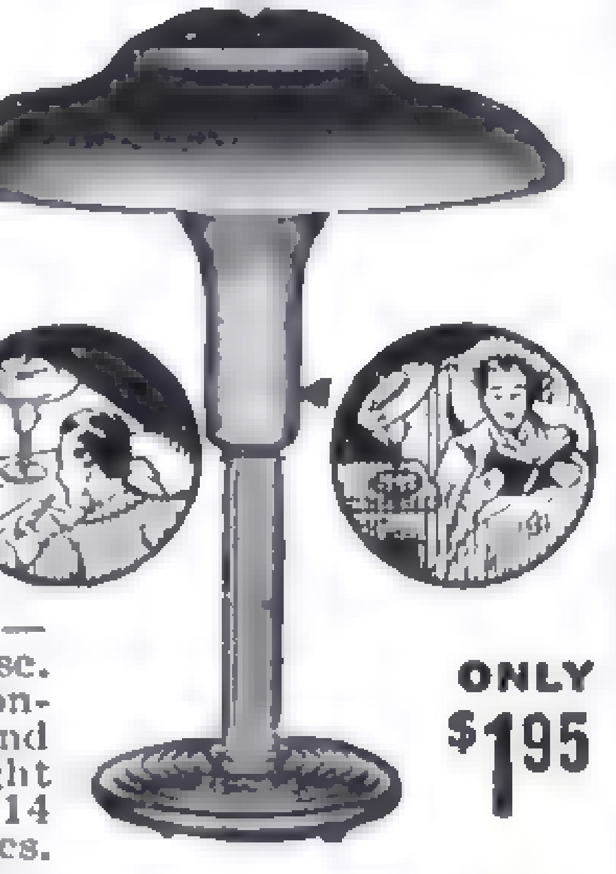
A LAMP EVERY MAN WANTS



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ONLY $1.95

SELWYN CO., 6400 Roosevelt Rd., Oak Park, Ill.

*Of Course* he wears a VITO BELT!

HE'S THE *Smart, Young* LOOKING MAN OF MANHATTAN . . . . !

The successful man who is "in the know" takes inches off his appearance, improves his posture and gives his weary abdominal muscles helpful support...all by one simple expedient—the wearing of a Vito Belt!

Test VITO BELT for 10 DAYS at our expense....!

If Vito does not make your waist appear inches smaller at once ...if it does not instantly give needed support to sagging abdominal muscles...it will cost you nothing! Vito is made of pure Para rubber, perforated for ventilation and comfort . . . shaped for support...Send for illustrated folder in plain envelope describing Vito Belt and full details of 10 day FREE trial offer sent on request.

APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER AT ONCE!

HAMILTON BELT CO.
213 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.

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*On the Map*

You can follow any directions with a Hull Auto Compass on your windshield. Drivers everywhere depend upon it to get them there on time, and by the shortest route. It shows your direction of travel at all times, in any weather. Only $2.95 at your dealer. Two-piece model $1.95. Write for circular.

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BRITISH BRIARS
(Made in England)
MADE OF $7.50 BRIAR

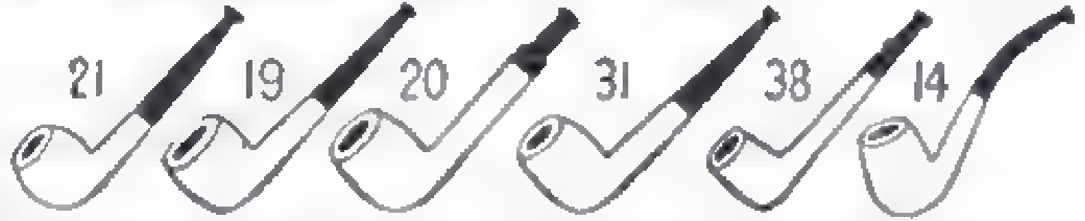
Young men who have been paying five and ten dollars for English made pipes, can NOW get the same fine quality briar at a price that really is LOW. We have just purchased the output of "seconds" of one of England's largest manufacturers of fine briar pipes. Of course, they don't have $7.50 workmanship. BUT THEY DO HAVE GUARANTEED $7.50 SMOKING PERFORMANCE.

NOW $1.00 EA.

Buy a set of seven BRITISH BRIARS for $7, *less than the price one would ordinarily cost.* Take advantage of this unusual offer and have a different pipe for each day of the week.

EVERY PIPE GUARANTEED

*Check shapes desired*



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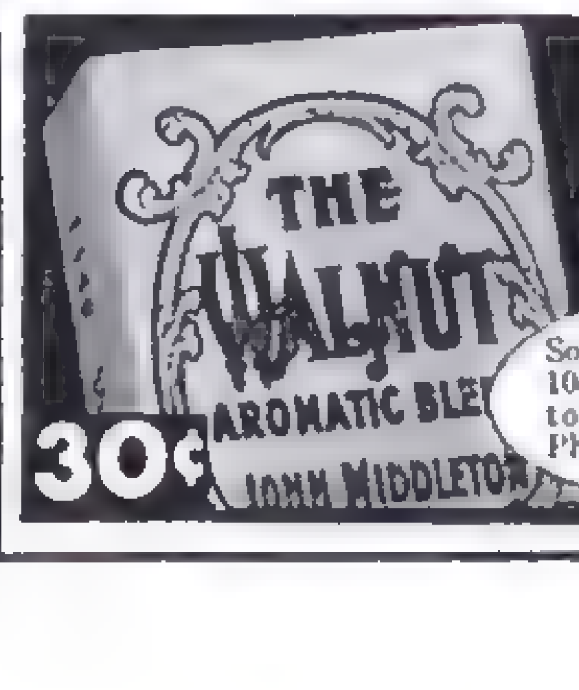


Contains the World's 7 Finest Tobaccos

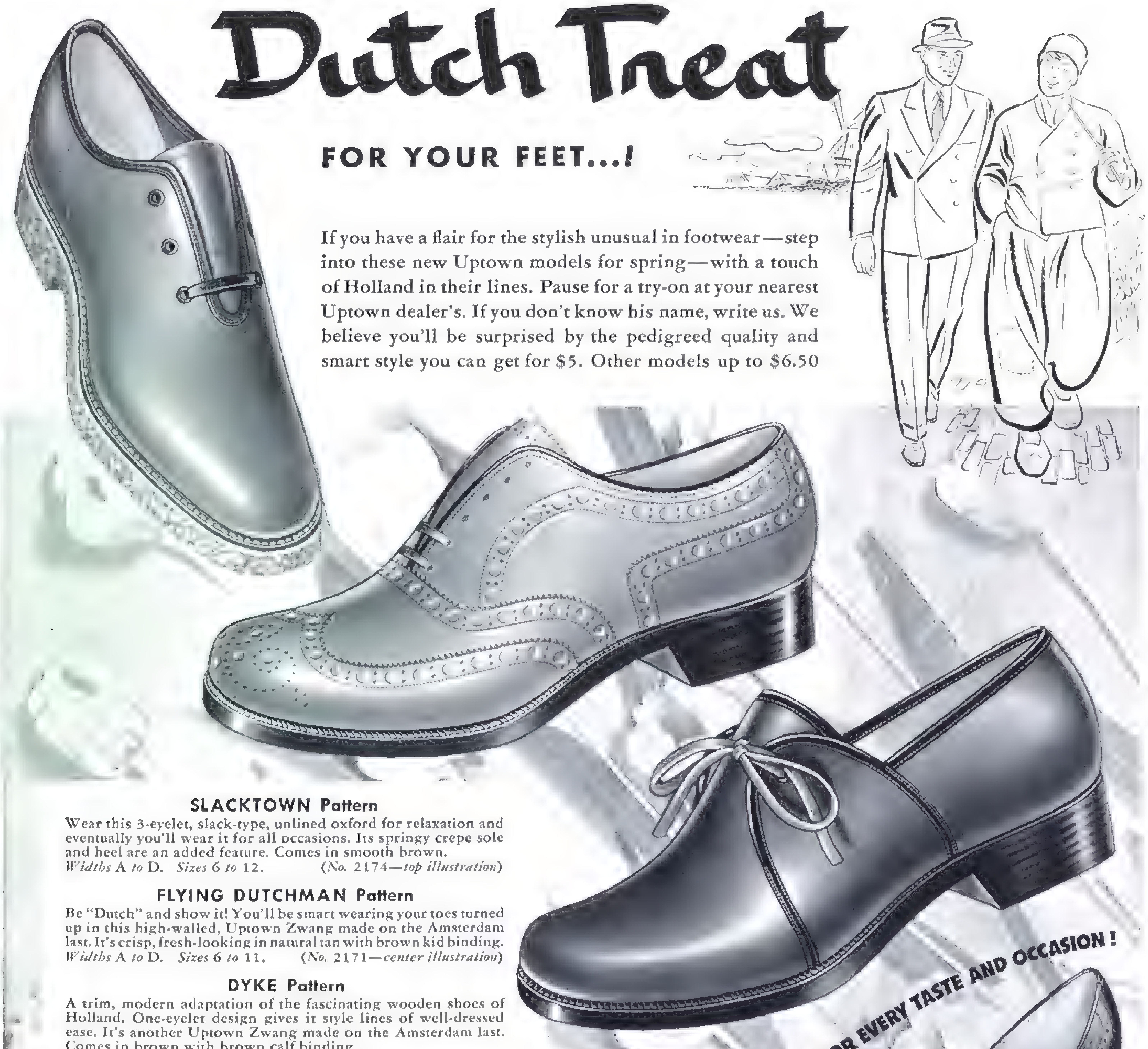
30¢

Sold by your dealer. If not, send 10c for sample to John Middleton, 1211 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. E1

# Dutch Treat

## FOR YOUR FEET...!

If you have a flair for the stylish unusual in footwear—step into these new Uptown models for spring—with a touch of Holland in their lines. Pause for a try-on at your nearest Uptown dealer's. If you don't know his name, write us. We believe you'll be surprised by the pedigreed quality and smart style you can get for $5. Other models up to $6.50



**SLACKTOWN Pattern**

Wear this 3-eyelet, slack-type, unlined oxford for relaxation and eventually you'll wear it for all occasions. Its springy crepe sole and heel are an added feature. Comes in smooth brown.
*Widths* A *to* D. *Sizes* 6 *to* 12. (*No.* 2174—*top illustration*)

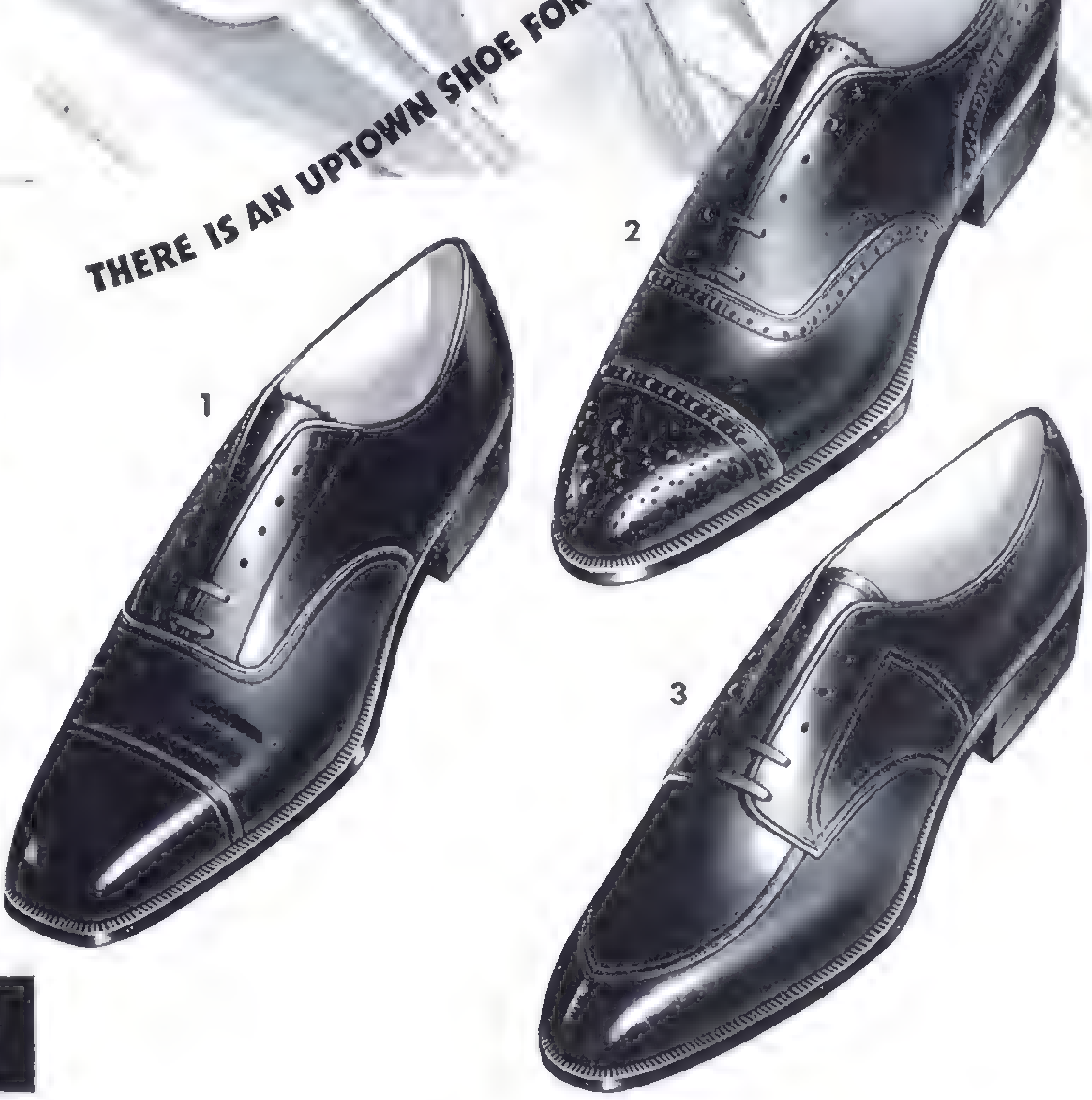
**FLYING DUTCHMAN Pattern**

Be "Dutch" and show it! You'll be smart wearing your toes turned up in this high-walled, Uptown Zwang made on the Amsterdam last. It's crisp, fresh-looking in natural tan with brown kid binding.
*Widths* A *to* D. *Sizes* 6 *to* 11. (*No.* 2171—*center illustration*)

**DYKE Pattern**

A trim, modern adaptation of the fascinating wooden shoes of Holland. One-eyelet design gives it style lines of well-dressed ease. It's another Uptown Zwang made on the Amsterdam last. Comes in brown with brown calf binding.
*Widths* A *to* D. *Sizes* 6 *to* 11. (*No.* 2173—*bottom illustration*)

THERE IS AN UPTOWN SHOE FOR EVERY TASTE AND OCCASION!



**Uptown**
**SHOES**
**\$5.00 to \$6.50**

1. **LEGION LAST**... Free Mold... *Genuine Calfskin*
   1977 Town Tan 1917 Black
   *Widths* AA *to* D. *Sizes* 6 *to* 12.
2. **CORONA LAST**... *Genuine Calfskin*
   2158 Cordo 2118 Black
   *Widths* AA *to* D. *Sizes* 6 *to* 12.
3. **CARLTON LAST**... *Genuine Calfskin*... Unlined
   1726-2 Black 1756-2 Brown
   *Widths* A *to* D. *Sizes* 5 *to* 14.

**ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND SHOE CO.**
*Division of International Shoe Co.* St. Louis, Mo.

# BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

*Robert W. Cochran*

Robert Cochran has always liked chickens and some twenty years ago he decided that raising chickens and writing stories would dovetail nicely. He attended Lincoln Memorial University from 1916 to '20, where neither creative writing nor poultry husbandry was taught. Since no editor snapped at his first story, he answered the lure of the egg and sold them for an all-time high of a dollar twenty-five a dozen wholesale in '22 and '23. During the following years on his poultry farm, he turned out many stories, with indifferent success, till *This Week* gave him his first boost. Since that time he's done rather well in the marts of literature. Eggs are down a little.

•

Wilbert Snow teaches English at Wesleyan University, in Middletown, Connecticut. He was born on White Head Island, at the eastern entrance of Penobscot Bay. He went to school at Spruce Head, on the mainland, till he was fourteen. Then his father fitted him out with sixty lobsterpots, and he became a lobster fisherman, off and on for three years. At seventeen he was sent to high school, did the four-year course in two years, and entered Bowdoin College. He did some postgraduate work at Columbia, then taught, in turn, at Bowdoin, Williams College, the University of Utah, Indiana University and Reed College. He served in the artillery during the World War.

*Wilbert Snow*

•

Deck Morgan, writing from Hollywood, says: "Though I am the eleventh generation of southern dirt farmers, we have found enough respite from hard labor to contribute to American arts and letters and to build the two most distinctive types of American architecture: Ross House on the Battery in Charleston and Liberty Hall in Georgia. Both of these gems, having survived floods, fire, war and the scourge of General Sherman, have now been happily converted into museums. The latter is a historical oddity, because my great-grandmother, who built it, refused to surrender for quite a long time after Lee had given up his sword at Appomattox. She kept the war going from the doorsteps of Liberty Hall until the Yankee cavalry came and took the President, Jefferson Davis, away from her. As a result of this monumental stubbornness, Liberty Hall is still called *The White House of the Confederacy*. My forthcoming novel about this amazing woman is now being considered for Miss Bette Davis. Between ski excursions (see *Skiers Are Always Funny*, page 42), and news gathering I spend every possible moment in New York City in a firm sitting position *chez* those two distinguished professional musicians, Katherine and Heinrich Bellamann, my Aunt and Uncle. At the moment I am boosting the efforts of Miss Paulette Goddard and Wallace Neff, a Pasadena architect, to create a glamorous ski resort. Charter members of this club are the ten most beautiful women in the world, and the waiting list of skigolos, particularly those handsome Austrians, will have to climb over my dead body. I'm engaged to marry a young French actress, Helene Forel."

*Deck Morgan*

•

When Allan Seager's agent asked him for some dope for this department, he said: "I am not in favor of the long biographical sketches in Esquire. This one will have to do: Born thirty-one years ago in Adrian, Michigan. Educated at the University of Michigan and Oxford. Have appeared in E. J. O'Brien's *Best Short Stories* for 1935 and 1936 and the O. Henry collection for 1937." *As a Little Child*, page 65, marks his first appearance in Esquire.

•

Milton Stoddard wrote *Blazing Trails for Television*, page 62. He is forty-two years old, a graduate of the University of Oregon. After serving two years in the Army during the World War, he was discharged as First Lieutenant in the Heavy Artillery. He has made his living mainly in advertising in New York and Los Angeles. His avocation, he says, is poetry; "Much of it published, more to appear in a volume that is now under preparation."

•

Russell Annabel (*The River of Whales*, page 86) was born in Valdez, Alaska, in 1904. He spent most of his boyhood in logging camps operated by his father in the state of Washington. At sixteen, he left home, taking the first boat he found out of Seattle, which happened to be going north. He spent three years hunting, trapping and prospecting in Alaska. Later he was made fire chief for the territory and for many years has held a government guide's license, taking big-game hunters into the remote, unmapped regions of Alaska's interior. He has contributed to many outdoor magazines, and recently had a boys' novel accepted.

*Herman Deupree*

•

Fred Tobey lives near Boston, writes for the *Evening Transcript*, and shoots news and mapping photographs for the E. W. Wiggins Airways. *The Art of Skysnapping* is his second appearance in Esquire. His *Cafeteria Complex* ran in the September, '35 issue.

*Iles Brody*

Iles Brody, who contributed *Grand National: Freak Steeplechase* this month, is living in Greenwich, Connecticut, and striving to live up to his role of a Connecticut hunky in the frail guest cottage of a large estate by splitting logs for the fireplace, nailing weather stripping on the doors, shoveling snow and reading the *Greenwich Time*. Still, he feels cold and hopes for an early spring. Meanwhile he's writing a book on horses, riding, riding manners and customs. The book will not be textbookish and in the final chapter, horses will have their say.

•

Herman Deupree, collaborator with Luby on *Set 'em Up . . .* hails from Indianapolis, the hotbed of writers. He organized an Inter-Frat Bowling League at Indiana University and helped win the Inter-Frat trophy which is still the pride and joy of the Phi Psis at Bloomington.

•

Mort Luby, co-author of *Set 'em Up in the Other Alley*, comes from Chicago's South Side and has fought in the thick of bowling wars on all fronts, from Sweden to San Francisco, ever since he can remember. His father, a pioneer in the modern development of the game, founded *Bowlers Bible*, the National Bowlers Journal.

*Mort Luby*

"AMERICA'S FINEST"

*A Salute to* **FLORIDA**
*"The Peninsula State"*

ONE OF "AMERICA'S FINEST"

**The State Capital is Tallahassee – The State Population is 1,657,000. The Largest City is Jacksonville – Its Population is 146,000.**

***Do You Know...*** *That* Spaniards brought the first palm trees to Florida? ..*That* Cape Sable is 350 miles farther south than Cairo, Egypt?...*That* St. Augustine is the oldest United States city?...*That*, catching a different fish each day, it would take you nearly two years to catch all the different types found off Florida?

*Watch for other advertisements in this series saluting the 48 states—"America's Finest"*

Only Master Blending Could Create *"America's Finest"*

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*CROWNS TASTE BETTER—BECAUSE THEY'RE* ***MASTER BLENDED***

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# PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

In case you are interested in what goes through the minds of jitterbugs: we were fortunate enough recently to sit with the lovely Frances Dodge while she took a poll of dancers in the Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker. Miss Dodge thought she would like to know for her Swing Magazine and gently accosted each and every bug. Lo and behold, there appeared names that the layman had never heard of. Larry Clinton, it seems, is the current hero, both for his arrangements and his rendering of numbers. Tommy Dorsey came second and Kay Kyser, third. Absent entirely were the names that so recently fell off young lips as being the current dream princes of music. And here and there was a scattered vote for the heroes of only yesterday. Fame, it seems in the swing world, marches along faster even than time.

The Rainbow Room holds its head as high as ever in the clouds above Rockefeller Center. It is still the spot we choose when we want to awe a visitor with one bolt in a short space of time. The entertainment moves in a certain rhythm, never too much and always of the first order whether it be dancers, or mimics, or imported novelties. The bands, too, are always of the best, alternating a rhumba organization with one that can please the older fry.

The Roosevelt Grill is the sort of place where you see three or four stalwart sons led in by proud parents and stuffed full of the viands that please the youngsters of Groton, Hotchkiss or Indian Mountain. It is also the place that attracts the boys and girls who are out to dance in a safe place without chaperons. In fact it is a rather encouraging landmark in this era of swing and things that sometimes seem strangely un-American.

White Turkey Inn, which plays host to many contented customers who trek up Route 7 to Danbury, Conn., for an American meal, has decided to try the palate of New York. At One University Place they have established ye old wall paper, country lassies and the head cook, and carry on much as they do in their farm house. The dinners are in the higher brackets but deservedly so; we don't know where you can get better food of the American sort.

We don't know where the money comes from but there always seems to be plenty for new saloons. Someone has built a handsome lean-to for Harry Richman back of Delmonico, at Fifty-Ninth and Park, and in the three rooms he runs the town's latest sumptuous hangout. We liked best the proportions of the bar, off Fifty-Ninth Street, with its natural teakwood trim and lighting by Kurt Versen who has done things for the Fair and many of the town's best spots. The list of artistic credits reads like a theatre program. R. Bushnell Heimann did a whole Kipling saga for the bar since the place is called The Road to Mandalay. The supper room, off Park, is a decorator's delight but reminds us a bit too much of that room in Place Pigale.

Mexican Gardens, 137 Waverly Place, is one of the best of the little restaurants where you may get the hot food served below the Rio Grande. The enchiladas are especially worthy of your time. In midtown we like the Xochtl, 146 West 46th Street, it is simple but authentic.

The winter tastings of the Wine and Food Society have been better conducted than formerly. The society affords a fine proving ground for our palate, at a minimum cost of no waste. For a few dollars you can try a dozen or so of the better champagnes, have a joust with the American vineyard products, explore the French and any number of food and knickknack oddities. The champagne tasting at Pierre's was a standing-room-only rally. There should be some valuable data in that for the statisticians; nothing seems to bring out the customers like champagne.

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN
LONDON

BY APPOINTMENT
This mellow, golden gin makes the world's finest Martinis
Imported from England
BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS Distilled Dry Gin
100% NEUTRAL GRAIN SPIRITS . . . 86 PROOF
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

PREMIUM PALE DRY
An ancient beer in a MODERN SETTING
NATIONAL Premium
A PALE DRY BEER
like the creations of a great chef, this unusual beer is of necessity limited in output--and quite expensive
YOU WILL FIND IT IN THE IMPORTANT SPOTS FROM COAST TO COAST
The NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY in BALTIMORE MARYLAND...

BILLY BAXTER CLUB SODA
right into your pantry.
Mail $7.00 check for four dozen 10 oz. bottles; $3.50 for half case; carriage paid; bottle refund $1 East of Miss. River.
RED RAVEN CORP., CHESWICK, PA.

OUTSTANDING IN THE PALM BEACHES
THE distinguished Royal Worth, directly on Lake Worth overlooking Palm Beach. A few minutes to the famous beach and golf clubs. A cuisine and character of resort life to satisfy the most discriminating. All the pleasures of the Palm Beaches to command—and highly important—a most considerate scale of rates.
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Lexington Ave. at 49th St., N. Y.
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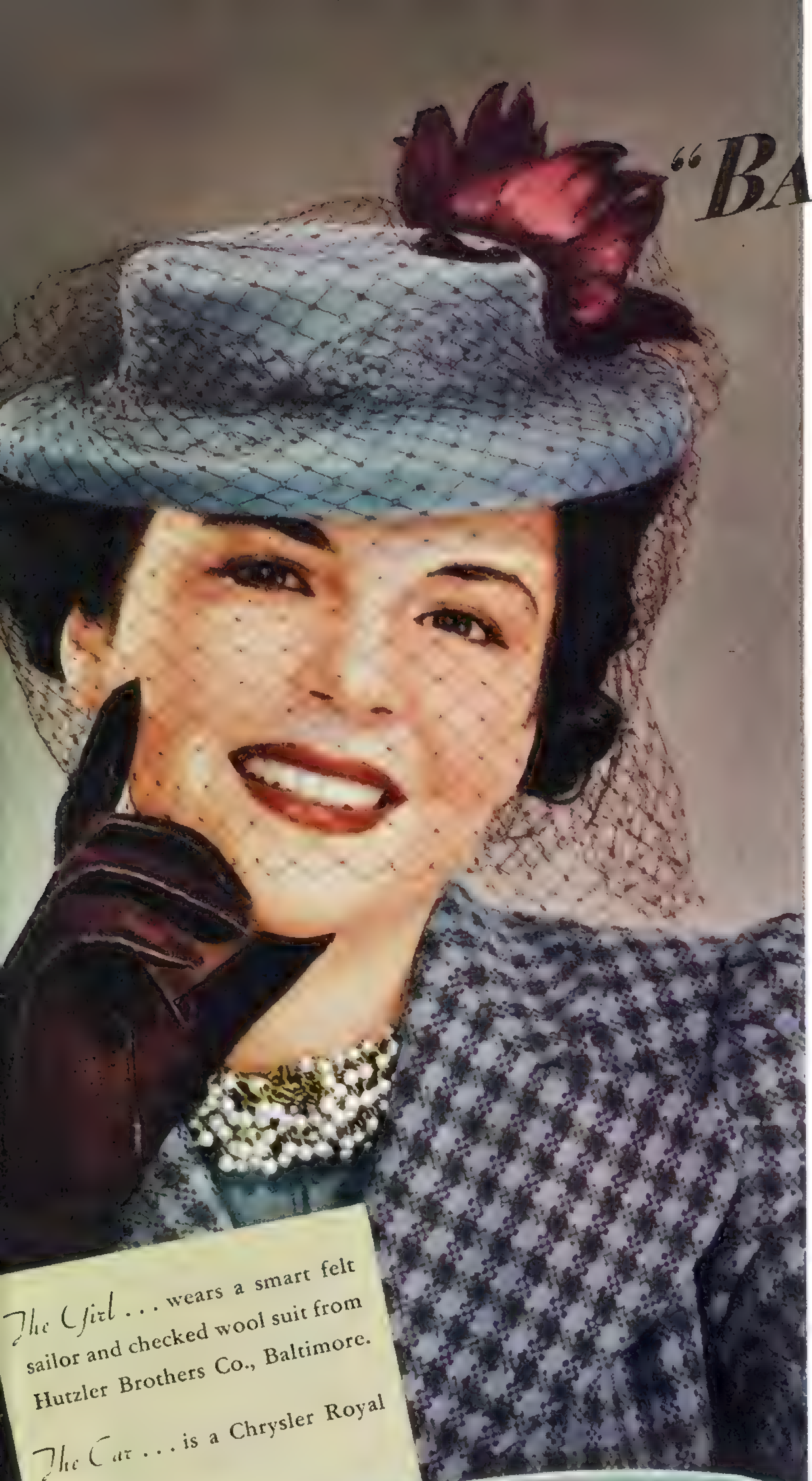


*The Girl* . . . wears a smart felt sailor and checked wool suit from Hutzler Brothers Co., Baltimore.

*The Car* . . . is a Chrysler Royal Sedan.

# "BALTIMORE GIRL GETS HER MAN!"

"WHEN I first met him, I did everything but faint in his arms at the country club dance! What happened? Nothing! I didn't get him!

"But the first time he drove my new Chrysler, I knew I had him! It wasn't a frail, fainting Victorian he wanted . . . it was a *modern* girl!

"For modern independence of spirit, a Chrysler is the perfect prescription. There's something about the way it takes off down the road that puts a lift in your soul . . . a gleam in your eye. The way a Chrysler conquers a hill makes you perfectly sure you can move a mountain!

"This new Chrysler is big and roomy . . . but it minds like a lamb. It marches into a parking space as if it sensed exactly what you wanted. The gear-shift is on the steering wheel . . . right under your hand. The brakes are Chrysler's *famous* hydraulics . . . and you catch on very quickly that Chrysler engineers have not yet taught the rest of the profession *all* they know about the subject!

"In fact, those Chrysler designers are the most modern-minded of men. Who but they would have thought of making an instrument panel of moulded ivory plastic . . . would have figured out doors that don't have to be slammed to be shut . . . could have achieved Parisian luxury inside of the car and such perfect air-liner streamlining outside!

"If you want a motor car that does more than just get you there . . . if you like spirit, imagination, smartness and finesse . . . *'Be Modern . . . Buy Chrysler!'*"

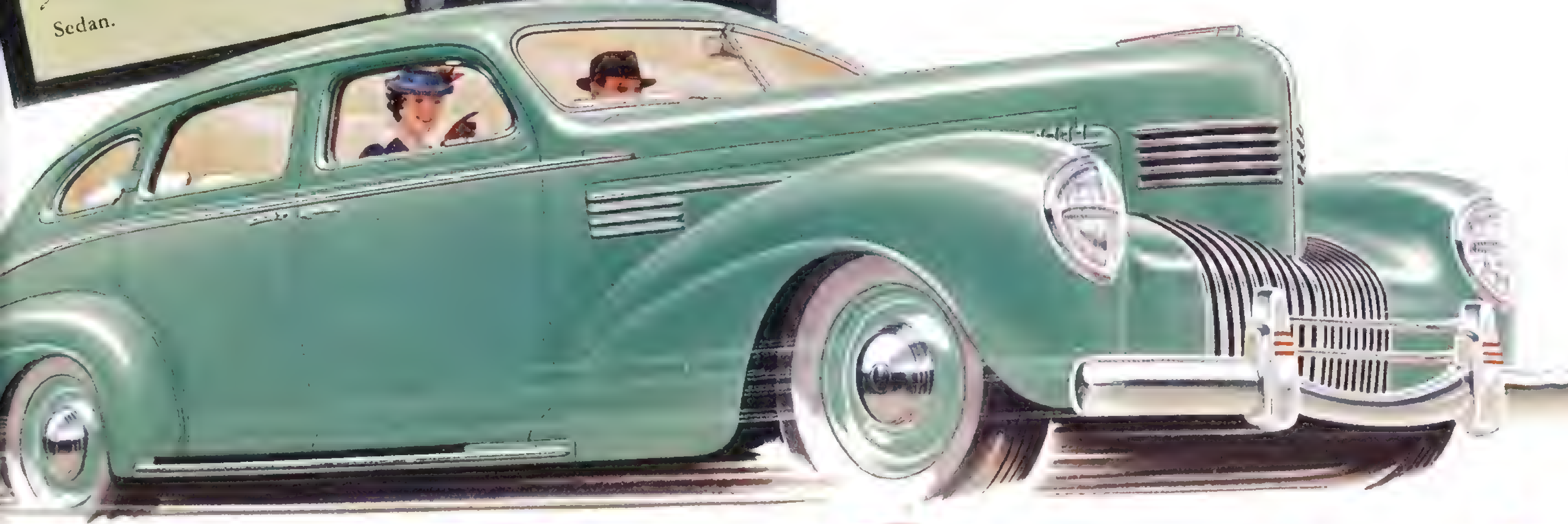
★ ★ ★

**1939 CHRYSLER ROYAL** . . . 100 horsepower, 119-inch wheelbase.

**1939 CHRYSLER IMPERIAL** . . . 135 horsepower, 125-inch wheelbase.

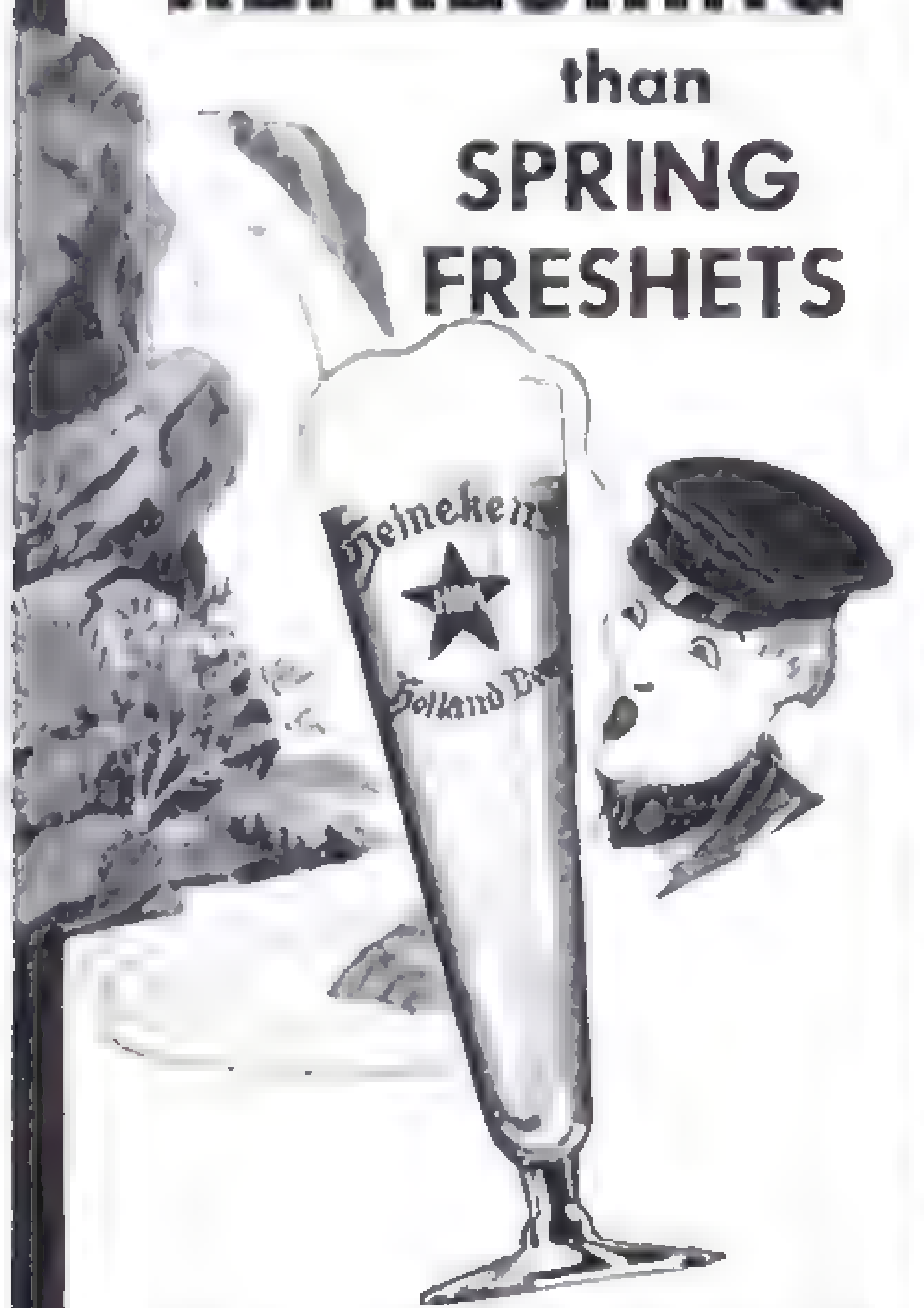
Also Chrysler's famous Custom Imperial in five and seven passenger sedans and limousines . . . with Chrysler's amazing new transmission advancement, the Fluid Drive.

★ TUNE IN ON MAJOR BOWES, COLUMBIA NETWORK, EVERY THURSDAY, 9 TO 10 P. M., EASTERN STANDARD TIME.



**BE MODERN** *Buy Chrysler!*

# PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE



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REFRESHING
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SPRING
FRESHETS

HEINEKEN'S
Imported
HOLLAND BEER

IMPORTED BY
Austin.Nichols & Co.
(INCORPORATED)
BROOKLYN—NEW YORK
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New Haven, Conn. Chicago, Ill.
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WHEN THEY TALK OF
famous taverns, of mutton chops and clay pipes—this is the place they mean—the one and only—the "old reliable!"
Keen's
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
36th Near 6th

Itinerary
for Thrill
Hunters!!
The World-famous
LEON & EDDIE'S
52nd STREET NEW YORK

AT THEIR BEST
Grand Central Terminal
Restaurant & Oyster Bar
Lower Level ← Grand Central Terminal
OCEAN FRESH DAILY
OYSTERS

When you go to the Chambord remember that Alex has a relative in Strassburg who sends him the cream of the pate crop from the best goose runs of the Alsace-Lorraine. The maison pate is not to be sneezed at either, although the variety of hors d'oeuvre might entice you. The onion soup is cut on the best provincial pattern and for a change from the duck with orange, try it with a pate stuffing. With so much on the rich side it is well to try one of their field salads and a sweet containing a fruit, such as a peach melba. The Chambord wine cellars are among the most extensive in town (cajole Alex into a glimpse at them). Out of the ample cellars we tried a Cote Rotie, '28, that seemed perfect with the duck. A touch or two of Bisquit Dubouche reconciled us to sitting off Third Avenue instead of along the Seine.

Nancy Noland, who first wowed the public in one of Leonard Sillman's "New Faces" revues, is chief attraction in the cocktail lounge of the Hotel White. In the sedate Murray Hill sector, where thirst parlors are few, Miss Noland manages to assemble quite a following. Sometimes she is satiric, sometimes merely gay but always she is refreshing and entertaining.

More years than we care to remember, we have been going to the McAlpin Hotel for a certain sort of cooking. We have found out why. Louis Paquet, the chef, has been on hand since the hostelry opened years ago as first of the town's gargantuan affairs. Louis sometimes becomes hurt with the palates of the American in a hurry but under the kindly hand of John J. Woelfle (sic), the manager, he has clung to the tradition he learned under Escoffier. When you are in the Marine Grill sometime, send Louis a note and tell him an epicure dares him to strut his stuff. (Tip: frogs legs, or his version of arroz con pollo.)

Harlem, being given more to entertainment than epicurean delights, is scant on places to eat. Unless, of course, your research takes you into a fish fry. But if you are bound for the Savoy, where they dance as no place else in town, or one of the excellent plays at the Lafayette, try the Sea Food Restaurant, on Seventh Avenue between 127th and 128th Streets. The Virginia ham is special.

Add to the pleasant fish places around town, the Cape Cod Room of the Hotel Lexington. There in proper seascape background you may find the best of the deep sea, lobsters just over the age of consent, crabmeat in large chunks showing it has just been plucked and the right fish in the right season. With all this we recommend an Alsatian or a Chablis or even our favorite Pouilly-Fuisse.

Scouts from the west send in enthusiastic reports on one Joe Miller's Club 885, in Chicago. The place has become a smart rendezvous with a flair for the unusual in entertainment. Virginia Gibson, of musical comedy and radio fame, relieves herself of several torch songs while Johnny Howard, recruited from the English music halls, does clever imitations of the great and near great.

Southern scouts report two new spots in the Florida landscape that are attracting the carpet-baggers who come down in their Rolls and by plane. The new cocktail lounge of the Hollywood Beach Hotel, at Hollywood, has been decorated with an Aztec motif, borrowed from our nearest neighbor. It is claimed that special attention has been given to lighting so that all women look beautiful to all men. As if that were needed. Lon Chassy and his orchestra hold forth for the dancing. . . . The Club Continental at Miami Beach has an elaborate show of the popular night club pattern. Marc Bellero is the master of ceremonies with Alice Dawn singing ditties, D'Ivons and Suzanne and Christine furnishing the exhibition dance numbers. For the guests there is Alex Botkin and his band, formerly of the St. Moritz, New York, alternating with a Cuban organization for the rumbas.

THE Bowman ROOM
HORACE HEIDT
and his TALENTED COMPANY
Dancing and superb entertainment
at Dinner and Supper
THE BILTMORE
Madison Ave. at 43rd St., New York

STAGE ENTRANCE
GEE! HE SMOKES THAT AROMATIC LONDON DOCK

The aromatic fragrance of London Dock is the stuff heroes are made of. More important, this distinctive blend packs a wallop of unusual satisfaction for the smoker. Get the thrill of discovering a new pipe experience...ask your favorite tobacconist for the golden package of America's finest aromatic tobacco. Want a sample first? Send 10¢ to...
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SMOKING MIXTURE

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Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CHICAGO'S
NIGHT CLUBS
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EPICUREAN DINNERS
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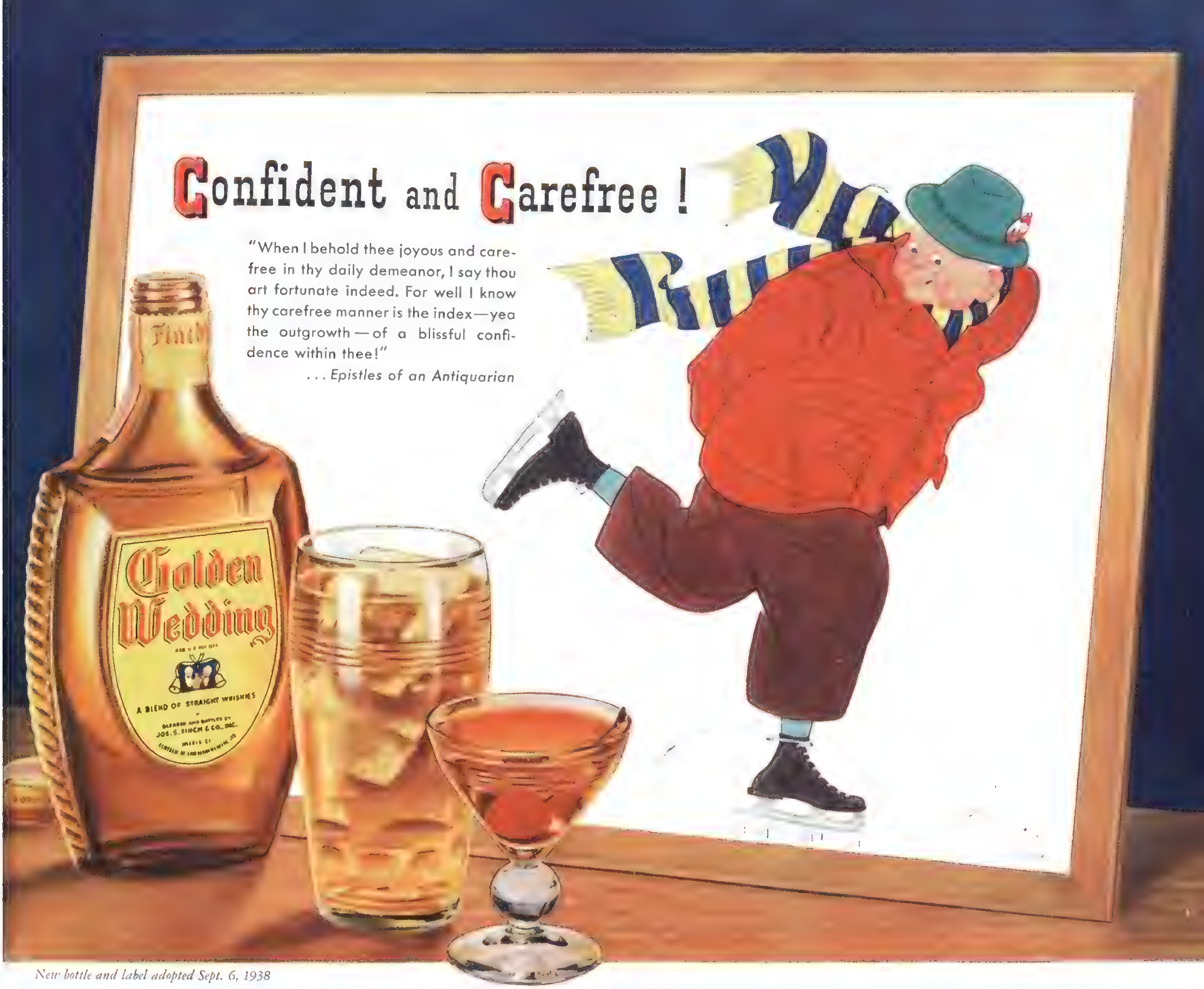
15th
of every month is the day to look for the new ESQUIRE on the newsstands



Golden Wedding
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
JOS. S. FINCH & CO., INC.

## Confident and Carefree!

"When I behold thee joyous and carefree in thy daily demeanor, I say thou art fortunate indeed. For well I know thy carefree manner is the index—yea the outgrowth—of a blissful confidence within thee!"

...*Epistles of an Antiquarian*

*New bottle and label adopted Sept. 6, 1938*

# Golden Wedding *the whiskey you feel good about!*

Why that proud ring in your voice when you call for Golden Wedding? Why that confident gleam in your eye as you tip the waiter and bottle? We know. You feel good about Golden Wedding. And well you may. It's a blend of straight whiskies—ALL whiskey—and such whiskey... Finch's very finest. The most likeable, drinkable liquor a human being could desire. Good old Golden Wedding. Olden Golden Wedding. Even the very youngest whiskey in it is four years old!

**AND AT THE BAR–**

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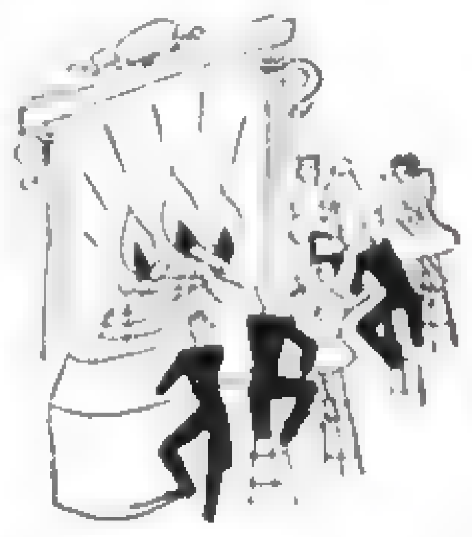

Bill Hardy's Gay Nineties has moved up from being merely a saloon for the nostalgic gentlemen of the expanding waistlines and cracking singing voices to the position of a museum. In many ways it equals the staid Museum of the City of New York, proudly boasting of an offer from the plush-lined Metropolitan for a loan of some of its memorabilia. It even tops the Players Club because added to its numerous playbills, it has numerous other sacred relics of the gaslit era, including cigar box art, early lithographs and race horse souvenirs. And don't miss the walnut bar, once the fireplace of the great John D. Rockefeller. O tempora!, O mores!, Oh a shot of rye!

Recently entertaining some visiting firemen about to sail, we hurriedly called Monsieur Barrier of the New Weston asking if he could run up a dinner suitable to the occasion. In about the time it took to walk to the hotel, the Miracle Man of Madison Avenue had produced another of his masterpieces. There was sherry before the green turtle soup and plenty in it, poured at the table so that the diner has no doubt. Broiled brook trout with almonds brought forth a Rosechatel '29 and with the guinea hen en casserole, there was a Chateau Kirwan of the same year. To make it perfect there was a bottle of Lanson '26 with the Cherry Flambeau. After a Monnet, the guests debated whether or not to sail, being dubious then about the joys of other ports.

Next to the unalloyed delight of hearing Sheila Barrett give her portraits of American pests, is to see her sketch them with a living model at hand. At El Rio we had that good fortune, America's Debutante No. 1 being on hand to squirm through Sheila's scathing delineation of the chits who spend half their time reading their names in the social register and the other half singing (?) in night clubs. For our money, Miss Barrett is one of the few geniuses the night clubs have produced.

As the Ritz always has its Theodores, so the Hitz hotels have their Tonys. The maestro of them all just now is at the Glass Hat Room of the Belmont-Plaza, having completed a circuit of the country where he taught a corps of other "Tonys" the art of making crepes Suzette. Tony can make them as well as any one we have encountered and we have sampled them from Boston to Budapest. Also, the Belmont-Plaza have decided they need not be a luxury and have brought the tariff down to the bracket of ordinary dessert.

In case you forget, no tour of the town is complete without one or two stop-ins along West Fifty-second Street. Whether the antics of Eddie Davis at Leon and Eddie's, or the zanies at Jack White's across the street is your meat, you must make a bow to swing at the Bandbox, the Open Door or the Onyx. Pardon us for not pointing, but the bands change so often at the latter places that we could be accused of inaccuracy if we told you any one bunch could be found at a given place at a given time. Maybe you won't know the difference, anyway.

We are glad to note that the Park Lane has recaptured from commerce the handsome room that faces Park Avenue and returned it to its natural functions—that of entertaining guests. The room still has the ornate renaissance ceiling and a decorator has tied the rest of the room in with that; we suppose it is a 1939 version of regency. Anyway the room is called the Queen Elizabeth and we understand that tea, in the old manner, can be had there. Of course there are cocktails and dancing both at the dinner hour and after theatre. William Senft, remembered from the Plaza and the Westchester Country Club, is the new maitre d'hotel.

EASY TO MAKE

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THE RUM COCKTAIL HIT!

*Drink Critics Acclaim Its WEALTH of FLAVOR*

**RECIPE:** ⅓ Lemon Juice, ⅔ MYERS'S RUM, ½ Teaspoon Sugar. If desired, add a dash of Angostura Bitters. Shake thoroughly with plenty of ice.

**To taste like a "MILLION" it must be made with**

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100% FINE OLD JAMAICA
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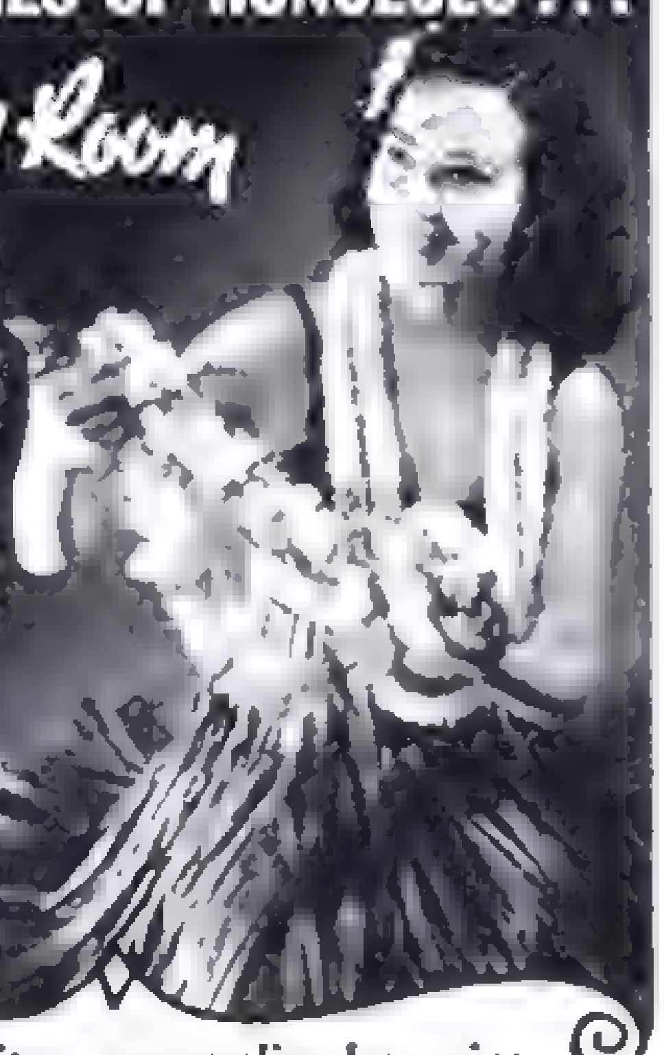

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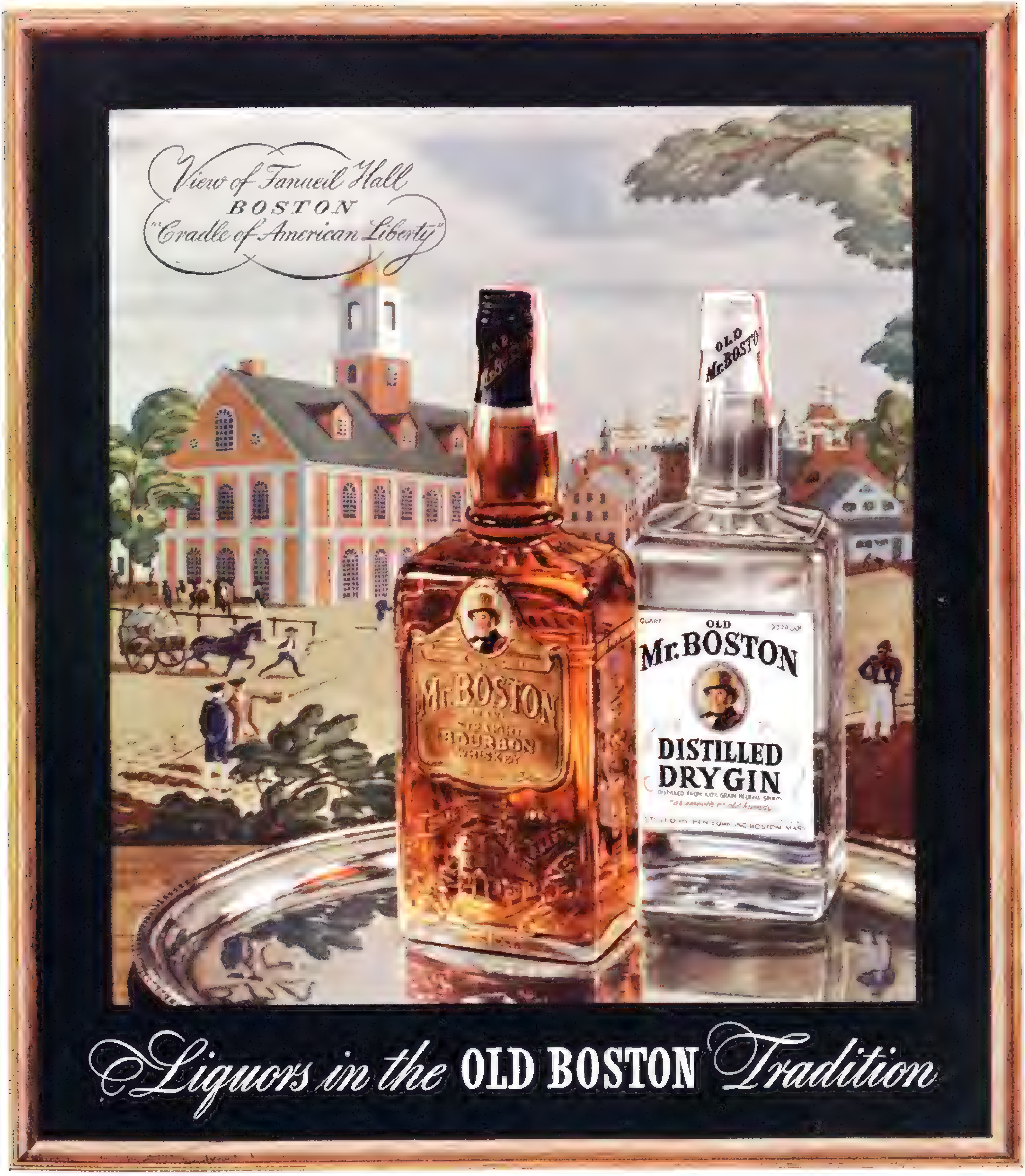
View of Faneuil Hall
BOSTON
"Cradle of American Liberty"
Mr. BOSTON
STRAIGHT
BOURBON
WHISKEY
OLD
Mr. BOSTON
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
Liquors in the OLD BOSTON Tradition

GENTLEMEN, I give you here for your approval and pleasure, two of my superb liquors, liquors proud of their kinship and loyalty to the traditions and character of Old Boston!

For lovers of true bourbon, there's the glorious bouquet and full, rich body of Mr. Boston's Straight Bourbon. So wonderfully soft and golden, it tempts the taste right down to the very last drop—a privilege which is given a whiskey only after a long 3-year slumber in the wood.

But if you prefer a gin that's truly a masterpiece of taste—then, gentlemen, just say Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin! Not 1 or 2, but actually 17 rare flavor ingredients are blended into one smooth, delightful whole. Each of these liquors is worthy of the most critical taste...and your first sip will be an event to be treasured and cherished!

*Old Mr. Boston Straight Bourbon Whiskey is 3 years old, 100 proof; Mr. Boston Dry Gin is 90 proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.*

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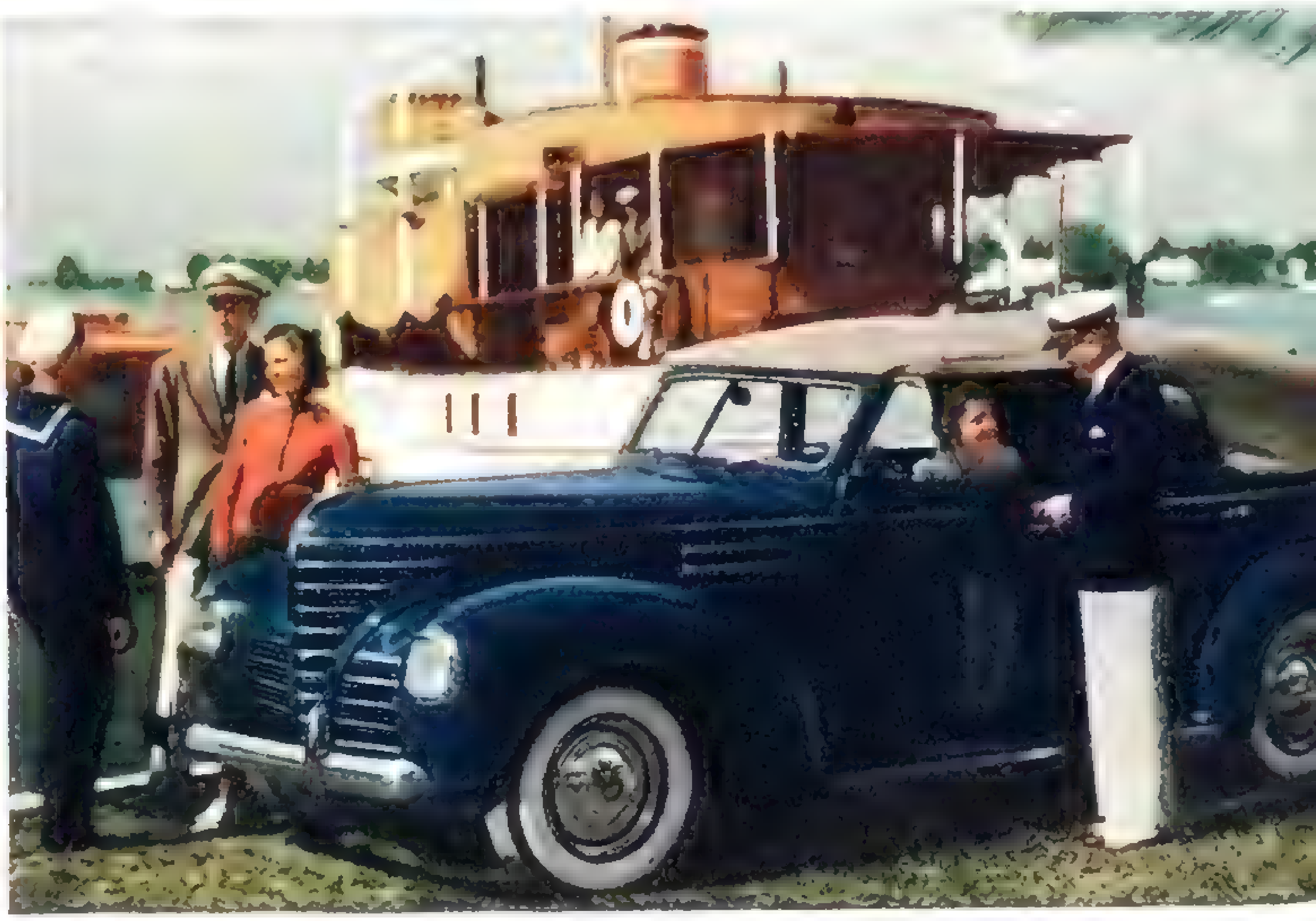
1939 PLYMOUTH STATION WAGON—big, handsome, sturdy . . . with a superbly smooth ride. The body is roomier . . . built on the "De Luxe" Plymouth chassis. Auxiliary seats are quickly removable and interchangeable. An all-purpose car!



1939 PLYMOUTH CONVERTIBLE SEDAN (117-inch wheelbase!)...acknowledged ari tocrat of sports cars. Rain or shine, this stunning Plymouth is a joy to drive . . . marvel in traffic. Deep, wide seats with genuine leather...a smart, tailored top.

# PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

**SMARTEST OF THE LOWEST PRICED CARS**

# That Man Is My Brother

### And if genius is madness tempered with discretion, this sly sadist and plotter of revenge is a genius

### by THOMAS MANN

• ARTICLE •

Were it not for the frightful sacrifices which continue to be offered up to the fatal psychology of this man; were it not for the ever-widening circle of desolation which he makes, it would be easier to admit that he presents an arresting phenomenon. Yet, hard as it is, we must admit it: nobody can help being preoccupied by the deplorable spectacle. For he has chosen—in default, as we know, of capacity to wield any other—to use politics as his tool; and politics always magnify and coarsen the effects they produce. So much the worse for us all; so much the worse for all Europe today, lying helpless under his spell; where he is vouchsafed the role of the man of destiny and all-conquering hero, and where, thanks to a combination of fantastic chances—or mischances—everything is grist that comes to his mill, and he passes unopposed from one triumph to another.

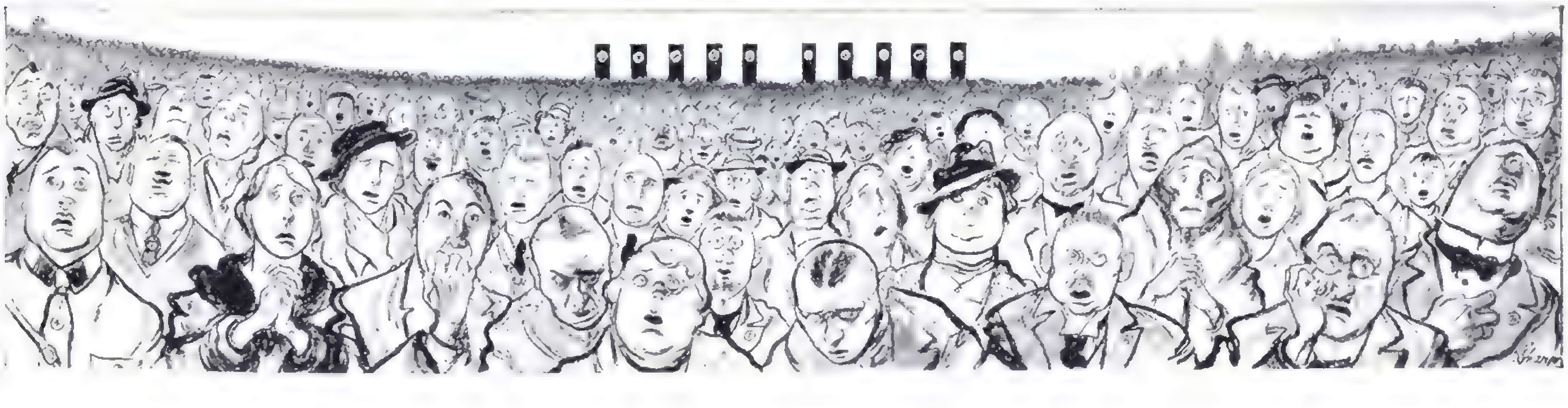
Even to admit all this, even to recognize the bald and sorry facts, comes close to being a moral self-flagellation. One has to force oneself. And after that, one begins to fear lest one be pusillanimous enough to fall short in the hatred which is the only right reaction from those to whom our civilization is anyhow dear. I tell myself that I do not fall short. Most sincerely do I hope that this public misfortune may meet a disgraceful end—as disgraceful and as speedy as his well-known caution can give us ground to hope for. And yet, I feel that those are not my best hours, in which I hate the miserable, if also portentous phenomenon. Happier, and worthier, are those other hours, when my hatred is overcome by my need for freedom, for objective contemplation, in a word for the irony which I have long since recognized as the native element of all creative art. Love and hatred are great emotions; yet it is strange how prone people are to underestimate, precisely as emotion, that attitude in which they both unite: I mean in *interest*. And in underestimating it, they underestimate at the same time its morality. For interest connotes a desire for self-discipline; it inclines to be humorous, ascetic; to acknowledge similarity, even identification with oneself; to feel a sense of solidarity. And all this I find morally superior to hatred.

The fellow is a catastrophe. But that is no reason why we should not find him interesting, as a character and as an event. Consider the circumstances. Here is a man possessed of a bottomless resentment and a festering desire for revenge; a man ten times a failure, extremely lazy, incapable of steady work; a man who has spent long periods in institutions; a disappointed bohemian artist; a total good-for-nothing. And here is a people obsessed with powerful though far less justifiable feelings of defeat and inferiority, and unable to think of anything save how to retrieve its lost "honor." And then he—who had learned nothing, and in his dreamy, obstinate arrogance never would learn anything; who had neither technical nor physical discipline, could not sit a horse, or drive a car, or fly a plane, or do aught that men do, even to begetting a child—he develops the one thing needful to establish a connection between him and the people: a gift of oratory. It is oratory unspeakably inferior in kind, but magnetic in its effect on the masses: a weapon of definitely histrionic, even hysterical power, which he thrusts into the nation's wound and turns round. He rouses the populace with images of his own insulted grandeur, deafens it with promises, makes out of the people's sufferings a vehicle for his own greatness, his ascent to fantastic heights, to unlimited power, to incredible compensations and over-compensations. He rises to such a pitch of glorification and awe-inspiring sanctity that anyone who in the past had wronged him—when he was unknown, despised and rejected, becomes straightway a child of the evil one and merits the most shameful and frightful death. He proceeds from the masses of Germany to the masses of Europe, and learns to apply in a larger setting the same technique of hysterical humbug and soul-paralyzing ideology which raised him to greatness in the smaller one. With masterly adroitness he exploits the weariness of the continent, its agony of fear, its dread of war. He knows how to stir up the peoples over the heads of their rulers and win over large sections of opinion to himself. Fortune is his slave, all walls fall before him. The one-time melancholic ne'er-do-well, simply because he has learned—for aught he knows, out of patriotism—to be a political animal, now bids fair to subjugate Europe, or, God knows, maybe the whole world. All that is unique. It is on a new scale; one simply cannot help granting the phenomenon the meed of a certain shuddering admiration.

There are traits of the legendary about it all—distorted, of course; but then, how much degeneration and distortion are there not in Europe today? The motif of the poor, wool-gathering simpleton, who wins the princess and the kingdom; the ugly duckling who becomes a swan; the Sleeping Beauty surrounded by a rose-hedge instead of Brünnehilde's circling flames, and smiling as her Siegfried hero wakes her with a kiss. "Germany, awake!" It is ghastly, but it all fits in, as well as many another folk-tradition, mingled with debased and pathological elements. The whole thing is a distorted phase of Wagnerism, as has been said long ago; we know the well-founded if rather illegitimate reverence which our political medicine-man feels for the musician-artist whom, after all, Gottfried Keller called a hair-dresser and a charlatan.

Ah, the artist! . . . . I spoke of moral self-flagellation. For must I not, however much it hurts, regard the man as an artist-phenomenon? Mortifyingly enough, it is all there: the difficulty, the laziness, the pathetic formlessness in youth, the round peg in the square hole, the "whatever *do* you want?" The lazy, vegetating existence in the depths of a moral and mental Bohemia; the fundamental arrogance which thinks itself too good for any sensible and honorable activity, on the ground of its vague intuition that it is reserved for something else—as yet quite

*Continued in center of page 132*



# Castle in Yellow

## We are nothing human anymore, we are the ghosts of the four waves of the attack and nothing can kill us now

### by PAUL HAGGARD

• FICTION •

WE WERE approaching a big battle and the whole front rocked with the excitement of a first night opening. All along the line, the mighty pitch of preparations was going on. Night and day, the heavy fields echoed the pounding wheels of the supply trucks and the snaky hiss of marching infantry in long weaving columns of bayonet-topped lines.

Under a hot sun the men marched beneath hunchbacked burdens, and passed up the heat-hazed road towards the sputter of continual gunfire that rimmed us in. The dun dust of grinding, clinking machinery passing us caused no more comment than a herd of sheep.

At night, the heavy artillery came up with much swearing, and cases of long evil shells, packed in lemon-yellow straw, lay everywhere. Red Cross flags broke out like poppies in the fields and at all hours the planes droned overhead and dipped their wings in greeting to us.

Officers came with miles of wires trailing behind them and rubbed heads over many diminutive maps. The rains came too—but the slick wet sides of the machines went on. The roads were ankle deep in the taffy-colored mud and dead horses and mules floated in bloated ease over the many ruts. Men came until the land could hold no more. Still the business of war went on.

Even we were pampered, polished, rearmed, shod and overfed—so that we knew that soon the mighty red haze of battle would come down on us like a pall of sinister promise. We knew the whys of it—but took what we could get.

The men wrote last, gay letters home and moved metal mirrors over their hearts. Some used packs of cards—and one secretly used a Bible. The veterans pinned slips of paper bearing their names onto their tunics and we then saw that this was all very serious. We spent all we had and borrowed from all who would lend.

All night it rains and when we get up from our straw pallets, it is still raining. The spotted, lead sky drips down in solid sheets of water, and as we sit eating cold stew, we watch the heavy cars plow up big, splashing columns of mud in the road. The mad, eager toss of the gun horses—their eyes and nostrils big with fright, tell us that something is up. Animals know. We line up and wait as the rain comes down through our collars and our toes wrinkle in our soggy shoes.

There is an extra measure of sour wine and then we are packed into trucks that grunt off into the sticky mud. We bounce around and shove at each other with damp distaste.

It rains.

We sit and get wet.

We stand and get wet; some even lie down and get wet.

We ride until noon and we creak off and flex the twisted muscles and make small silly jokes among ourselves. Cherrynose drains water off his face and sighs.

"It's good for the soil. How the cabbages must be growing, and the wheat must be this high. I hope the wife planted everything."

Yellow Trenchcoat, deep in dirty white muffler, walks up and down the line inspecting the guns and bellowing.

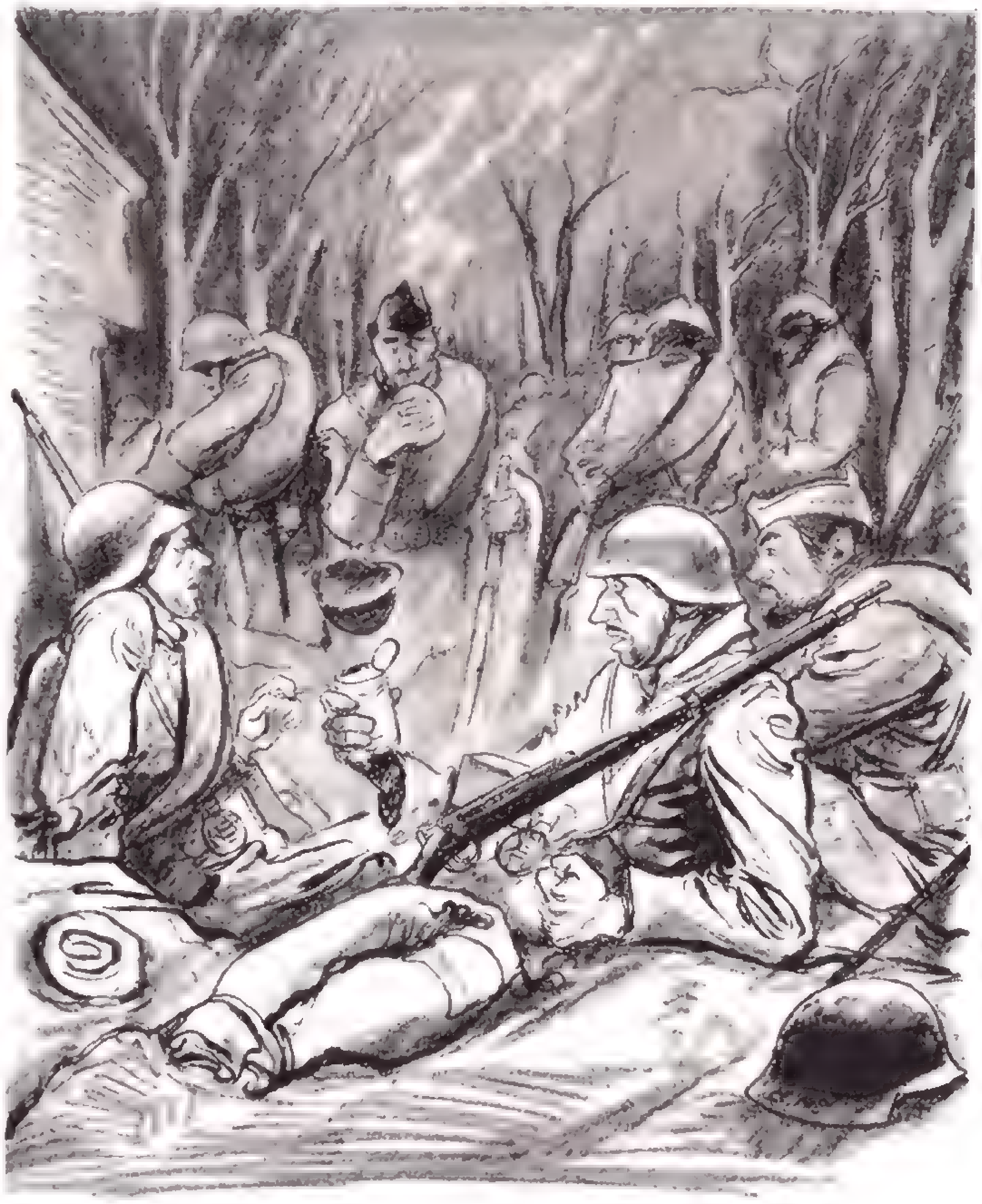
"All right, leave your heavy packs here. Three days' light marching equipment."

"That means extra shells."

"Fat chance we have to eat from now on."

"No wine rations up here."

Yellow Trenchcoat eyes the men and grunts.



"All right now, men. We're moving in twenty minutes. Our objective is the yellow castle. Keep going until we reach it. Remember we must keep contact with the men on our left and right. Any questions? Intelligent ones?"

There are a few. They get barked answers. The Captain and Yellow Trenchcoat set their watches. We stand and wait and squirm under the rain. I am calm and think of nothing—or almost nothing.

We swear big, ringing oaths, as the light tanks pass, splashing mud. Big ones, follow, slower, clumsier and bearing one-pounders. Never have I seen so much equipment, so many big shells, such hurry and bustle and so much infantry.

A few men light gaspers and keep them under the dripping rims of their tin hats. One fat man eats jam out of a tin and gets his face messed up like a baby.

Suddenly, behind and ahead of us, big guns take over. The world spins sideways and slips in space. Our barrage keeps up the ear-shattering din for twenty minutes. The very ground jumps about and trees snap and shake.

Flocks of airplanes fly over, and we see bombers, pursuits and observation ships dart towards the front, their motors sounding like big nasty bees.

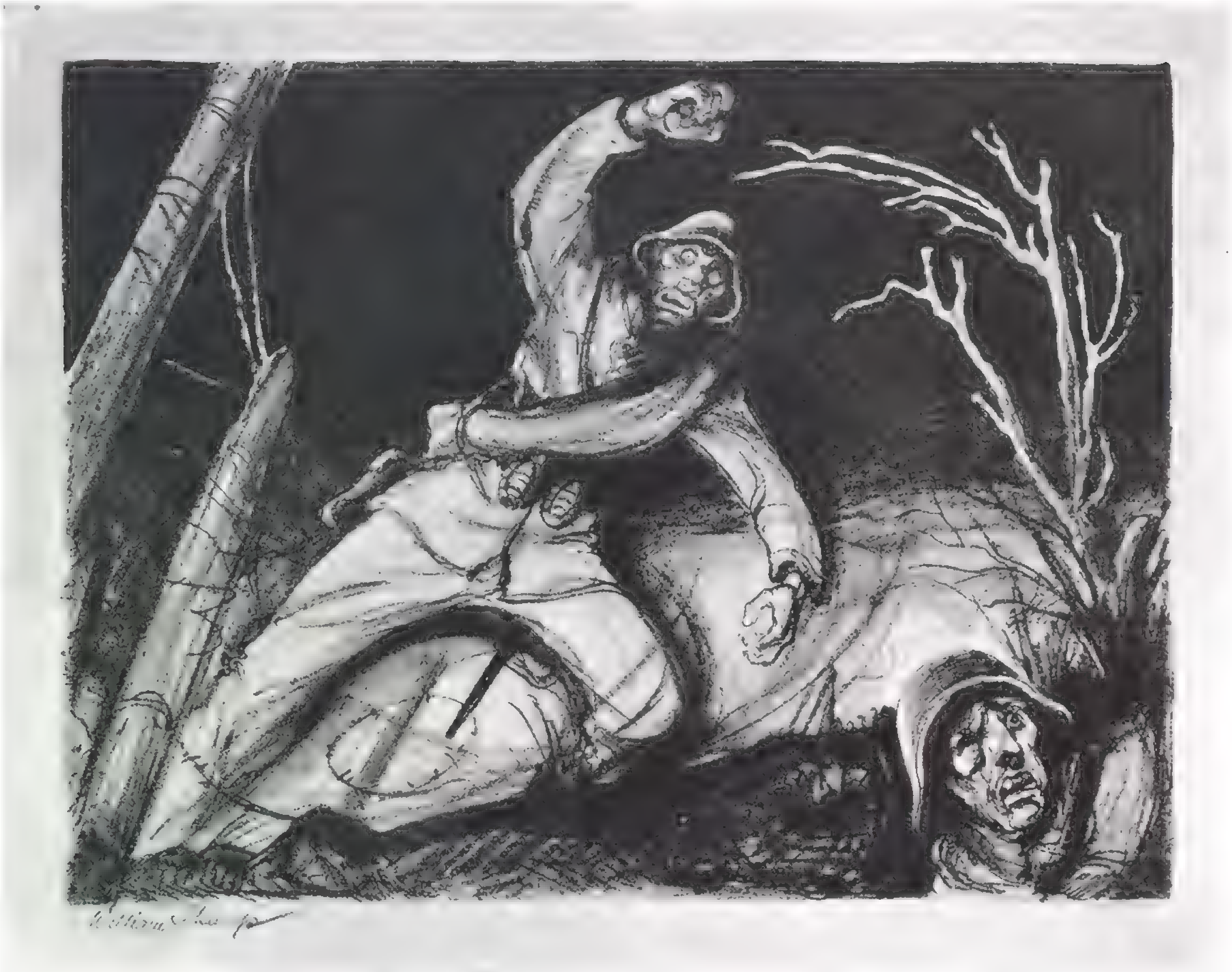
Hell itself reigns on the front. It is blue fire—with pure yellow or red bursts of flames. We are the second wave and we wait for the first wave to have earned their daily bread. Someone faints down the line and is pushed towards the bushes.

I think suddenly of my wife. Perhaps the man fainting brought it all back. I don't know. One doesn't try and think too much. There is killing to be done. My wife.

We are moving forward. Where is the first wave of attack? We say nothing—just wait. The first wave must be all dead by now. First waves never have much luck, but they don't have to wait around and fidget.

A whistle sounds in silly piping peeps and we duck our heads low and push rain out of our eyes. Suddenly we all break into loose order and move forward in slow time, arms all on one slant.

The men are tense and watch the fields with great care. There is nothing to see—only the wet



LITHOGRAPH BY WILLIAM SHARP

golden wheat—the blue-green sheen of wet trees and the angry shell-tormented sky, colored like the inside of a teapot.

We come now to signs of battle—the first tanks stalled in mud—the few overturned staff cars, showing elegant cord tires high in the air and the usual drifting deserters—green-faced and panting, who swim past us in the rain and move towards the back as our officers threaten them with Mausers.

A shell wails overhead—we bend and wait. It explodes into a bloom of red flames and three men go with it into the air.

Dead men now float under foot and one red-bearded officer lies on his back and from his stomach, a long, unwound white bandage floats in the mud. The big guns pound on and when we pass them trotting in the spray, the crews yell at us and keep banging in the shells. Large nude men, man them in blinding flames.

War has come now to the land in real earnest. The wounded die harder here and one tank has been a direct hit. A whole field is planted with dead men facing forward and we gag as we splash past a first-aid station in the open air under a sad, wet, flapping flag. Some neat soul is piling the wounded into rows like a lumber yard. A sleepy doctor in pink rubber gloves watches us pass.

The front lines appear; shallow mud holes full of cadavers waiting to be covered with topsoil. Ahead are patches of barbwire piled into pointed hills. We slide past them and now we open our mouths and pant as we gingerly pick our way among the first wave. The rain makes them look alive as it plays on their faces. Their limbs dance in the downpour. All around me, men are falling down with surprise on their faces. I go on, head low and wait for death. We cross the hill and machine guns reap among us. Half of us go on and we pass the spot where the armies met in full career. The ground is piled with tanks and shells and guns and belts of bullets. Grenades are under foot and strands of barbwire are twisted into neat designs. The bodies of men are over everything like an even dusting of pepper and salt. Wounds on them splash bright colored.

Few of us are left and we kneel down in the mud and wait. So far we have seen no enemy—only his fire has met us and being blood and flesh and bone, it has damaged us a great deal. We are too weak to go on. Young recruits lie screaming in the filth—but no one pays them any attention. We lie in the wet, red dirt and wait while the whining burst of steel flies over us.

Our flanks have also stopped and under the curtain of fire we lie and listen to the slugs grunt into flesh, or the snap of shell fragments as they nose into screaming men. Cherrynose drinks with a bobbing throat out of a canteen and hands it to me with firm flat fingers.

I gasp a guzzle of it and sputter. It is raw, new brandy. I turn and hand it back and shake my head.

"I'll take shell fire next time."

Cherrynose refuses the canteen and his big dark eyes watch me tenderly.

"Keep it."

"I've got one full of water."

"Keep it anyway. Something to remember an old friend by."

I grin and then stop. Cherrynose is holding his chest together with a fan spread of fingers. He makes a bad job of it and I see that it has a red-frayed look—like a slipper chewed by a puppy. Machine-gun bullets have sawed him in half.

"You're hurt!"

"No, Chico, I'm dead."

And when I reach his side he is. I sniff and quickly transfer his papers to my pockets. Somewhere, Fate has overlooked a cheerful little Spanish farm and a dirt floor full of little naked babies and their flushed, plump, barefooted mother. I surprise myself by producing a tear.

Yellow Trenchcoat is yelling into a field phone, calling some general names. I know the general is not on the other end. He hangs up with a bang and throws the phone away.

"We go forward with the third wave. All of us."

"Not all of us. Cherrynose stays here."

"Lucky bastard—we'll get ours in that reeking swamp ahead. I'd much rather die up here."

I duck back into line. I feel that I have a spot reserved in that swamp.

The third wave comes up breathing hard through their muddy faces. They pass and we melt into their ranks. All the world is in flames and we stumble as we pass a burning building, smoking in the rain. Two haystacks burn like gutted candles alongside.

Machine guns catch us here and we cough and go down and wait—those that still live, while some sergeant with ease, bombs the nest flat into the ground and waves us on.

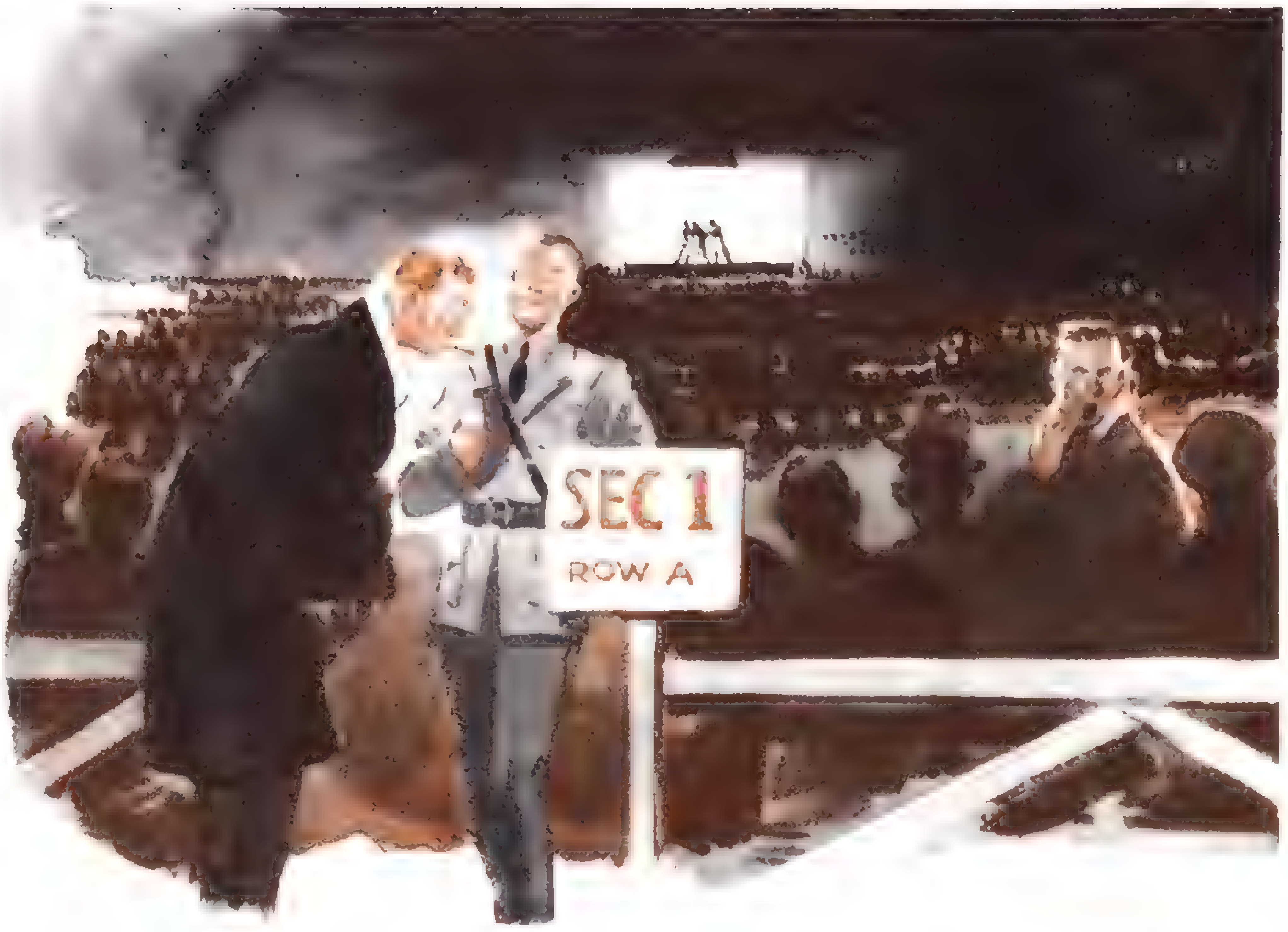
We move between burning houses and try not to step on the things that the artillery

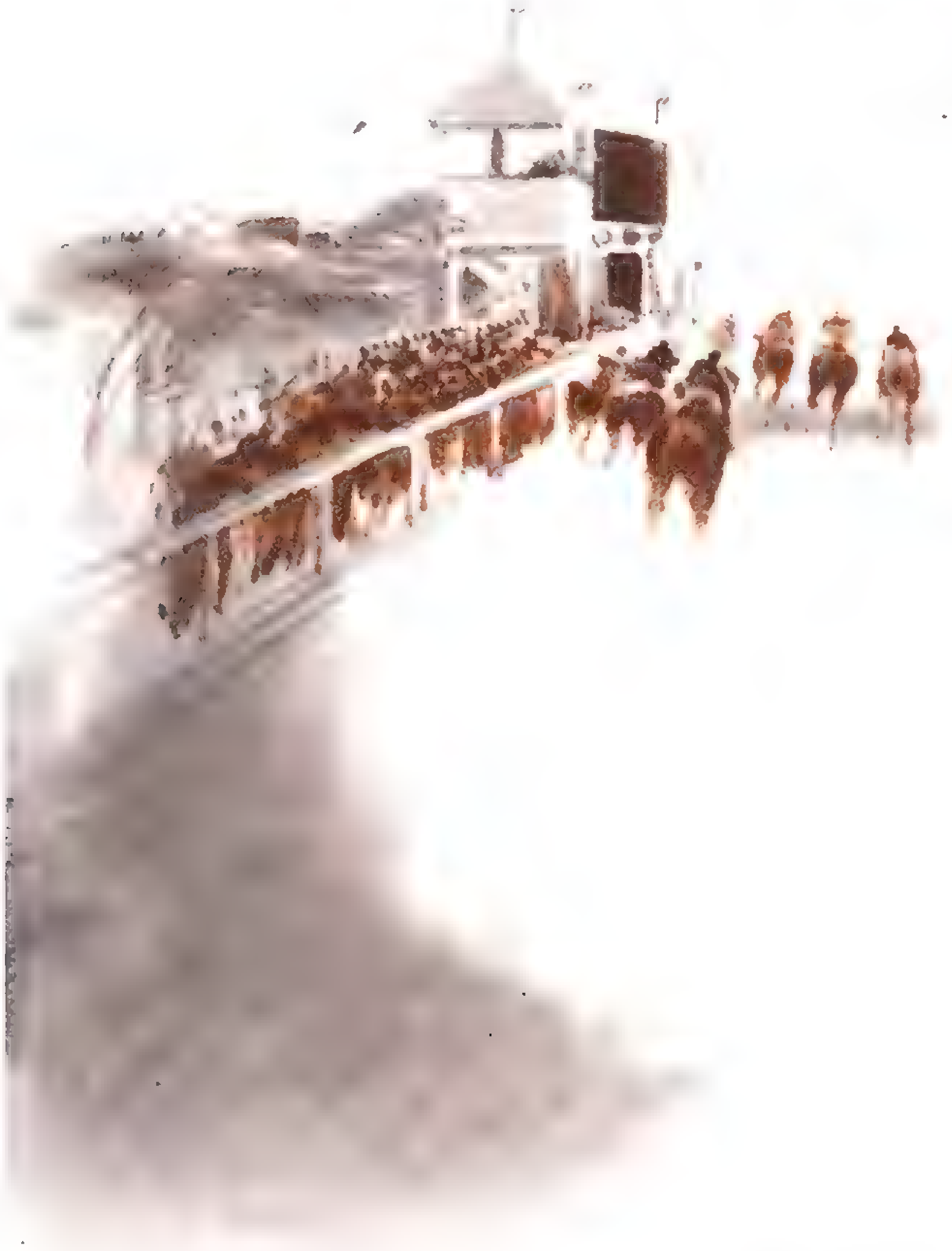
*Continued on page 120*

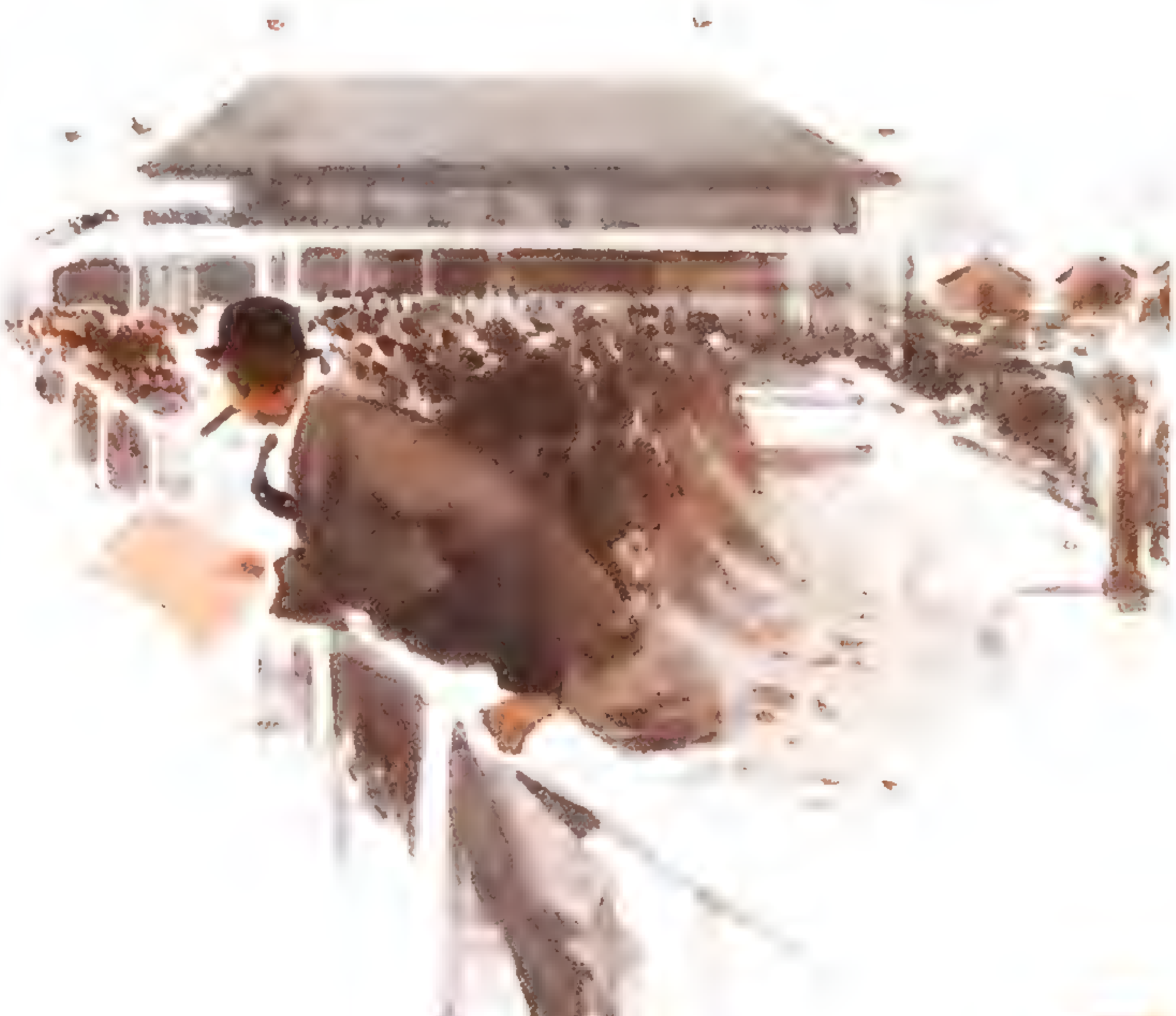
# I Know a Guy . . .

### by E. SIMMS CAMPBELL

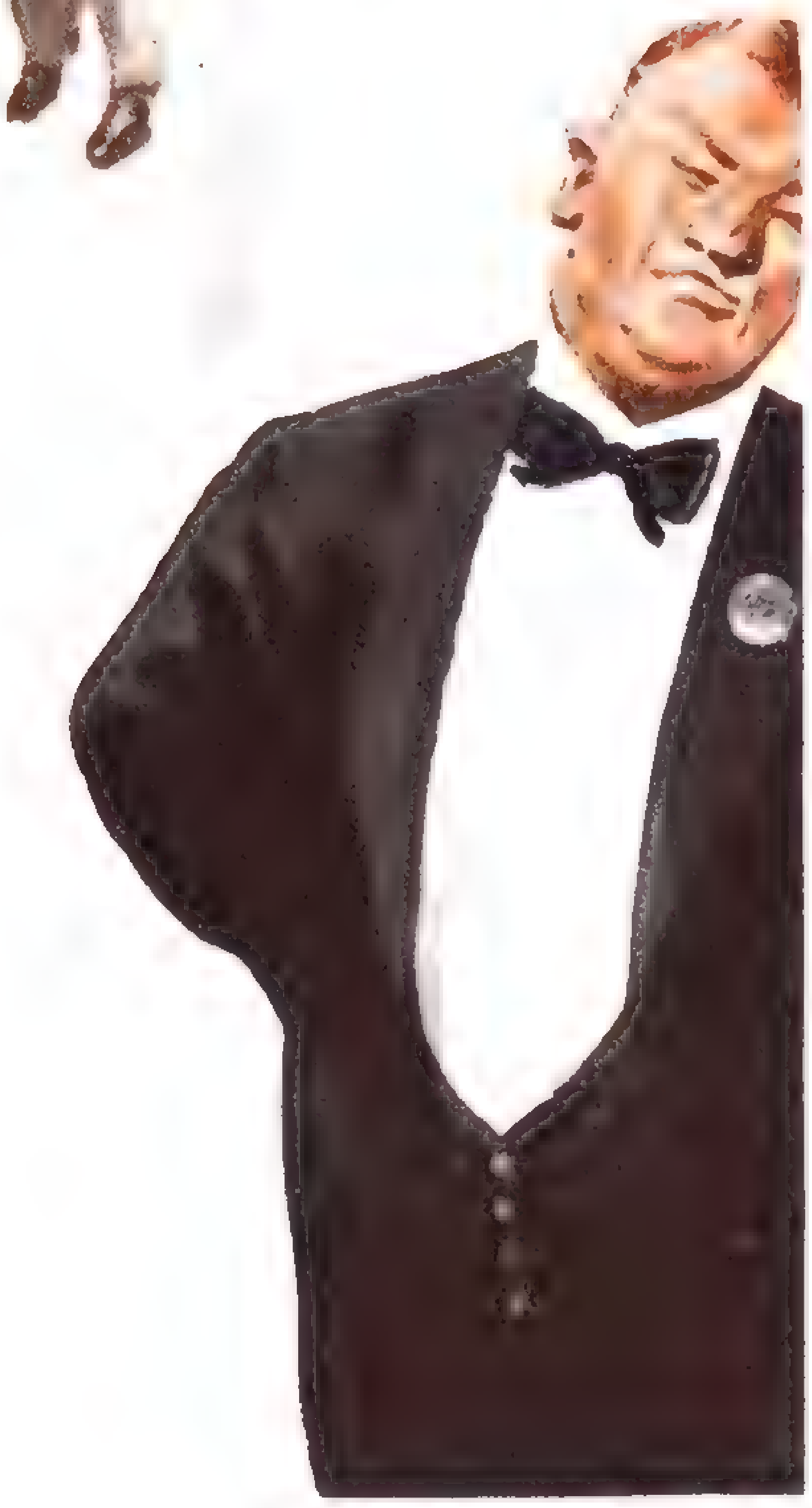
Who can get you just the seat you want:
Row A in Section 1.
He's a friend of a friend of a friend of Mike's,
Who's managing the bum.
He's the guy who whispers, "We can't lose.
Joe'll take it on the lam."
He's the gentleman who's vanished
When you've parted with that grand.

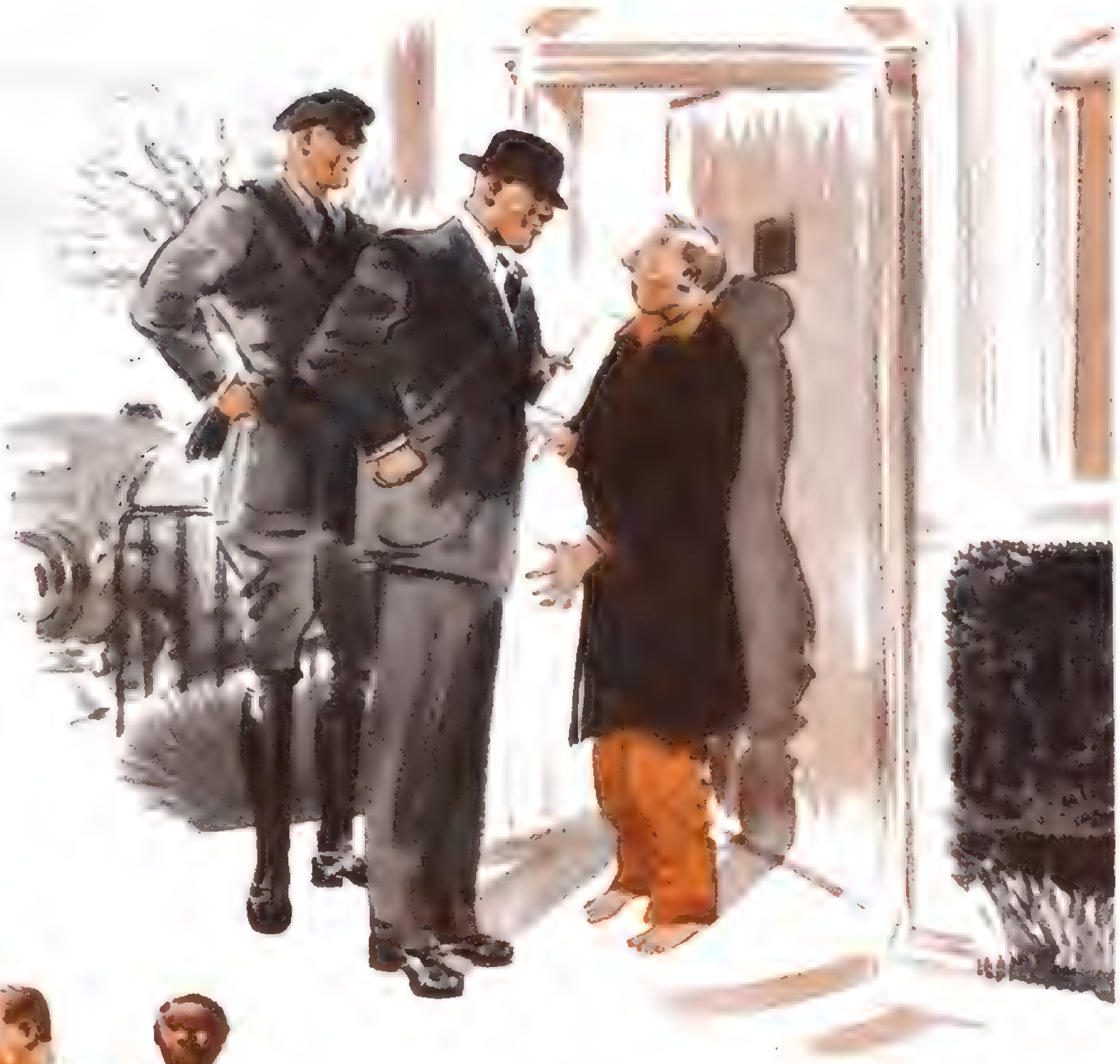




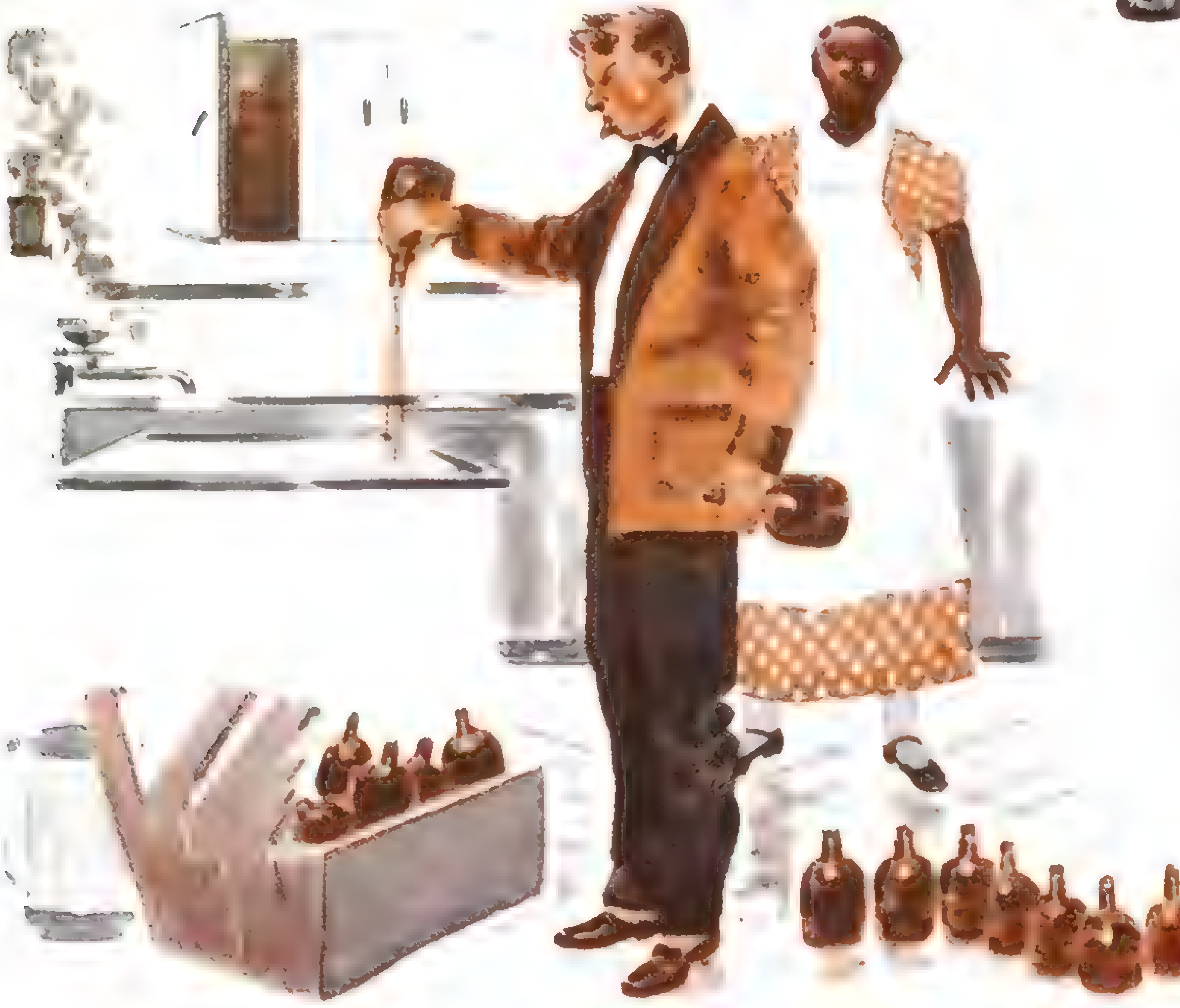


He's the one among the racing crowd
Who's friendly, kind, and sweet.
Why, he takes paternal interest
In the way he marks *your* sheet.
Here they come—right down the home stretch!
Beat for beat your heart keeps pace.
He's the gentleman who's vanished
When your *own* choice wins the race.

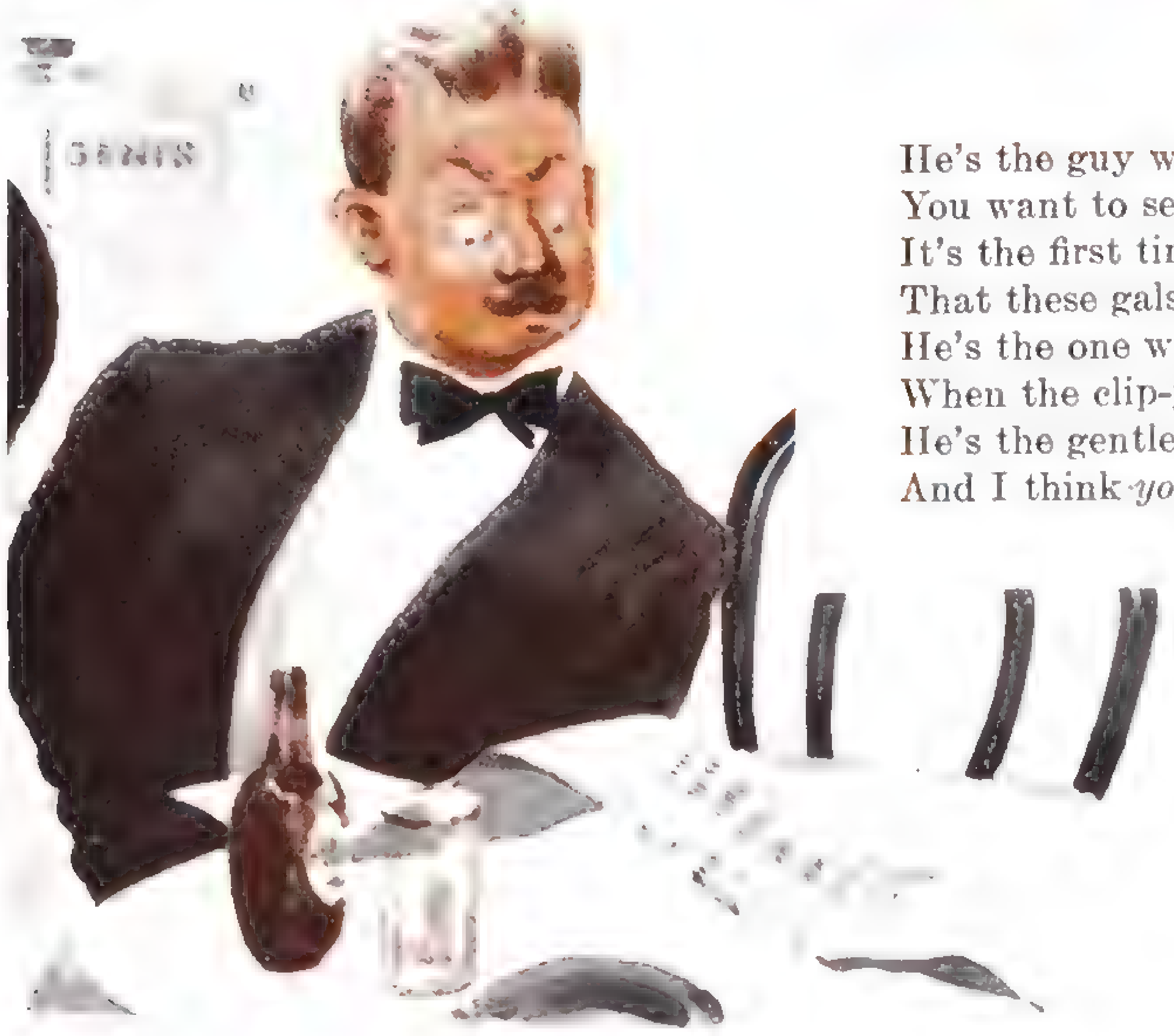




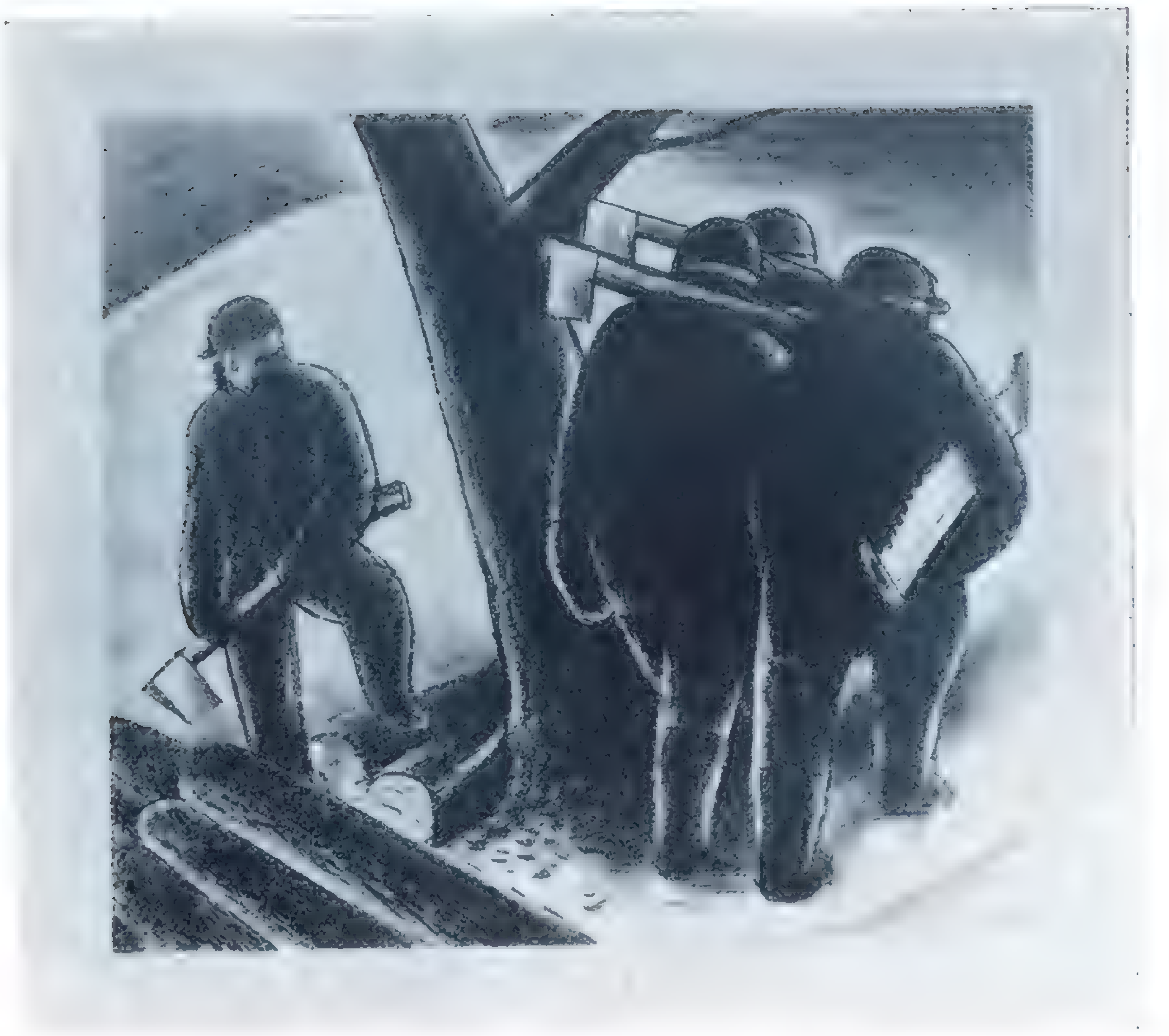
He's the one who'll fix that ticket.
"You must appear? Why, that's absurd!
You can tear it up right now.
I'll have that traffic cop transferred."
He knows the Commissioner. What a pal!
When the fateful date falls due,
He's the gentleman who's vanished
When a summons is slapped on you.



He's the friend who swears Napoleon
Owned this case—his own admission.
It's the greatest buy in liquor
Since the days of prohibition.
As you pour the golden nectar,
Take one sip, gasp, give a moan,
He's the gentleman who's vanished.
You can't get him on the phone.



He's the guy who knows the gals
You want to see when you're in town.
It's the first time, though, with you,
That these gals have let him down.
He's the one who's in the men's room
When the clip-joint check is due
He's the gentleman who's vanished,
And I think *you* know him too.



# Wood-Chopping

*by* **WILBERT SNOW**

LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

The deepening cold impelled us to the wood lot
With axes, saws, and wedges. Choosing clumps
Of spruce, birch, hemlock, larch, and stout rock maple,
(Maple whose flame-red foliage in October
Made plausible the burning bush of Moses)
We found a warmth on cold December days
No air-tight parlor stove could duplicate,
A warmth of sunlight over sheltering boughs,
Made hourly warmer by the swinging axe
Scattering spices of Arabia
Over New England shores. The busy hum
Of busy men was music we could follow:
The *pianissimo*, the trimming up
Of brittle limbs, or muted snap of brushwood
Burning in little piles; the higher *wheen*
Of cross-cut saws in heavy birch logs singing;
*Fortissimo* when well-ground helves drove deep
Through knotted trunks; the *grand finale* when
A haughty monster cracking at its base
Swept forward with increasing rush and roar,
Snapping off limbs of smaller trees, down-crashing;
And in its wake the *bravos* of the men
That one more whore of Babylon was mastered,
These filled the landscape with such moving sound
We quite forgot the sharp December chill,
Forgot the frozen ground encased in snow
Whose drifts of varying depths made walking treacherous,
Though not too treacherous for the boys who sank
Hip-deep in white to gain this sanctuary.
How few could keep away! The rich aroma
Of pipe tobacco, burning underbrush,
And fresh-hewn chips of spruces, blended, gave
The spot an atmosphere as dear to us
As Gothic-spired cities yield to boys
Born in cathedral shadows. With what surprise
Some little patch of ground new-cleared would stir
The live roots of our hearts! Was it the way
The earth curved round a central knoll, or grouped
Its contours underneath a few white birches
That stood as if in meditative awe
At such a happy sight? Or was it rather
Texture of moss and turf unrolled beneath
Clearings of bright blue sky, revealing there
How exquisite cup-handle moss could be,
After weeks of blossoming in the shade,
When morning sun set off its red-rimmed tapers
With undiluted light?
                              The larger growth
We ranged in cordwood piles—each cord exact—
The handle of the axe our measuring rod,
"From peak to scarf," our phrase of honest dealing.
The sapling growth above gray moss and ledges
We threw in mammoth piles—the best to go
For weir-stakes in the spring; the gnarled and twisted
To fuel kitchen fires. Melting snow
Gave warning for the sleds to snake it out,
A task assigned by honored understanding
To semi-superannuated neighbors
No longer keen for strenuous pursuits.

One afternoon when all the rest had gone
I lingered in the woods to watch the sunset,
And through the leafless birches just at dusk
Saw mounds of snow flaunt pink and violet shadows,
While one wide band of green along the west
Garnered the emerald wreath white birches called for.
There as I stood, girdled in afterglow,
Still as the stately birch that stood beside me,
Out of a thicket hopped a hare. Unhurried
He stopped and gazed as if he felt the glory,
Then went his way. Scarcely a moment later
A partridge flew into an upper bough
Of this lone tree and budded. These companions,
By some strange alchemy of winter magic,
Transformed wood-chopping to a sacred rite
Performed on ceremonial greenwood altars,
Whose exercise invested me with vigor
Against the disillusion of the years.

# Seven Men of Honest Report

### Liars' conventions aren't news any more but rare is the guy who looks a fact in the face when it kicks him in the pants

### by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SATIRE •

THE winners of the district eliminations were assembled before the judges. Of the thousands of people who had entered the First Nationwide Contest for Honest Self-Analysis only a handful of candidates remained for the finals, each one of them a champion in his line, a superstar in any competition less rigorous than the one that was to follow.

"The decision of the judges," remarked the chief judge in a stentorian voice, "shall be final, and there shall be no appeal. In case of tie, the full amount of the prize shall be awarded to each of the winners. Does anyone have any questions?"

There were none, because all the contestants were thoroughly familiar with the rigamarole of prize contests, being old hands at the game, although, in truth, this particular competition had a certain element of novelty to it.

"Very well," said the chief judge, "we'll hear from the first candidate. Kindly step up, please."

The first candidate did as he was bidden, and there was a murmur from the judges. "My goodness!" remarked the chief judge, "you seem to be rather battered up."

"I'll tell the world!" retorted the first candidate, "I've been in an automobile accident."

"Hm," said the judge, "how did it happen?"

"I was coming out of a side street, and collided with this sedan. A woman was driving it."

"Women drivers! I suppose she wasn't looking where she was going."

"Oh yes. She was looking, all right. *I* wasn't."

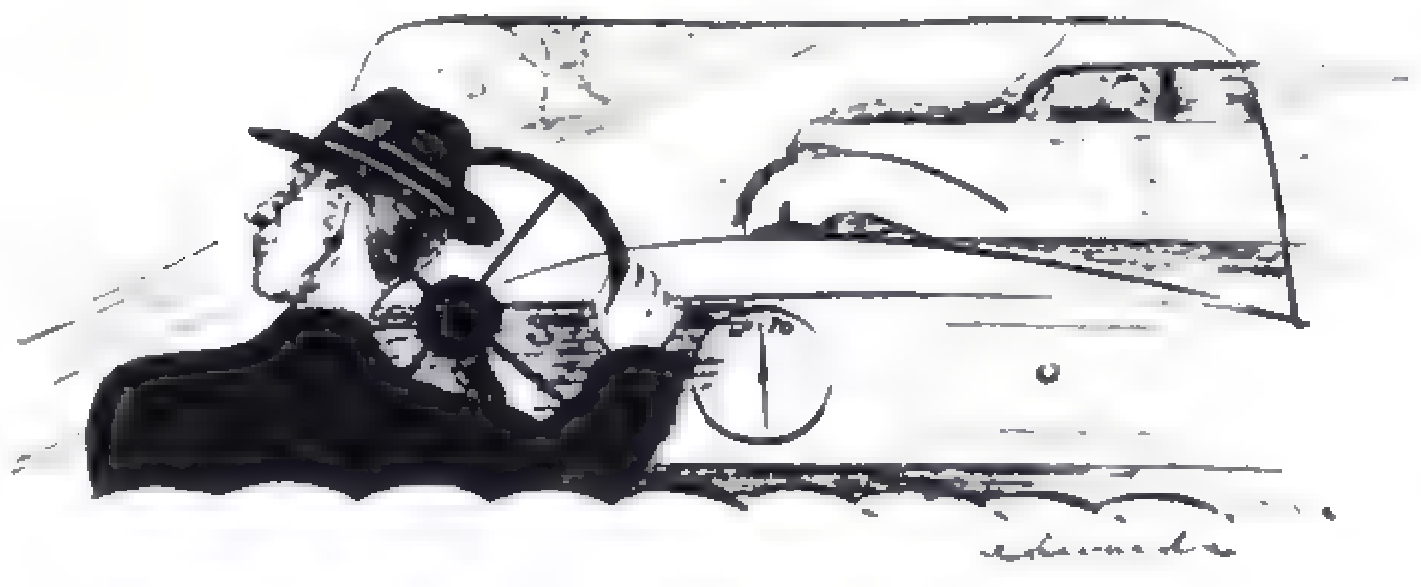
The judge looked pleased. "You mean it was your fault?"

"It certainly was. I was day-dreaming, and I was also driving much too fast."

"Hm. Have you ever been in other accidents?"

"I sure have. Plenty of them. And they were all my fault too. Honest, I'm the lousiest driver you ever heard of. Frankly, I stink! I give the wrong hand signals, I drive all over the road, and I never look where I'm driving."

"Well," commented the judge, "that is very good. Have you any further statements to make before you conclude your case?"



"Just one," said the first contestant. "I want to remark that in my case it doesn't make any difference how carefully the other fellow drives. It's *myself* that I have to worry about."

The candidate sat down, and there was a ripple of applause. "Next!" said the judge.

The second candidate was a small timid-looking man, and the judge demanded: "Well, what fault have you got to confess?"

"I'm behind in my correspondence," said the second candidate. "I'm always behind in it. I owe practically every friend I have, a letter."

"I see. So busy, you never get a chance."

The candidate shook his head violently. "I'm not the least bit busy. I've got more time on my hands than any three people you could mention. Moreover, I've got a nice writing desk, plenty of stationery, and the nicest fountain pen anybody could ask for not to speak of plenty of stamps," he added. "Then why," asked the judge, "should you be so far behind in your letter-writing if you haven't been so terribly busy lately?"

"I'm just a doggone lazy man," said the second candidate, and sat down.

Although his exposition had been brief, there was a good-sized ripple of applause for his efforts, and it continued until the third candidate took the stand. "Well," said the judge, "and what is your claim to consideration?"

"I've got a kid," said the third candidate. "He's just a year old. The first one we've had."

"A cute fellow?" suggested the judge.

The candidate shook his head. "A stupid good-for-nothing little punk if there ever was one, is what that kid is."

"I'm sorry to hear that. What's the trouble?"

"He's backward and dumb. He can't crawl. He can't even sit up. He doesn't say bright things, and, in my opinion, he never will."

"Too bad."

"That's not all," continued the candidate. "He has a violent temper, and the meanest disposition you can imagine. Besides that, he is spindly and sickly, and afraid of his own shadow."

"My goodness!" exclaimed the judge. "What sort of a woman is his mother, anyhow?"

"My wife," replied the candidate, bridling with great indignation, "is the sweetest, most beautiful, most intelligent, bravest, most charming woman in the world, and I will not have you insinuate anything else! That is the irony of the whole situation. That with a perfect parent like that, our offspring would have to go and take after me."

The applause for this salvo was, as you may well imagine, considerable, and quite a while elapsed before the judge could obtain silence for his interview with the next contestant, a shabby-looking derelict with a shifty look in his eye.

"Well," said the judge, "let's hear what *you've* got to say."

"Me," said the shabby-looking man, "I'm down and out. I can't seem to get to first base."

"To first base at what?" inquired the judge.

"At anything. Business, a profession—anything at all. I've had the darnedest breaks."

"Breaks?"

"Yeah. Wonderful breaks. The first time I looked for a job, I got the call over a hundred other candidates—just because my uncle happened to go to school with the boss. But what happened? I got fired inside of two weeks for inefficiency. Just wasn't worth a darn to the folks that hired me. After that it was just one thing after another. My pal and I went out to Hollywood trying to get in the movies, and guess what happened? He got turned down by every company in the place, and I happened to find an executive's wallet and return it to him, and he gave me a part in a film. I ask you, is that dumb luck? The only trouble was I was a flop, a terrible flop, and they gave me the gate. And do you know what happened to the other guy? He finally got his chance, and now he's drawing down five grand a week—just because he's got the stuff."

"Interesting," commented the judge.

"It's the same way with cards," continued the unhappy man. "When I play bridge it's amazing the cards I hold. *Always* all the aces and kings in the deck. But what good does it

*Continued in center of page 172*

# How's Your Liver?

### A kind word for your liver which keeps on slugging while you eat and drink like Henry the Eighth

### *by* CHAS. WILLIAMS, M. D.

• ARTICLE •

In these hectic days of biliousness and burps, the liver assumes considerable importance. Unlike an offending appendix or an ingrown toenail which can be whacked off and tossed into the ashcan without permanently slowing you down, this structure must remain and stay in good form. Wise old Mother Nature, knowing that like the poor, bum bartenders would always be with us, and suspecting that we might even have to down those poisonous potions of the Prohibition era, purposely made it oversize and wonderfully efficient so that in spite of the brutal punishment often received, it usually continues to "tick 'em off" *regular as a ship's chronometer.*

Yet like so many other steady, modest, industrious old war horses its true worth is seldom appreciated and it's a better than even money bet that more than half of the ungrateful old topers who have been saved from a premature grave by its overtime efforts don't even know whether it's berthed on the port or starboard side of the body. Perhaps we'd better take a look.

The liver is the largest gland in the body and in the adult usually weighs between three and three and three-quarter pounds, or roughly 1/40 of your total weight. In the new-born infant it is much larger in proportion, nearly filling the abdominal cavity and representing about 1/18 of the body weight. The reason for this disproportion is that during the early months of life it serves as a reservoir for iron and the abundant supply of this essential mineral that it houses prevents anemias from developing in the little shavers before the time their mothers can teach them to eat spinach. The organ is located high up under the dome of the diaphragm on the right side of the body and extends to about the margin of the lower ribs. If you feel yours projecting down below that level, better hie yourself over to the family Doc because normally it shouldn't be felt so far down. Its functions are numerous, important and interesting and deserve more than a passing glance, so lend your ears and we'll get under way.

If you stow away a well-balanced assortment of groceries three or more times daily, the chances are that you're taking a considerable amount of carbohydrate on board which is the energy-giving and heat-producing element in the ration and is found in starches, sugars and sweets. However pleasant the prospect, most of us have other things to do besides constantly planting our feet under the festive board, so it follows that an arrangement is necessary to keep up a constant head of steam during the intervals when we're away from the filling stations. In other words, we must have a contrivance which, like the gas tank on the car, will continue to deliver fuel to the motor at all times. Now the demand for energy-producing materials is continuous in the body regardless of whether you're reposing supinely or doing such heavy duty as shuffling the pasteboards or pushing a billiard cue and here's where this noble organ goes to bat for you. The end product of the digestion of carbohydrate is a sugar of simple formula called dextrose. After being absorbed into the circulation, this substance finds its way to the liver where the portion not necessary for immediate requirements is converted into a compound called glycogen and stored for future use. During the fasting periods, as the necessity arises, the glycogen is again reconverted into sugar and given off into the blood stream, the liver deftly regulating the amount of flow in accordance with the energy demands; a greater amount when you're out there pitching a double-header, a lesser amount when you're in the old Morris chair taking it easy. This process is called the glycogenetic function of the liver and by this means a more or less constant amount of the necessary blood sugar is maintained in the circulation at all times.

Of interest also is the fact that during the embryonic life of the human the liver acts as the hematopoietic organ, which more simply means that it is the place where the blood cells are manufactured. At birth this function is taken over by the bone marrow, but microscopic examination of the organ in the very young still distinctly shows the presence of islands of tissue concerned with blood formation. In later life the liver still bears an intimate relation with the blood system, as it is also the place where fibrinogen is produced, which is essential to the coagulation of blood. Therefore, when the liver is damaged to any extent by infections or poisons, lengthened coagulation time of the blood is a result and your surgeon takes this into consideration if you have some major operation in the offing in order to avoid the complication of hemorrhage, if possible.

The best-known function, however, is the secretion of bile. The mention of the word probably stirs up some vague impressions in your mind, but it is doubtful if you've ever realized how tremendously important it is toward the smooth functioning of your innards. Its role in the digestion of fats is indispensable, as without bile, this constituent of the diet would not be emulsified and digested and its accumulation would result in marked intestinal putrefaction and constipation. It helps to neutralize the acid gastric juice and thus assists in keeping you on the alkaline side. Some authorities also believe that it exerts an antiseptic effect on the alimentary tract. Now that you realize what a vital substance it is, let's see whence it comes and where it goes. It is being continuously secreted by the liver cells, the greatest amount following the intake of food, particularly those containing fat. Here again Mother Nature has demonstrated her ingenuity by leaving nothing to chance and has arranged a reservoir so that an adequate supply may be on hand for such emergencies as an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner back home with the folks. This reservoir is known as the gall bladder, a small muscular pear-shaped organ snugly tucked away on the under surface of the liver. Here the liver bile, which is rather thin and straw-colored, is concentrated into a thick viscid fluid ready to be called into service at a moment's notice when the gourmand decides to really "go to town."

Although the liver is susceptible to various poisons, infections, abscesses, tumors and what not, most of the disorders attributed to it by laymen are in reality derangements of the gall bladder and bile passages, so perhaps it might be well to get the geography of this neighborhood properly lined up. Imagine now you're facing a capital *Y*. The arm of the letter on your right would then correspond to the main collecting duct from the liver formed by the confluence of the many small collecting tubules and properly called the hepatic (liver) duct. The arm of the letter on your left would correspond to the main duct leading from the gall bladder and is known as the cystic duct. The stem of the letter, comparable to the union of both the liver and gall bladder ducts, conducts the bile into the intestinal tract and is named the common duct. With this arrangement well fixed in mind you can easily see how obstruction of the hepatic or common ducts would cause the bile to dam back into the blood stream and produce that yellowish discoloration of the skin known as jaundice, and that's just what

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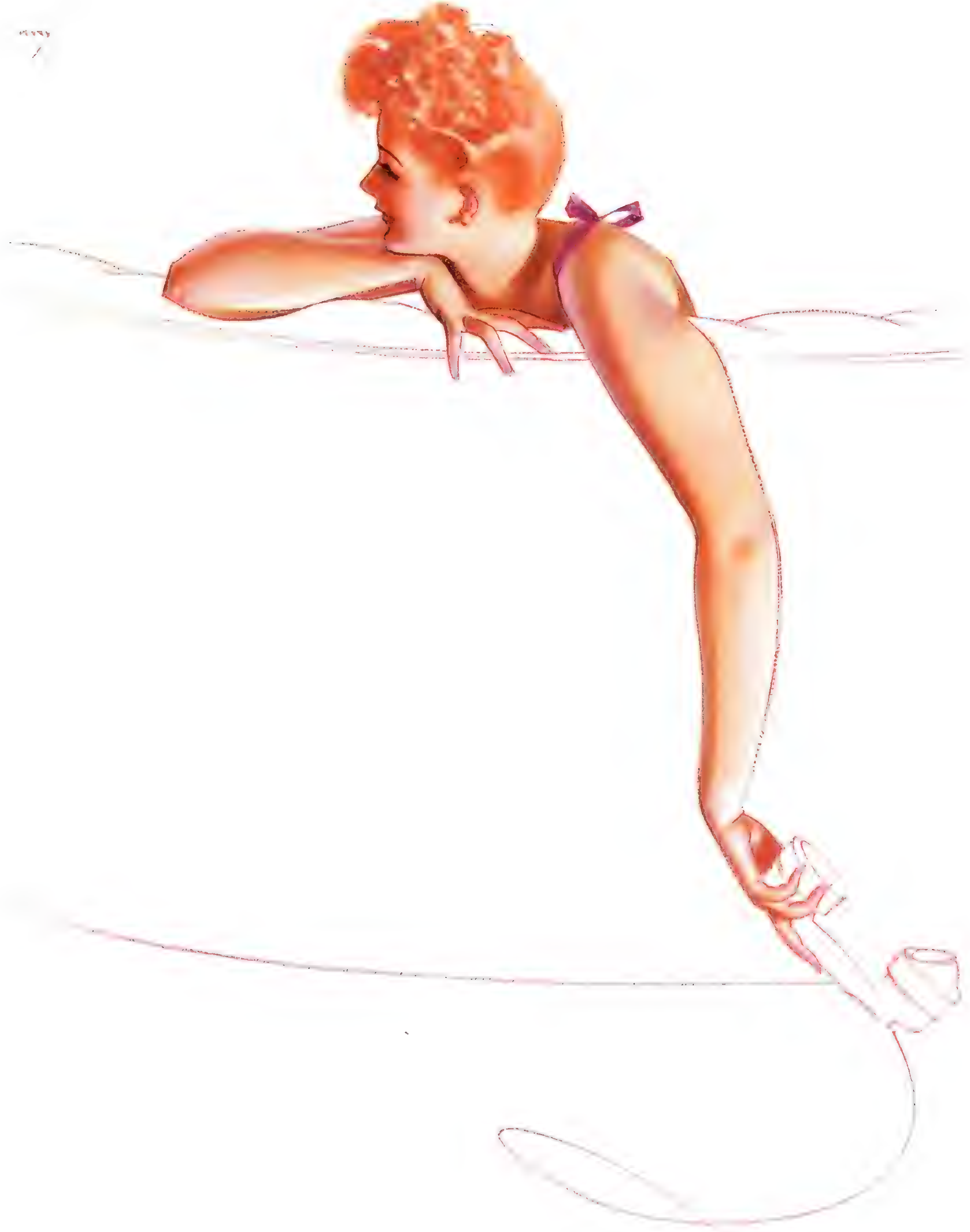
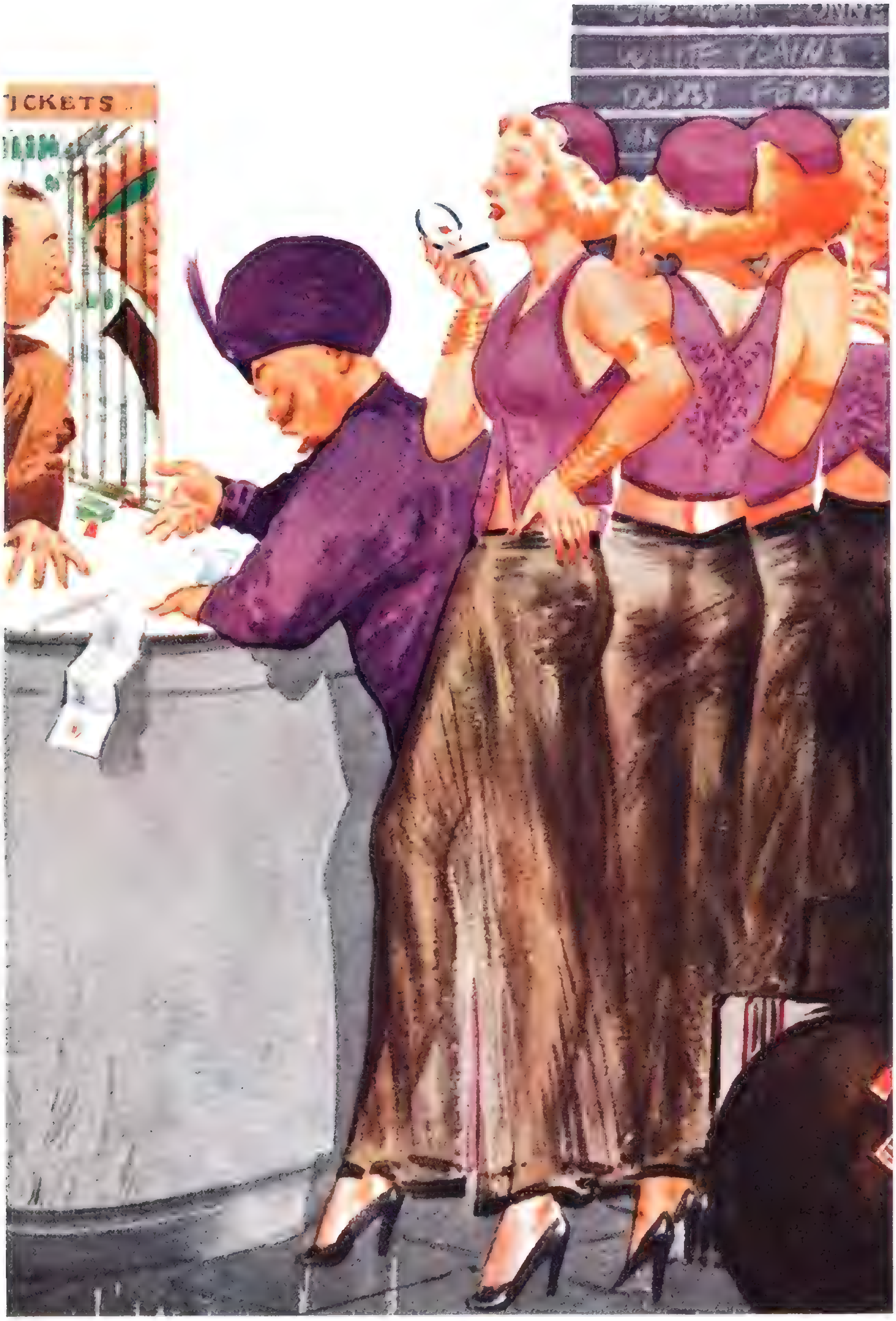


*"An advertising agency wants to know if we're listening to the radio—what shall I tell them?"*


ICKETS
WHITE PLAINS
DOBBS FERRY

*"Did you say a compartment, sir?"*

# Jim the Terrier

**Kelemen lacked the strength to send Jim across to his neighbor: he had lied, so the dog might as well remain**

### *by* SÁNDOR HUNYADY

• FICTION •

THE two estates stretched side by side in noble friendship, surrounded by the gentle hills of Transdanubia. There were twenty-four kilometers between the two castles, whose inhabitants were united in a century-old friendship inherited from father to son.

The two landowners knew all each other's plans and desires. Gida Kovács was practically engaged to Renée Török. As for the heads of the two families: Thomas Török and Kelemen Kovács even looked alike. They wore the same kind of bowler, the same kind of coat, and the same kind of tan on their thin gentry faces.

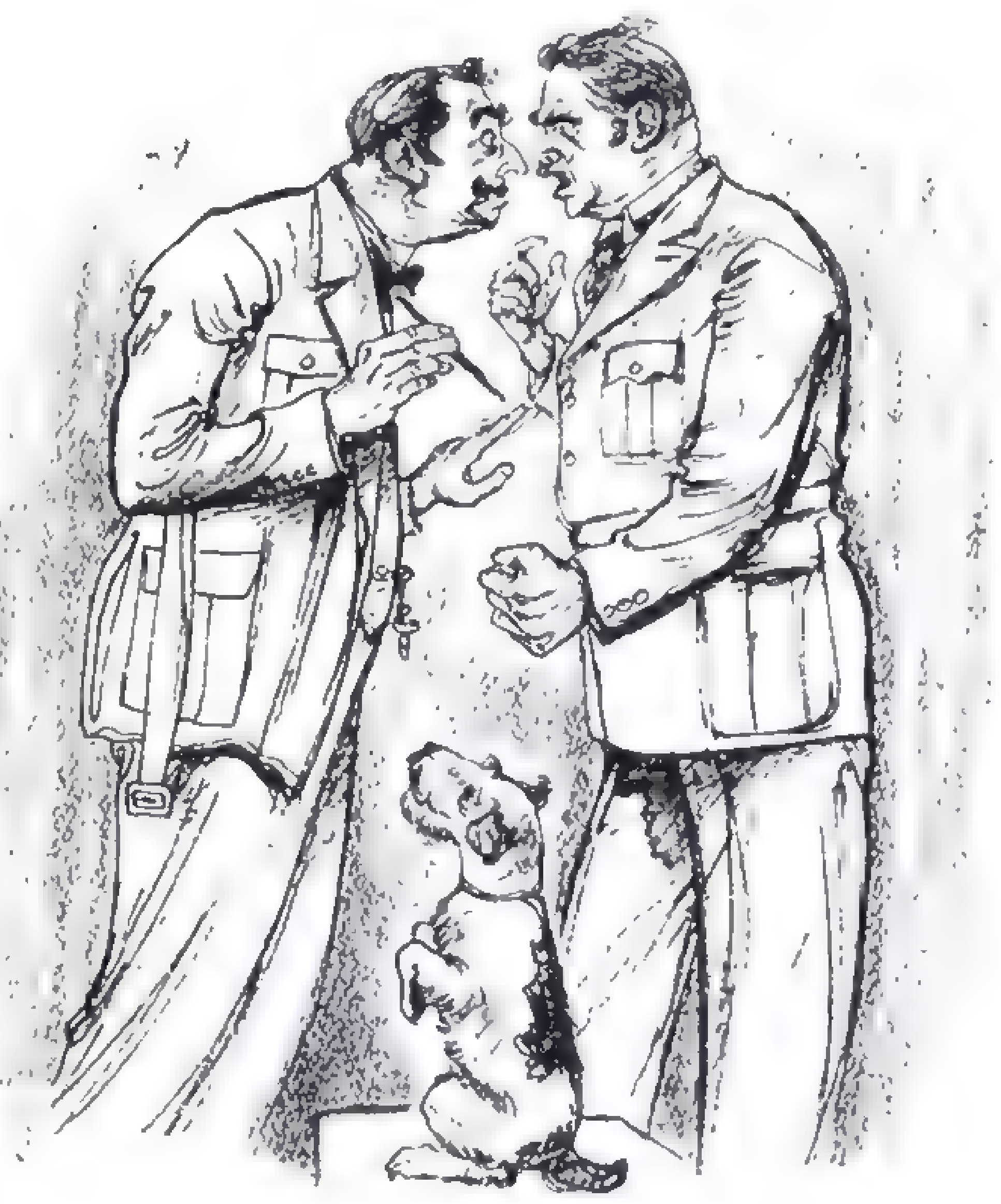
Only very small things gave individual distinction to the two gentlemen. For instance, such a bagatelle as Thomas Török's mania for dogs when Kelemen Kovács would have given the salvation of his soul for a beautiful horse. It was a result of this horse mania that Kelemen Kovács—it wasn't an easy thing to scratch the *valuta* together—would go to England each spring to see some real horse racing. It happened before one such trip that Thomas Török asked his friend:

"Look here, Kelemen, why don't you bring me a little wire-haired terrier from England? It wouldn't be much trouble. You could easily bring a pup home in the pocket of your topcoat."

Kelemen couldn't understand what anyone could love about a dog, but he accepted the commission. True, it isn't so much fun to transport a live dog on a train, through customs; he would much rather have brought his friend ten meters of worsted. But what could he do when Thomas was so crazy about dogs? He certainly would not poison this old friendship by refusing his request.

On his last day in London he went to Smith and Simpson and selected the dog. Jim—that's what the little wire-haired terrier was called—was a very young animal yet. His face looked as if it had been grafted together from an intelligent suckling and a comic old beggar. The dog was present in person during the deal. He looked on seriously. One could see that he was fully aware of the fact that he was being sold, and when the price had been paid he followed his new master obediently.

For a couple of hours Kelemen didn't know what to do with the dog: as if he had a baby on his hands. But Jim was very modest, quiet and adaptable. When the French customs officers got on the train he hid in the net under the coats and didn't crawl out with his hairy, smiling face until the danger was over and the air entirely clear.



Kelemen spent five days in Paris. Paris is a very amusing city, but for a man who has got too much accustomed to the warmth of his own family and home, even the most beautiful hotel room is too cold. The furniture is very strange; no soul in it. There isn't any kind of relative or friend around whose nocturnal breathing one can hear, or rather assume, with such pleasing inner wakefulness through the walls. For this reason one could understand perfectly that Kelemen thoroughly enjoyed Jim's presence. When he came back to the hotel at night and opened the door of his room, the dog would run to meet him, whining with happiness.

At least he had a living being who assisted at his evening bath and morning dressing. Well, what if it was a dog? Still one could hear in the darkness some sound of life. And above all, one could feel in one's nearness someone who was full of unquestioning love.

Kelemen said to himself with exuberant pride:

"This little devil has fallen in love with me. God only knows why; I don't even feed him. He doesn't see me all day long. And still I feel definitely that he loves me best in this whole world."

He took a look at Jim and whistled. The little dog ran up to him, jumped into his lap, put its paws on his neck, and pressed its cold nose into his face for a second. Kelemen wiped the little wet spot away laughingly:

"Hey, stop kissing me! Who the hell do you think I am, your playmate?"

Jim at once withdrew to his corner, and he looked straight ahead of his nose with such sad remorse that his master had to go up to him and scratch behind his ears to cheer him up.

By the time he got to Vienna, Kelemen could perfectly understand what one could love about a dog. By the time he got to Budapest, he was all but in love with Jim. His throat contracted with pain when it occurred to him that at home he would have to hand the little terrier over to his friend, for whom he had procured the pup.

He made no definite plans, but when he was driving home from the station in the yellow coach he pressed Jim to himself so affectionately under the blanket that the embrace was articulate:

"Like hell I'll let him have you!"

Jim fitted beautifully into the Transdanubian castle. He was full of jocular tricks, he was friendly with everybody; but by a thousand small signs he made it unmistakable that he felt a sincere and deep affection for only one man—as if he were saying to Kelemen:

"I am yours, my master, hide and hair, for as long as I live."

Thomas Török was hunting in the next county just then, but on the third day he returned home; and immediately he drove over to his neighbor's. He embraced his friend:

"Well, how was it? Have a good time?"

Then at once he got down to business.

"Thanks, old man, for bringing me the dog. How much do I owe you? And where the hell is the dog? I want to take it home with me."

Kelemen's face flushed purply. For the first time in his life he lied outright, because he had neither nerve nor courage to tell the truth:

*Continued in center of page 120*

# Skiers Are Always Funny

## Whether you're an expert in the sport or not, it's nice to be able to "talk a good ski" on those fireside evenings

### by DECK MORGAN

• SPORTS •

WINTER sports are unlike all other sports in that snow and hilarious laughter are necessary to their performance. It is said that winter sports began when the first cave man's child sat down hard on the snow and kept sliding downhill. Undoubtedly the bystanders held their sides laughing at him, giving rise to the current theory that winter sports must always provide funny, shockingly funny, experiences.

For today countless people, practicing the art of skiing, are still sitting down hard and sliding downhill on almost every snowy mound from Los Angeles to Maine.

This outdoor movement, having reached national proportions, has given rise to a new school of funny stories, based on your own misadventures in learning how to ski and on the ludicrous behavior of other people on the tricky runners. These are the small talk in all the ski huts, ski lodges and snow trains of the country. Once the skis are stacked for the day, skiers like to swap these tales of amusing experiences in front of a cheery blaze.

One fine winter day some twelve years ago, a group of young skiers stood on the top of a slope in the High Sierras, at just that point where the train engines come puffing up the final grade to Norden, a winter sports station. A train was fairly creeping up the steep grade, when suddenly the engineer leaned out of the cab and shook his fists at the skiers on the slope above him.

"It's those fool skiers again!" he muttered.

We came sliding down the snowy slope, crouched low and, using the railway snowshed-roof as a take-off, went sailing over the tiring engine and its string of Pullman cars.

Those were the days. Skiing was in its daredevil stage, when jumping over moving trains was merely regarded as a fool stunt of a new lunatic band known as skiers.

But the Chinaman gave us the first *stock* skiing story. This version happened to me, back in the mountains of Colorado near Aspen, the finest ski station in the world. Stripped to the waist for midday skiing I was once so badly sunburned that I spent two nights under lotions and bandages. It was so painful that out of the blank I recall only the monotone of the Chinese boy who applied the lotions all night long to give me some ease.

He kept saying, "Skiing no good. Skiing no good!" I told him one got burned just as easily at the seashore, but he looked blank. He wasn't thinking about my burn at all. He said, "Skiing no good. Ride down fast. Ph-t-t-t! *Walk* back!"

But the funniest story is the one about the time *you* first strapped the long wooden runners to your boots. For a beginner it's always the same ludicrous tale.

You go out to ski hill and stand at the top watching all the weird antics of the other skiers. You watch them skim along over ridges in the snow, swerving, dipping, gliding up and floating down the intervening slopes.

Your courage falters, but you lock your knees in a crouch. There are seven feet of hickory in your skis, and suddenly they leap out from under you, all seven feet of them. You are going down that snow chute at twenty, thirty miles an hour. The winds beat your garments about you, and flap your reefer wildly in your eyes. Suddenly a skier and a little frozen creek loom up in front of you.

No possible way to avoid these obstacles. Your knees have turned to putty. What to do? Quick. The skier in front of you hurdles the creek with a sudden jump-turn which leaves him standing still and safe in soft snow on the other side. Somehow you have never excelled in acrobatics at school. What in the wide world can you do to avoid going into that icy water?

You do what the most expert skier would do in a crisis like this. You *sit down*.

Everybody laughs. But you come up, swearing joyfully, and try to dig yourself out of the snowy grave. Your eyes, ears, neck and mouth are full of snow. Your skis are crossed and prevent you from getting to your feet again. You lie there helpless in the snow until a passing skier takes pity on you and yanks you to your feet.

You thank him for this *amusing* experience, and then go right out and do it all over again.

But the funniest experience I had in learning how to ski came from sheer paradox. I nearly drowned.

For as a small boy I learned how to ski on a gigantic pile of sawdust and pine needles at a hickory sawmill on the banks of the Tombigbee River in Mississippi. It was a hot, semitropical climate which never saw snow, and the time was the middle of July! I wore a pair of linen shorts and heavy leather boots. The Norwegian, Lars, who worked in the spoke factory, was my skiing instructor.

I stood at the top of the hill on my skis, and came flying down the smooth runway of pine needles toward the bank of the river. I crouched, and laid my hands on my knees as I approached the little hump that was to mark my initial flight on skis.

"*Yomp!*" Lars cried, and he waved his arms like a bird.

When I reached the take-off I came up with a snap, head erect, arms uplifted and whirling.

But then I crumpled up in mid-air like a shot bird and came down in the river with a loud splash.

When I stood up in the water, waist-deep, and looked around me, Lars was sitting on the river bank, laughing and holding his sides. "*Yomp!*" he cried again. But it wasn't a bit funny to me. I started coughing, for my lungs were full of water, and I had to be dragged out of the river.

But jumping on skis has no more relation to the sport of skiing than high diving has to swimming. You don't have to jump to do cross-country skiing, which can be enjoyed the very first day you try it. But by way of paradox again I was a good ski jumper long before I ever saw snow. I always landed in water instead of soft snow.

The nursery slopes for skiers always present an amusing sight. The novices are swooping downhill, shrieking with mild terror, or falling about in awkward positions. Curiously enough, the first thing one has to learn in skiing is *how to take a fall*. For spill you must, even in the expertish stage. There is no place in the sport for the person who must maintain his (or her) dignity at all costs.

Indeed the funniest antics I ever observed on skis were those of a gray-bearded and distinguished jurist on the Eastern Slope near Boston. After every spill he would try to recover his dignity, flicking the snow off his clothes with fine disdain. But each time the tricky runners would shoot out from under him again, and down he'd go to bury his beard in the snow. Judges of the superior courts have never been very happy on skis.

Then there was a French countess who was trying to learn how to ski at Lake Placid. She was doing very well, too, imitating the awkward crouch of the Austrian style. But suddenly without warning the Norwegian skiing instructor, Wettergren, swooped down upon her with shrill cries of disapproval. He said, "Not like that—like *this!*"

Then with his ski pole he rudely tapped the astounded lady's knees together again. It was the classic Norwegian style she should follow.

The countess sat down in the snow and burst into tears.

But she was considerably cheered, a few moments later, when Ski Jean, a tot of three years, came flying down the slope on her tiny skis, with expert turns and dizzy whirls, to ask her why she was crying. Ski Jean was the daughter of Ski John—the genial ski man of the Lake Placid Club for the past twenty-five years, every year the most familiar sight to skiers at the winter sports exposition in New York's Madison Square Garden. She had been practically born on skis, and was a fit person to console the poor Countess who had learned how to ski the "wrong" way.

For the schism of the ski is funny in itself. The Austrians say it ought to be done this way, and the Norwegians say it ought to be done that way. This amiable quarrel goes on year after year. Most skiing instructors in America have screamingly funny accents, too. They make friendly explosive noises, and then go ahead to show you how it's done.

The funniest beginners I ever saw were cowboys. At a ski lodge in Wyoming we were teaching the local cowhands how to make themselves useful or ornamental on wings of wood. But most cowboys are either saddle-legged or bow-legged, and such a physical condition doesn't make them good skiers; their skis tend to cross each other.

Out on the range you'd find these wild bronco busters wrapped around trees, powerless to move and bleating for help like poor little calves lost in the snow. As ski riders they were worse than dudes. But they were game. They'd go flying down any slope with a ringing, "Yippee!" bringing something novel to the Western sport like the yodel of the Austrians in Tyrol.

But looking back over my fifteen years of skiing in some twenty countries all around the globe, in places as far removed and as different in setting as Fujiyama in Japan and St. Moritz in Switzerland, I think the funniest personal experience I ever had in the real sport was in the mountains of Nevada, not far from Reno, at the famous Arlberg Ski Club.

I was skiing with some friends on the side of a steep mountain when I fell and lost a ski. It slid down over a precipice and was smashed against the rocks a thousand feet below. And there I was marooned on a mountain peak with ten feet of soft snow all around me. Far down I could see the other skiers making their way to the ski club where there was a warm fire and hot cinnamon wine. Already the purple evening shadows were over the high valley.

It was impossible to walk without floundering in the deep snow. So I started out for some desperate one-legged skiing. On a single runner I would sail down the steep slope, balancing myself like a tight-wire walker, for a hundred feet or so. But then I'd fall and bury myself in the snow.

Struggling out of the hole I had burrowed with my head, I would balance myself on the one ski again, grit my teeth and go find another grave. After a moment of furious rage and of cursing the elements, I'd dig the snow out of my mouth and ears, climb out of the new crater I had created, and go bury myself all over again.

It seemed to last for hours. I got down the mountain, but the slope was literally dotted with the burial holes I had left in the snow. I was black and blue for days, but my friends, who were watching me with glasses from the valley said it *was* funny.

But it is a truism of the sport that most skiing experiences are funny only in retrospect.

Each winter Olympiad produces its most amusing tale. The old-timers in skiing recall that it was the clowning of Johnny Carleton of Dartmouth on the Olympic Hill at Chamonix in 1924, that was the highlight. Johnny kept the French generals, judges for the event, in stitches. At St. Moritz in 1928 there was a sitdown strike of the Norwegian jumpers at the top of the hill. The jumping was considered too dangerous from the top, and there was one jumper who kept sitting down and saying stubbornly, "No *yomp* today!"

At Lake Placid in 1932 it was the prevailing high winds that caused most of the amusement during the ski jumping competitions. The Japanese jumpers were so light but so game that the stiff winds kept blowing them around up there in the air, making them do somersaults and barrel-rolls on their wings of wood. The height of this international farce was reached when one brown gentleman was blown over into a spectators' box at the side, where I stood taking motion pictures. He got up almost out of a lady's lap and, with the ineffable propriety of the Oriental people, said, "Excuse, please!"

But when I think of skiing in Japan, a picture always rises in my mind of steaming hot *baths*. For in no other skiing country is there such a passion for scrubbing the skin with soap and hot water. Most of the Japanese winter resorts were purposely built about natural hot springs, so that these worshipers of cleanliness could spend half the time in pure snow and half the time in soapsuds.

But when I first skied in Japan there was only one quaint setting for winter sports, called "Lake Placid-in-Japan" by way of compliment to some American missionaries. The hotel was as fragile as a summer tea pagoda. Everything, even the pine trees, was in miniature. The views were all in that filigree quality that we associate with postcards of Japan.

We came in from skiing the first day to sit at little tables on the balconies around an outdoor skating rink like a blue glass table top under the sky. We were watching some small slant-eyed children in kimonos chasing toy balloons around the ice with hockey sticks.

Pretty soon a servant came to my table, and said, "The bath is ready." Then my Japanese friend spoke up, "Since you are the honored guest, it is your privilege to take your bath first."

But I said I wasn't ready for my bath. I wanted to sit out on the balcony and watch the sunset. The Japanese were all excessively polite, and none of them made any move to precede me. Finally my friend leaned over and said, worriedly, "I'm sorry, but the water may get cold. It has to be heated with hot stones."

And then it dawned on me. I went back into the inn and discovered that one tub-bath had been prepared for twenty people. And the same water would have to do for us all.

You can bet your ski boots I climbed into that water fast!

On the snow trains which leave all the big cities in the East and Middle West on the week end you can get the stories of the famous ski trails. "Did you hear what happened to poor old Beans who tried to take Hell's Highway straight?" You are always eager to hear what *did* happen, hoping for the best.

For the skier who follows the snow trains to a lot of different places each winter, meeting all the brothers-in-the-snow, it is wise to collect your good ski tales in neat order, to roll off your tongue, like the technical talk of the sport. For there will be a lot of competition around the open fire in the ski lodge, and the camaraderie peculiar to this sport demands that every skier do his part. There was a bit of vernacular which swept the skiing ranks in the East last winter.

"Old Potts is not so hot on the trails," one would say, "but he can certainly *talk* a good ski. Count him in."

Your own trips will be enlivened by swapping these tales of experiences on skis, and it's fun to recount them when you're back on the job in the city.

In fact there is a whole school of skiers who insist that the best fun about winter sports is coming in to a warm fire and hot drinks after the sport is done. The sun sets early in high valleys, sometimes before three o'clock, and the night is long for talking.

Each branch of the ski sport has its peculiar brand of humor. There is ski joring, being towed at high speed behind horses, which brings about a lot of horsy jokes. For there is no more discomfiting experience on skis than to lose your grip on the reins and the tow-rope, twenty miles from the nearest farmhouse, and see Chained Lightning loose and headed for the stables! You get the horse laugh from your friends, when and if you succeed in reaching civilization again. For some reason unknown to this animal lover, the ski joring horses have the most malicious sense of humor of any animal.

And there is the brand of humor which comes from the derision heaped out on us by non-skiers—saner people who prefer the ease

*Continued at top of page 132*

# A Crumb of Cheese

### Even if you don't tip the scales at two hundred twenty pounds, you too, can become a cheese taster

### *by* BOB BROWN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

On a recent gastronomic tour in Scandinavia, a group of amateur cheese tasters was shown through a regular mine of fromage ripening in the caves of a Stockholm co-operative. We walked for hours, or so it seemed, through miles of aisles between stacks of all sorts of manly whiffs piled high above our heads in soldierly rows, when suddenly one of the group stopped dead as a mouse in his tracks, gazed back the whole length of that ripening cave and exploded: "Jeeses! What cheeses!"

That summed up the overpowering situation for all of us and put me in mind of the only time I'd feasted my senses on a bigger aggregation of savory bricks, loaves and cannonballs. It was cheese market day in the North of Holland and all the fanciers from leagues around had followed their noses there. Burghers and their stout wives fought for the right of way through the eely canals around Edam, jockeying their blunt scows in and out, loaded to the gunwales with the stuff; unloading their red cannonballs at the wharf, bowling them between the sturdy legs of buyers, expert tasters, amateur samplers and just plain sniffers gathered from everywhere. For this business of judging "a crumb of cheese" has developed its own cult, with professionals whose sensitivity of palate is fully as keen as that of any wine taster or tea taster. When it comes to ferreting out the bouquet of a fine vintage of cheese, those Dutchmen had the eye of a beagle and the scent of a hound (which last may be the reason they're such successful blenders of smoking tobacco and snuff, too).

In any case, every full-fledged fancier in that market could judge the weight of a cheese much closer to a hair than those hardy Fleet Street pub-crawlers who still win free dinners by estimating the poundage of a prime Stilton in one of those ceremonious guessing contests that have drawn the lunch trade to London City taverns for centuries. Around Edam any expert can instantly recognize the district of origin, too, just from the size and shape of the product, then with one plunge of his trusty cheese-plugger into a Katzenkopf or Manbollen he can tell its age to a week, and not only that, but give you the menu of the Mama cow that produced it, naming the exact kinds of grasses and herbs that went through the cud to make that subtle flavor his nose knows. And this is no smaller matter than in judging honey from the flowers, orange, sage, clover, buckwheat or what-not the bee has supped upon.

In passing, it's interesting to recall that cheese is the one and only food that wine tasters carry along to clear their palates between sips, and likewise the brew masters of Munich usually have handy a fistful of those soft finger-shaped Kloster Käse to bring out the excellence of a freshly broached tun. In Holland, the cheese tasters, however, use gingerbread as a mouth freshener, or a handful of nuts. So I clung to a slab of gilded gingerbread that market day among those swirling stacks and piled pyramids of fiery cheese balls affectionately dubbed "Cat's Head" and "Moore's Head." Dizzily, I spun round and around, from one great cheese to a greater, trying out generous samples plugged from those heaps of cannonballs that looked like the ammunition dump at Antietam or the rusty pyramid piled beside the field piece in front of almost any G. A. R. or Confederate Veterans' Home. The plugging was done on as wide-handed a scale as that of watermelons at a 4th of July feast down in Georgia. So by noon I was stuffed and could only find room for a few slugs of Dutch courage—but those marketers sat themselves down in restaurants before groaning boards and gorged on stalled ox.

In all my cheesy career I'd never really had my fill but once before, and that was when I was a kid in Chicago and thought cheese was just cheese and that was an end to it provided there were plenty of soda crackers. My cheese beginning sandwiched in between the cat-in-the-cracker-barrel days when the first thing my father did on entering a grocery was to lift the fly-screen off the free-for-all cheese, cut himself a slice and reach nonchalantly into the cracker barrel, and the time when both cheese and crackers were thoughtfully packaged against marauding flies, cats and customers. So I stepped into the old Fair Store on State Street, elevatored up to the grocery department and came down laden with a bag of crackers and a whole pound of store cheese, at a total outlay of fifteen cents, to make my commuter's lunch.

But that cheese was so green I soon matched it in color and had to go straight home on the rocking old El instead of staying in for the show at Sam T. Jack's, as I'd intended. I was cheese drunk for a couple days afterward and never let myself go like that again until another market day in Lucerne, when I stocked up completely on good Schweizerkäse and better Gruyère all morning and topped the feast off with a cheese salad for lunch. All around me the farmers were rolling two-hundred-pound Emmentalers with fine disregard for customers' toes. They were bigger than ox-cart wheels and the sample "crumb" handed out to thronging tasters weighed anywhere up to a quarter of a pound. I sat in a little market café and tried everything they rolled around, with a lively bottle or two of Swiss white wine in place of that Dutch gingerbread, and also absorbed considerable Swiss cheese lore about how a prime vintage must be chock-full of big "eyes" all of a size—these "eyes" being gas holes bored through during fermentation. They must glisten like polished bar glass and the cheese itself should be a light, lemonish yellow, with a flavor so nut-like it would make a mummy yodel. And that's why Swiss cheese tasters especially, carry a pocketful of hazelnüss, to bring out the full tang, for nuts and Swiss complement each other as subtly as Italian Gorgonzola and a ripe banana.

It was there I learned that there are "blind" Swiss cheeses, as well, but the all-seeing ones with a million eyes are better, especially for great Swiss Cheese Salad whose recipe I carried away as an enduring souvenir of Lucerne: Dice half a pound of Sweitzer into half-inch cubes, slice an onion very thin, mix well in a soup plate, dash with German mustard, olive oil, wine vinegar, Worcestershire, and any other bottled sauce you've found suited to your palate, salt lightly and grind on plenty of black pepper from one of those French peppermills. Then stir and stir, preferably with a wooden spoon so you won't mash the cheese,

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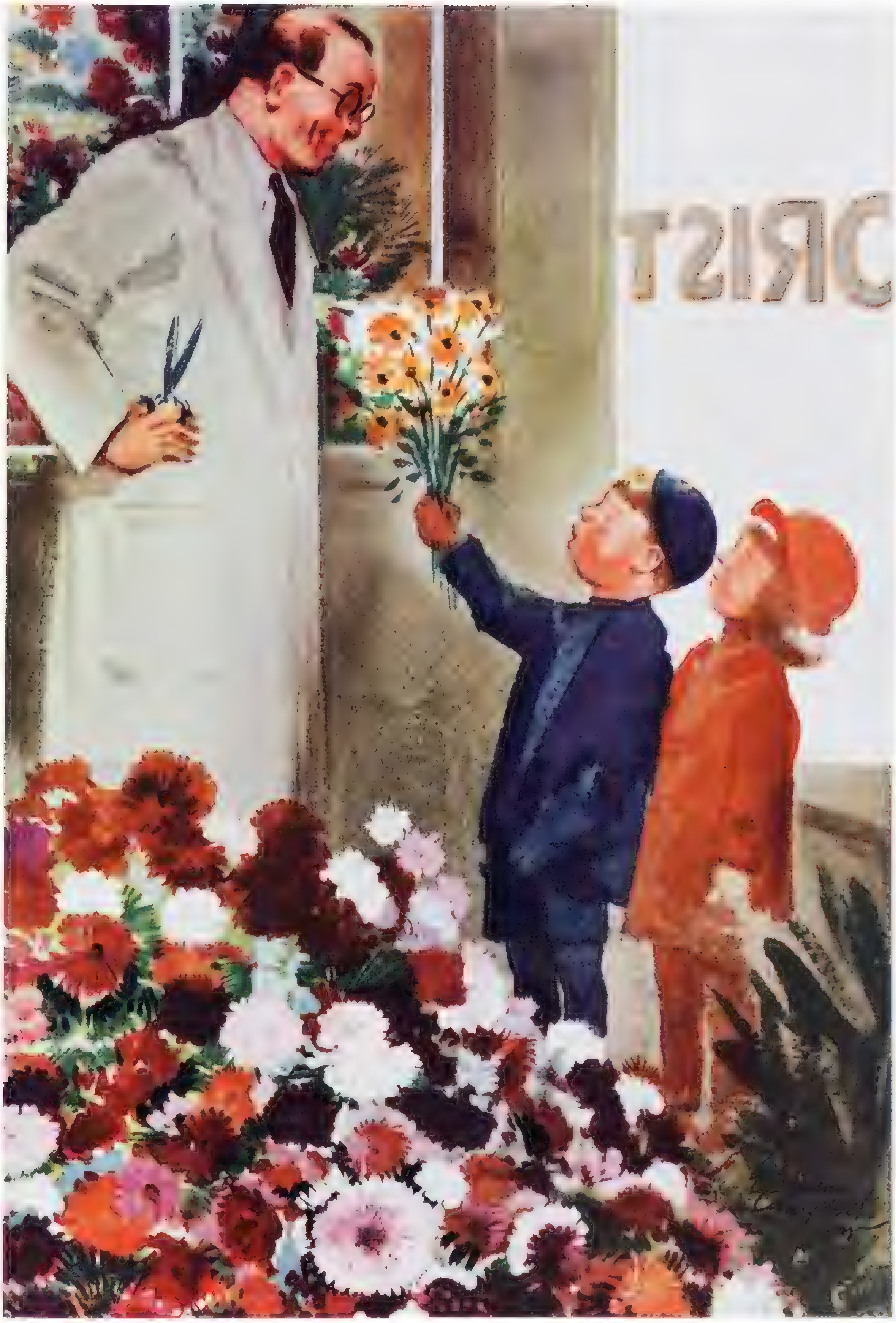
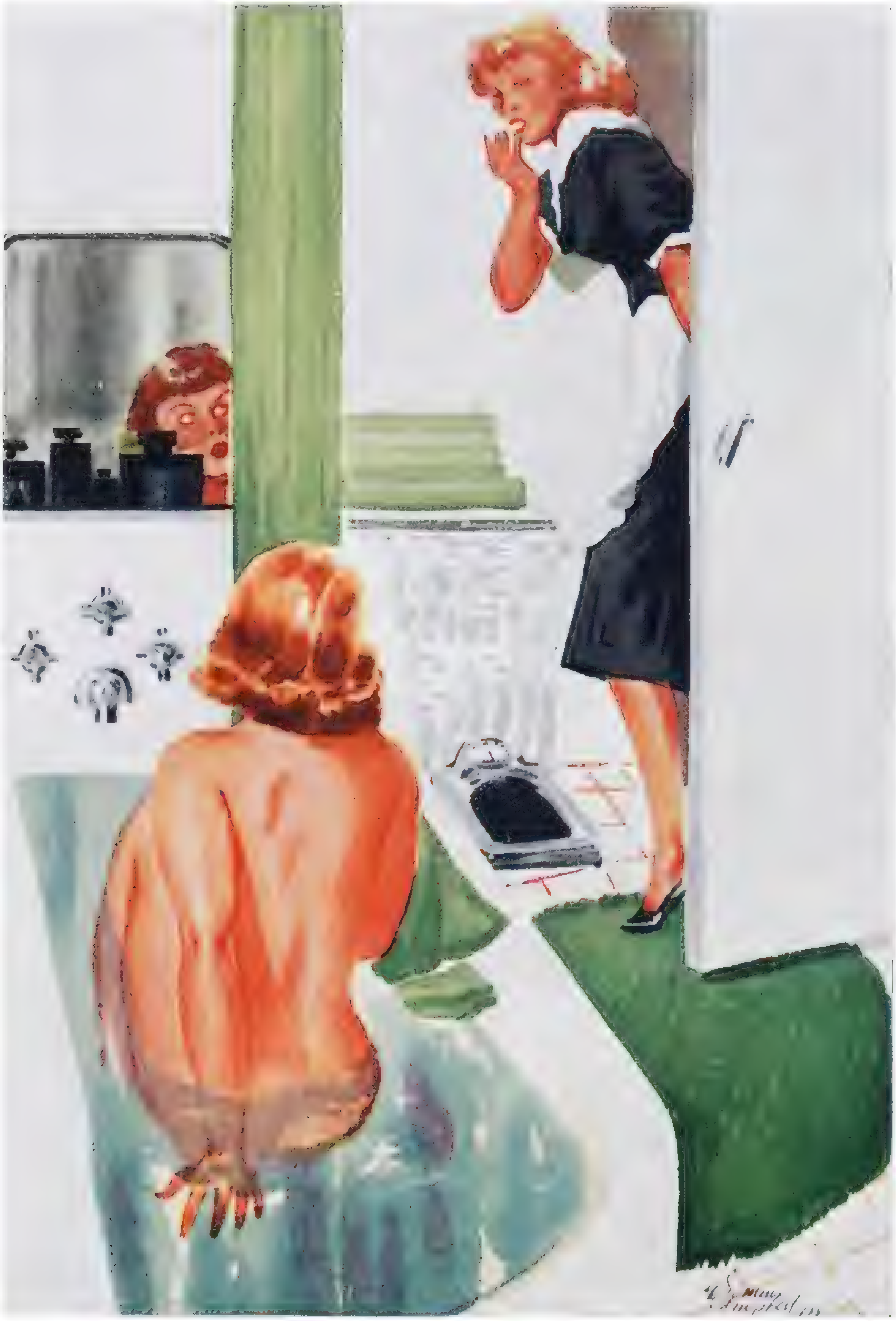


*"We want to wire these to Miss Perkins, Room 6, 4th grade!"*



*"Beg pardon Mrs. Bixbee—I thought it was Mr. Bixbee"*

# Set 'em Up in the Other Alley

**When the smart boys learned they were cashing in on their bowling pals the game became big business**

### by MORT LUBY & HERMAN DEUPREE

• SPORTS •

Modern American bowling was born in a saloon. It struggled through the "cap and cuspidor" age to become the feverish sports activity of some ten million men, women, and children, with the accolade of acceptance from the screen stars of Hollywood and the silk-toppers of New York's Park Avenue. Without benefit of press or radio, the early growth of the Tenpin game is an anachronism in this modern publicity-mad world.

A bowler is a person of either sex, from eight to eighty years, from any walk of life, who is actuated by the urge for individualistic expression. He is the streamlined survival of that rugged crew who forsook the amenities of the Old World to find elbow room where he could run, jump, yell without a gendarme reminding him that he was disturbing the peace of the king, or even mayhap, the king's deer.

A bowler, from office boy to boss, from time-clock puncher to owner of the time clock is the true modern representative of democracy in its broadest meaning. He seeks the freedom of bowling palaces, to escape the crushing influence of civilization's encroaching apartments and towering beehives of humanity.

Many of our forbears were victims of claustrophobia which sent them to the wide open spaces of the American continent. Their modern descendants must look to personal physical action for relief from an allied phobia. Not satisfied are these intrepid spirits to sit on the bleachers and take their escape from culture's inhibitions solely by applauding the physical contortions of a handful of pampered, subsidized athletes in the center of a broad arena.

These lusty sons and daughters of a more boisterous era want a speaking part—right out in the spotlight. So they become bowlers.

Like the old sport-loving Greeks who wanted their Olympic Games so badly that they made them a part of their religious ceremonies, to satisfy the stern Puritans of their day, the bowler has taken his game from the saloon and put it in the churches. At least he has taken it from the back end of the bar of the baroque nineties and put it in the front end, all dolled up with chromium trimmings, modernistic lights, and shining pine and maple planks.

It now costs in the neighborhood of three thousand dollars for a pair of bowling lanes but during the past decade they've been putting 'em in by batteries of from twenty to eighty at a clip, which spells a heavy investment of anybody's money. One eastern chain of bowling plants controlling three hundred drives grossed one million dollars last year.

It will be some time, however, before this modern acceptance of the bowling sport by the socialites changes the clannish spirit of the pioneering pin-popper. He was on the defensive for so many years that he became a furtive being, silent before the world, but vociferous in the huddle of his kindred strike-hunters. A clam in shop or office, he did a swell job of proselyting ("boring from within," to coin a phrase!) picking up a convert here and there. These neophytes have now reached box-car numbers.

During that furtive period, "bowling" became the password for acceptance among the initiated like a magic knock on a lodge door. Did a bowler want a pair of shoes, an automobile, a coffin or a toy doll he would slide along the bench during league play, and ask out of the corner of his mouth, "Say, does any of our gang sell such and such?"

"Sure, Joe Schmidt—you know 'im—he bowls in the Whoseit League—'member, we crossed alleys with him in the City Tournament—a good bowler—why he's bowled for years—carries an average of 189—and a swell guy, too—he's with the Umph Company—next to the bank on Main Street—wait till I catch myself a strike here—Lord knows I need one—". * * * * * "That first ball was too high, I'll have to pitch it out further to find the groove, I guess—anyhow, you call Joe up—he'll take care of you, right, too, what I mean."

And so it went. Finally some smart business man discovered he was cashing in on his bowling contacts. He wanted more of the same and made a gesture by "sponsoring" a team. Then he loosened up for purple shirts with his trade-name in yellow letters on the back—primitive advertising like the sandwich man of publicity's Stone Age—but the bowling sponsor had arrived.

After all, the sponsor had a noble heritage. Tyrants, commonwealths, city-states and great priestly temples "sponsored" their native sons in the Olympic Games back 2800 years before the Depression. Queen Isabella hocked her jewels to sponsor a bold Genoese on a venture that discovered America. Wooster Lambert, St. Louis pharmaceutical tycoon, sponsored a tow-headed chap in a flight across the Atlantic. (The kid's name was Lindbergh—remember?)

And this same said Wooster Lambert learned the sponsoring business from bowling. He hasn't missed rolling with his own team in the annual championships of the pin-snipers in a quarter of a century.

With the sponsor pushing the game to greater heights and adding the pressure of his advertising departments on newspapers for recognition of bowling scores, Prohibition came along. It did close up most of the saloons of the country with a few notable exceptions. The ex-saloon keeper then discovered that he could make money out of bowling without the bar and proceeded to dust off his wrinkled drives.

About the same time a World War caused the old earth to wobble in its cosmic track. When the dead had been buried and the debt was being adjusted to the weary backs of the living, the industrialist found his setup shaken with an appalling labor restlessness. The Big Shot was also chilled by the specter of the Russian upheaval. He worriedly began a somewhat belated venture into the realm of welfare work which evoluted into health-fare work.

Bowling lent itself to this campaign because it required no investment in equipment—just go to a bowling emporium, pick up a ball and commence. Some steel and utility magnates shed the luster of their potent names on bowling.

After all it takes the Big Boys really to put over a proposition. We may curse 'em but we can boast, too, "Yeh, I know 'im personally. Sure, that's the guy—Chairman of the Board of the Amalgamated Money Makers. Sure, he bowls every once in a while himself with his company league. I saw him at the last K. of C. Tournament."

That was the hypo that bowling needed. Big Business took up bowling and bowling became Big Business.

But don't fool yourself though, that the clannish spirit has been wiped out. Bowlers still have a language all their own that is as

*Continued in center of page 170*

# The Basket Dinner

### Little Rilda's brothers said that Sweet William Hawthorne was jist too big to be any count in a fight

### by JESSE STUART

▪ FICTION ▪

DAD-DURNED my cats, Ma," says Bill Dingus, "if I ever seed sicha hands on a man in my life. They air nearly big as coal scoops. His fingers air long as pitch fork prongs. W'y hit's hard for him to hold a knife or spoon at the table with them big hands. Then you air goin' to let little sister Rilda marry 'im."

"Hit ain't in my power to help hit son," says Murt Dingus. She takes a stick of stove wood from the box beside the kitchen stove, opens the hot stove door and dips her pipe in the embers in the fire box. She wheezes on her long-stem clay pipe. A cloud of blue smoke rolls from her wrinkled lips.

"Jist a minute, Ma," says Bill, and he pulls on the end of a homemade twist-bud cigar that he rolled from the ripe hands of tobacco left in the barn shed for summer use. He puts the end of the cigar on the red embers in his mother's pipe. The smoke rolls from Bill's bearded lips. There is another big homemade cigar in his faded blue shirt pocket. Murt closes the stove door with the stick of stove wood and throws the stick of wood back in the stove wood box.

"When a girl loves," says Murt, "hit ain't nary bit o' use to try and break hit up. Little Rilda won't never be happy nohow. Besides she's eighteen years old and her own boss. She's sparked Sweet William goin' on four years now. Hit's time to marry. Somethin' might happen. A body jist can't pry into love. I was told not to marry your Pa. I was told by the old men that the Bridgewaters would git him sooner or later. Your Pa was a bad man to fight. A bad man to fight never lasts long here among the hills. A man jist a little better comes along and gits the drop. You know where your Pa is now!"

"Yes," says Bill, "I know where Pa is. Sleepin' back yander on the pint. If we's to ever git in a fight with the Bridgewaters and Sweet William was married to Little Rilda he wouldn't be no 'count to help Eif, George, Harry and me. He's too big to fight. Too big to stand up on a steep hillside and plow. Not even a bed on this place that would hold Sweet William up. He's jist goin' to be in everybody's way when sister Rilda marries him."

"He might turn out to be a good provider for Little Rilda and a good man," says Murt Dingus, leaning back in her hickory-bark split-bottom chair and blowing a swirl of blue smoke to the top of the log kitchen where she has long strings of drying red-pepper pods tied to the rafters and hanging down over the stove to dry. Long strings of leather-britches beans drying too above the stove for winter use. "Hit's hard for a woman to be left without a man and bring up a family like I have here among these lonesome hills."

Bill Dingus looks out at the kitchen window. He sees on top the clapboard roof of the log smokehouse, the apples his mother and sister Rilda have peeled and sliced to dry. There is a quilt frame stretched down along the board-drip to catch the dried-apple slices if they try to slide off. The yellow-jackets fly around the dried apples like honeybees around apple blossoms. The hornets come and catch the flies that try to pilfer among them. He puffs his cigar and looks steadily at the work of his wrinkled-faced mother whose clear blue eyes are surrounded by shriveling skin same as a shriveled piece of dried apple.

"Yes, Ma," says Bill, "you've been a good provider. You've stuck with us through thick and thin. If you say so we'll not bother Sweet William. But tonight, Eif, George, Harry and me intended to tell him to stay away from here. If he's a-tried to a-come back, he'd be sleepin' in the same place Pa is sleepin'. That's the same place the Hawthorne's bury their dead ain't it?"

"Yes," says Murt, "but no more killin'. I've seen too much of hit. Sweet William will be here in th' mornin' to go with us to th' basket dinner at th' Gap Church. See all them pies over there on th' table that Little Rilda's baked! We're goin' to have th' best basket dinner there on th' ground tomorrow. I want you boys to quit lookin' at Sweet William's big hands. You ain't got sicha small hands yourselves. Want you to wear your silk shirts and blue serge suits and git dolled and spruced-up for once this summer."

"Will sure do hit Ma," says Bill, "if you say so. See if we can't catch us some girls. Be a lot of good-lookin' girls there. Allus is at the basket dinner at the Gap Church!" Bill's cigar is getting short now. He blows a wisp of smoke from his blue-bearded lips. His narrow long-slit upturned blue eyes look through the dingy window panes at his three brothers coming up the hill path with the mules to the barn. George is riding the mule in front, Eif is riding a mule behind and Harry is walking between the mules. They are tall bearded men with sun-tanned faces who work bareheaded and shirtless in the tobacco fields.

"What did Ma say," says George, "about us puttin' the skids under that big capon comin' to see Little Rilda?"

"She says," says Bill, "to leave 'im alone. She says for us not to mess with a love affair. Somethin' worse might come of hit. When Ma says that hit means we air goin't to leave them alone. Sweet William will be here in the mornin' to take Little Rilda with us to the basket dinner. Rilda and Ma's got the awfulest lot of cookin' done already. Goin' to have the best basket dinner on th' hill so Ma says. Rilda's ironin' our silk shirts now. Boy air we goin' to show 'im somethin' there tomorrow."

"Hit jist always looked bad to have to haul that big clumsy capon around with our family," says George. "My Lord, when he's in the wagon, hit makes a load fer the mules. But if Ma says so we'll take him. I jist hate like hell to see Little Rilda marry 'im, that's all. Pears like a pretty little woman allus gits a big ugly over-grown clumsy brute of a man! Funny how pretty women fall for ugly men! Guess I must be a good-lookin' man!"

George sits on the front seat and drives the mules. The red tassels on the mules' bridles are flying to the bright July wind. Every buckle on the harness is shined until it glistens in the sun. Murt Dingus sits between Eif and George on a plank seat fixed across the jolt-wagon bed. Harry sits on a quilt spread on the bottom of the wagon bed and holds the big basket of grub to keep it from turning over as the wagon hits the big ruts in the streak of yellow roads over the Kentucky hills. The crows fly above them and caw . . . pairs of winging crows going over to their nests. There is a smell of penny-royal penetrates the bright Sabbath-morning wind. The dry wind stirs the soap-slick poplar leaves above them and dryly shakes the oak leaves on the boughs of the tough-butted white oaks that grow alongside the yellow streak of rutty road in the poor clay gravelly earth.

Sweet William and Little Rilda sit on a quilt on the back end of the wagon. Sweet William has his arm around Little Rilda. She is almost hidden in the loop of his big-as-a-pillow arm. He is too big to sit on a board across the wagon bed. He has tried it before. He smashes them and drops to the bottom of the wagon bed. He wears a black bow tie that looks like two sourvine leaves tied on the side of a big walnut tree. He wears a white shirt and a double-breasted blue serge coat. He pays no attention to the crows and the basket of grub. He keeps his eyes looking down at Little Rilda Dingus. She looks like a little playhouse doll in the coil of his arm. Her black curly hair, her black crow-beady eyes, and her brown corn-shuck complexion and her white grain-of-corn fresh-October-husked teeth, her little hummingbird claw hands and mouse-claw-pink fingernails! She sits contented with his big arm around her while the big wagon, filled with her four big brothers dressed fit to kill in their silk shirts and blue serge suits rolls along over the Kentucky hills bound for the Gap Church.

"Now," says Murt, "if the Bridgewaters

air there, jist don't pay no mind to them. Jist pass and repass with them and let that be all. After all the Bridgewater boys air your own flesh-and-blood second cousins. They promised the Dinguses never to knife in a fight. In all th' fights your Pa ever had with 'em a knife was never used. They killed your Pa with a sled standard. Brained 'im right over the head with hit. The sight of a Bridgewater makes my blood bile. But boys, today, let's be peaceful. Hit's the day of the Lord and let's don't break hit!"

"All right, Ma," says Harry. "We won't start nothin'. We aim to be peaceful. If they start hit we aim to take our part though. You can bet on that." Sweet William Hawthorne does not hear. Little Rilda Dingus does not hear. They are loved up like two spring black snakes in the back of the wagon bed. They look into each other's eyes with that come-and-get-me-honey look of spring in their eyes! The wagon rolls around the ridge road, across the coal-mine wagon ruts, over the sandstones, up the little yellow clay bank, over three sand heaps and down to the Gap Church in a grove. George drives the mules under an oak and says: "Whoa boys! Whoa hooo, boys!" He rough-locks the wheels to a dead stop. "Roll out, everybody," he says, "and I'll unhitch the mules and feed 'em corn here in the boxes under the shade."

Eif jumps out and helps his mother out of the wagon. She steps on the rough-lock of the jolt wagon. He lifts her on down to the ground. She wears a big hat, a tight fitting silk waist with a big pin at the collar and a long sweeping-the-ground skirt. "All right, Ma," says Eif as he sits her carefully on the ground. "I ain't too old to have made hit all right," says Murt. Bill and George handspring over the sides of the wagon bed onto the ground. Then they lift the big basket of grub from the wagon bed onto the ground.

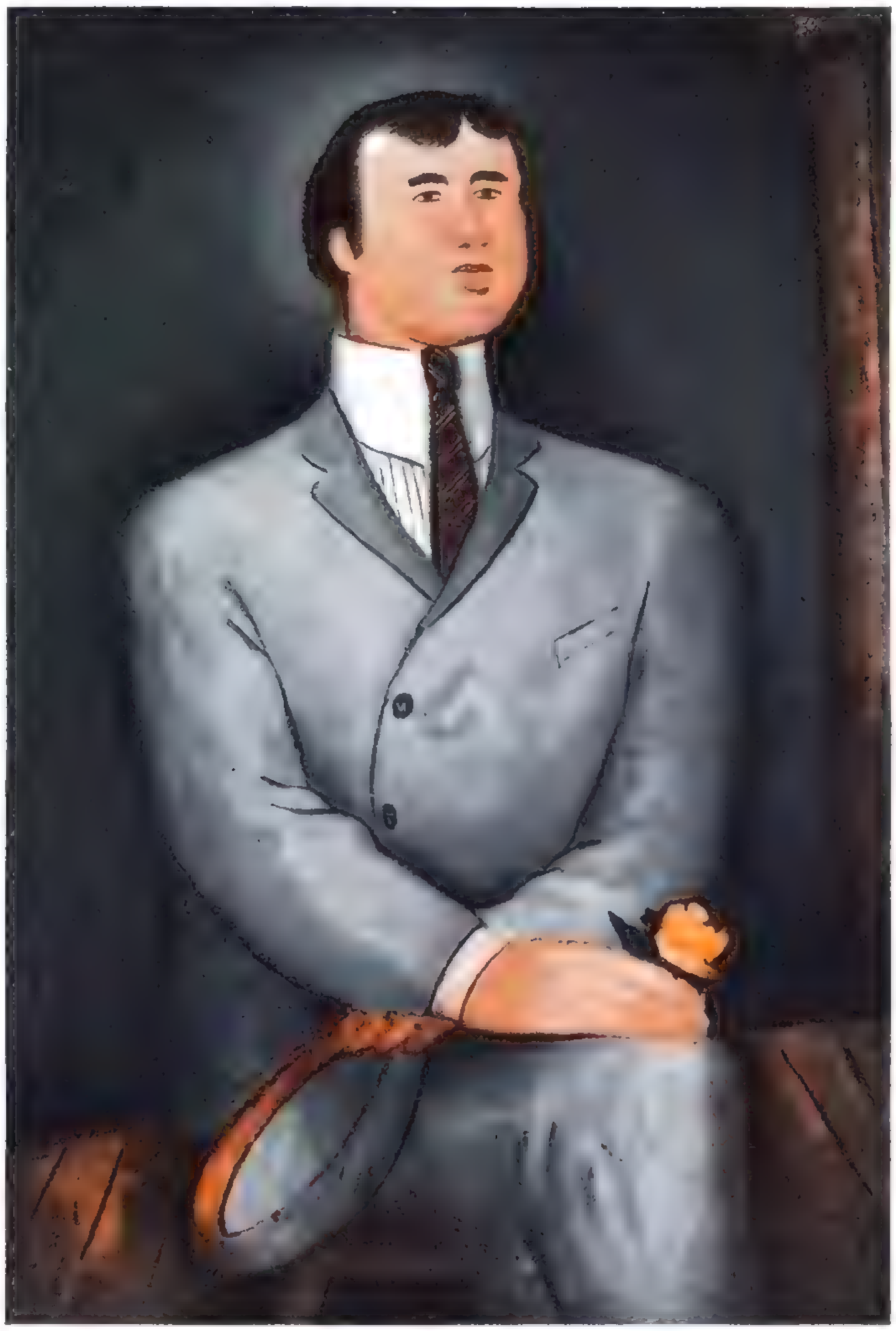
"Hit's time," says George, "Sweet William fer you and sister Rilda to know you's on the Church grounds!"

"Oh," says Sweet William, "we air here Rilda, Honey. Let's git out'n the wagon!"

Sweet William stands up in the wagon bed and stretches his arms like a crow lifting its wings when he starts to fly. His head is up among the white-oak limbs. Little Rilda, the little tiny doll-girl stands up beside him and her curly head comes no higher than his belt buckle.

"What air they bringin' that big clumsy rooster over here fer," says Boliver Bridgewater. "Bringin' 'im over here if trouble brews! He won't amount to a hill o' beans! One lick and he'll hit the ground from one of my old fence-post mauls!" Boliver looks mean out of his narrow bean-slit black eyes! He is standing down among the group of Bridgewaters who are putting their basket on the ground. There are nine Bridgewater men! They stand and eye Sweet William and their second cousins, the Dingus brothers. "I never liked a Dingus in all my born days," says Boliver. "Wished they'd never made that agreement back yander between old Bill Dingus and Pap not to have fit with knives. I'd like to fight 'em with knives. I'd cut 'em up into sausage meat for the ants damn 'em to hell nohow. Hit makes my blood bile to look at a Dingus."

"We don't want no trouble," says Flora Bridgewater. "Your Ma has come here to worship on the Lord's day. This ain't no day for fightin'. Now you boys all git around the basket dinner here and eat and listen to some good preachin' this evenin'. Fill your bellies now on good grub and fill your hearts this evenin' on the Word of the Scriptures."


TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"Well, Ma," says Trevis Bridgewater, "Boliver is right. Look what happened to Pap that time atter old Bill Dingus hit 'im with that rock. Went around like a addled goose and drapped dead six months later. A death by degrees! Pap never did come to hisself!"

"Yes," says Flora, "look what your Pap done to Bill Dingus. Got 'im didn't he? Brained 'im with a sled standard. Hit was man for man and let's quit at that. I'm too old to see any more trouble. So is Murt over there. We don't speak to one another but you boys behave. They didn't bring Sweet William Hawthorne over there to fight. He can't fight nohow. A man that big is jist in the way. He's in love with that little sweet doll-baby of Murt's. Watch 'im over there lookin' in her eyes!"

"Some love," says Lum Bridgewater. "Watch 'em castin' sheep eyes at one another." He laughs and all the Bridgewaters laugh. Flora starts spreading their dinner on the ground!

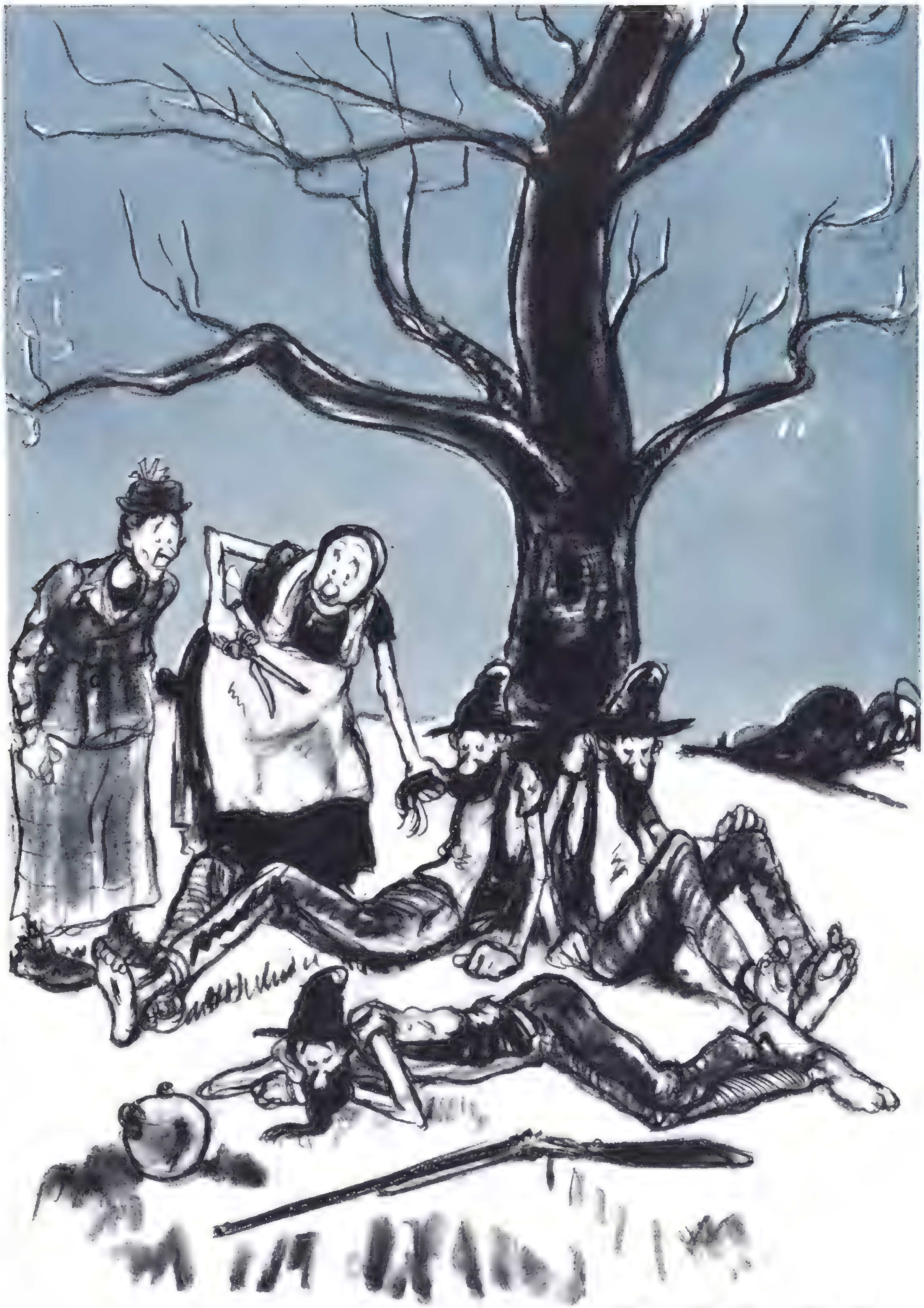
Sweet William looks over toward the Bridgewaters. He hears them laughing and heard them speak his name. They are looking at him and bending over and laughing. "Honey, air they makin' fun o' me", says Sweet William to Little Rilda. "If they air I'll go right among 'em!" "No, Honey," says Little Rilda, "they ain't makin' fun o' you and don't you start among 'em. You might not git back to me. And I want you more than anythin' in this wide world! You jist don't pay 'em no minds. Silence is the best contempt!"

"Say, Ma," says Bill Dingus, and he whispers in her ear, "they've started makin' fun o' Sweet William. I hear 'em over there. Nine of 'em and four o' us. Two men a-piece for us boys to fight if hit starts and one for Sweet William!"

"SSSSS HHHHHH," whispers Murt, "no fightin' here today. Let's git our dinner spread out on the ground and eat. Fill yourselves on good grub now and this evenin' we'll fill our hearts on the Word of the Scriptures. Goin' to be some good preachin' in th' house this evenin'."

Around the churchhouse is a graveyard. There are a few white tombstones. Among them are cornfield stones set up for tombstones with names and dates of births and deaths. Many of the letters are carved backwards. One of the names is Bill Dingus. It is one of the brown cornfield stones. Another name is Silas Bridgewater. There is just a big tough-butted white-oak tree between the graves. The churchhouse stands under a clump of trees. It is old and the peckerwoods fly in and out of the holes they have bored in the gable-end white-pine logs. They fly over the gravestones in the bright July wind. The churchhouse is old and crippled. It has seen a lot of the Dinguses and the Bridgewaters hauled here. It has seen them come inside the house and sit on the half-log split benches, the Dinguses on one side; the Bridgewaters on the other. It has seen them sit and listen to a sermon together and yet never speak to each other after church. It has seen the Dinguses get up as a group and go out of the churchhouse one night first and the Bridgewaters get up and go out the next night first. Never a Dingus spoke to a Bridgewater or a Bridgewater to a Dingus! For one hundred years this has gone on. The graveyard is filled with Dingus graves and Bridgewater graves. Yet, a row of tough-butted white-oak trees separates them in death. No Dingus is buried on the Bridgewater side and no Bridgewater is buried on the Dingus side. Once a Dingus

*Continued on page 104*



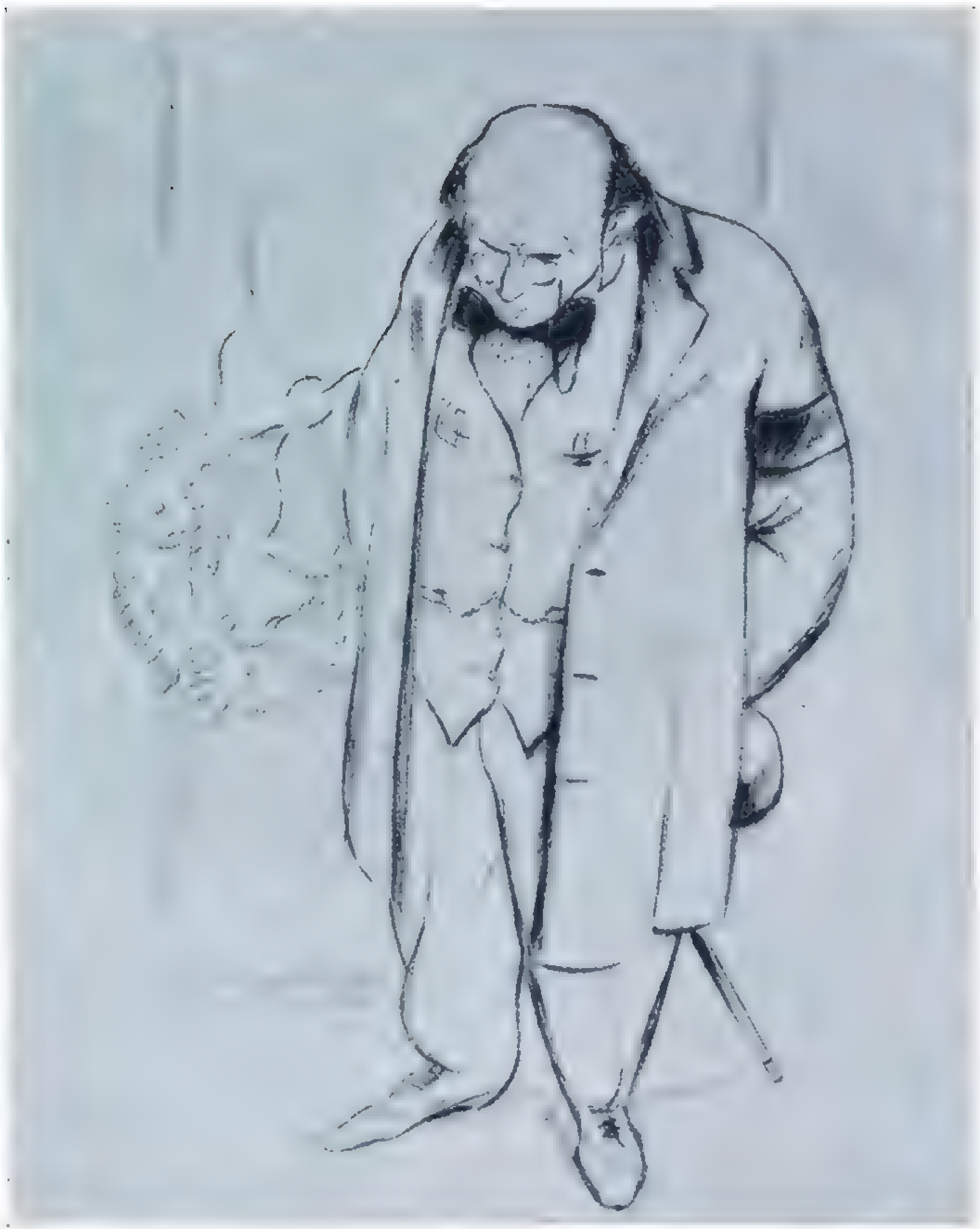
*"How big a bustle was you figgerin' on stuffin', Emmy?"*

# A Friend of the Family

**Warmed by a feeling of kinship with all those cordial mourners, he was glad he had worn his dark suit and tie to match**

### *by* ROBERT W. COCHRAN

• SATIRE •



ETCHING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

IT WAS not looking too much like rain when Mr. Rudd left the office, so he didn't bother to take his umbrella from the coat closet. He walked up Fourteenth Street at his usual gait, even though he had no place to go except to his room. Mr. Rudd had no patience with people who loitered; his short, thin legs moved with the precision of pistons.

A spattering of rain freckled the sidewalk and he shot an apprehensive eye skyward. He was in for a ducking, unless he took a streetcar, and he hated streetcars because the passengers were so unfriendly. They crowded him, and stepped on his feet, making him feel as though he really had no business there at all. He much preferred to walk and perhaps get wet.

A peal of thunder crashed directly overhead and the sky opened. Mr. Rudd made a dash forward and found shelter under a canopy that had been stretched from the curb to the doorway of an undertaking establishment. He put both hands to the lapels of his coat and shook the gathered drops that had not yet been absorbed by the cloth.

An attendant in uniform spoke in the softly modulated voice of a professional comforter. "Bad weather, sir, very bad."

"Yes," Mr. Rudd said, and wondered if he would have to take a streetcar.

"You'll find it drier on the porch, if you don't want to go inside yet."

A car pulled up at the curb. Two men and two ladies got out, and the attendant that had spoken to him slipped under the wheel and moved the car to a spot reserved for the purpose.

Mr. Rudd, quite naturally, fell in behind the two couples as they walked, under the canopy, to the steps. The rain continued without restraint, and Mr. Rudd found a sheltered position on the porch, and since it seemed only respectful, removed his hat.

He watched other cars arrive. A steady influx of people came solemnly up the protected walk and entered the massive doorway at his back. They were, Mr. Rudd could see, not the kind of people one encountered on streetcars. They were well-bred, refined, courteous. It made him feel better satisfied with the world just to associate remotely with them.

Someone touched Mr. Rudd's sleeve. He turned, his hat still held deferentially in his hand. "They are about to begin the service, sir."

"Ah, yes." He looked at the rain splattering on the sidewalk and followed the man into the churchlike interior. As he advanced, the clang of streetcars and the honk of automobile horns gave place to organ music. The attendant in front of him stepped aside and Mr. Rudd hesitated. In the indirect lighting of a small chapel a number of people were seated on chairs.

It seemed a very quiet, peaceful, friendly atmosphere. It almost seemed, he thought, that they were expecting him. He took a step forward. A man and woman sitting on the outside moved over one seat and made room for him. Someone whispered, a soft, intangible sound, and quite unexpectedly he found himself shaking hands with the man beside him.

He was glad, even though it was hot outdoors, that he had worn his dark suit that morning, and a tie to match. Flowers were heaped about the casket until it was all but obliterated. He wondered about the person lying there.

A minister entered from a side door and the organ died away into silence. The minister advanced, his eyes going from one to the other of them. Mr. Rudd felt the glance reach him and move on and was in some way comforted by it.

The minister opened the Bible in his hand and began to read. After the short service people rose and approached the casket, looking down through the banked flowers. Mr. Rudd went with the man and woman beside him and saw, as he walked across the floor, that there was a smaller room to his left with people in it. Members of the family, probably, he thought. Mr Rudd shut his eyes when he looked at the casket so that all he really saw was the flowers and the dull sheen of metal trimmings.

Attendants came in and wheeled the casket out. The organ began to play *Lead, Kindly Light*.

"You knew him well?" the man beside Mr. Rudd was asking.

"Not so well," Mr. Rudd said, "but I had a great respect for him."

The man gave him a quick, startled look and Mr. Rudd had a vague impression that he had said the wrong thing. The people about him began to move towards the doorway and presently Mr. Rudd found himself descending the steps. He saw the man who had been seated beside him talking to one of the attendants and watched their eyes follow him. The rain had ceased; already steam was rising from the hot pavement. Mr. Rudd settled his hat upon his slightly bald head and continued his way to his room.

It had been a diverting experience. All the following week, as he sat on his high stool in the office, he found himself reliving the calm serenity of the funeral parlor.

There was no sign of rain the next Saturday afternoon as he hurried, in businesslike fashion, up Fourteenth Street. There was no canopy, he saw with regret, when he approached the undertaker's. No reserved parking signs were at the curb, no liveried attendant stood on the sidewalk.

He experienced a feeling of resentment. He came to a halt and stared at the closed door. It didn't seem exactly fair. He had had his suit pressed, was even wearing for the first time a new tie that he had bought for himself the previous Christmas. Suddenly his face brightened. There was another place, he remembered, about four blocks beyond his own

*Continued on page 98*

# Cock Doom Makes Everybody Equal

## While scores of roosters murder each other, fortunes change hands daily at the International Cocking Tournament

### *by* E. JEROME VOGELER

▪ SPORTS ▪

Shades of Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar, who fought the gallus bankivus with the thought of inspiring their soldiers with courage—which neither their nor any other human fighters could hope to rival. Shades of George Washington who line-bred a fair-to-middling strain of Irish greys and of Stonewall Jackson, whose black Tormentors could hold their own in any company. But, shades of shades of Michael Kearney and Peter Horrocks, old-timers of a few generations ago who entertained the fond delusion that cock fighting is a poor man's sport!

If either of the last mentioned could have attended the Nineteenth International Cocking Tournament, held somewhere in Dixie during the last week of January, 1938, he would have seen this myth shattered before his eyes. For, if modern cocking is a poor man's sport then, yachting is a pauper's pastime.

Poor man's sport! Among the sixteen entrants to this, doubtless the greatest cocking carnival of all time, more than half could have written checks in six figures without causing a frown upon a single map of their banks' boards of directors. The cost of assembling over a thousand fighting cocks from a dozen states of the Union and two provinces of Canada, by express, fast truck and airplane an aggregate of some twenty thousand miles—alone would have discouraged any logical person on relief from too fond hope of divorcing the big jack from their dough.

Poor man's sport!

To be sure, the champion cock fighter of the north, a professional who does nothing else but and a gent whose strain of muff, whitehackle and grey crosses, consistently massacres all opposition in localities where icicles instead of oranges grow, did cart in burlap bags some fifty-odd chicken roosters some fifteen hundred miles to the site of the International Tournament, doubtless with every expectation of bringing back a substantial slice of the ten thousand dollars in prize money. But—as fast as he brought his champions into the pit the shuffling furies of the moneyed cockidealists, to whom the prize dough meant nothing and the glory of showing the gamest and most deadly strain of fighting cocks on earth meant everything, knocked them down.

Long before the solid week of fighting was over, the northern champion was frozen to the rail with the tip off his cue and his posterior virtually exposed to the chill, damp breeze that blew in from the sea. With eight straight losses chalked up against him on the huge blackboard which announced to several thousand assembled cock fighters and fans, the day by day progress of the tournament, he could be seen mumbling to himself in a modulated, if somewhat mournful tone of voice and philosophizing upon the wisdom of Newton who observed that apples always fall on the biggest pile.

Poor man's sport!

The Nineteenth International Cocking Tournament was staged in an open-air arena, surrounded by palms, tropical plants and shrubs. Near by were twenty-five cock houses, each supplied with a training table, two cots for the trainers and fifty separate stalls for the feathered gladiators. Months before the date set, the world's finest game cocks from remote states, from Canada, Hawaii, Mexico and South America—were shipped to the locale to be acclimatized. To be farm-walked and coop-walked and fed a balanced ration to bring them to their physical peak. From two to four weeks before the designated date, the trainers for the various entries journeyed south to gather in their fowl, to feed them an even stricter diet consisting largely of lean beef, eggs, oysters and selected grains and to put them through a series of exercises designed to convert the last fractional ounce of chicken fat into hard muscle.

On January 25th, the day before the opening of the tournament, an appetizer in the form of a main between a cocker from Atlanta, Georgia, reputed to be worth six million and another from Ontario, Canada, said to be worth sixty million, was served to the impatient crowd already assembled. Each principal showed fifteen cocks, the winner of the first eight battles to take the main. The stake was a mere thousand dollars, with two hundred additional dollars on each fight, but this didn't detract from the international flavor of the event or the intense rivalry of the principals. And the winnah, ladies, was the gent with the reputed sixty grand grand, who insisted upon tying the two-and-a-half inch steel gaffs upon his own chicken roosters.

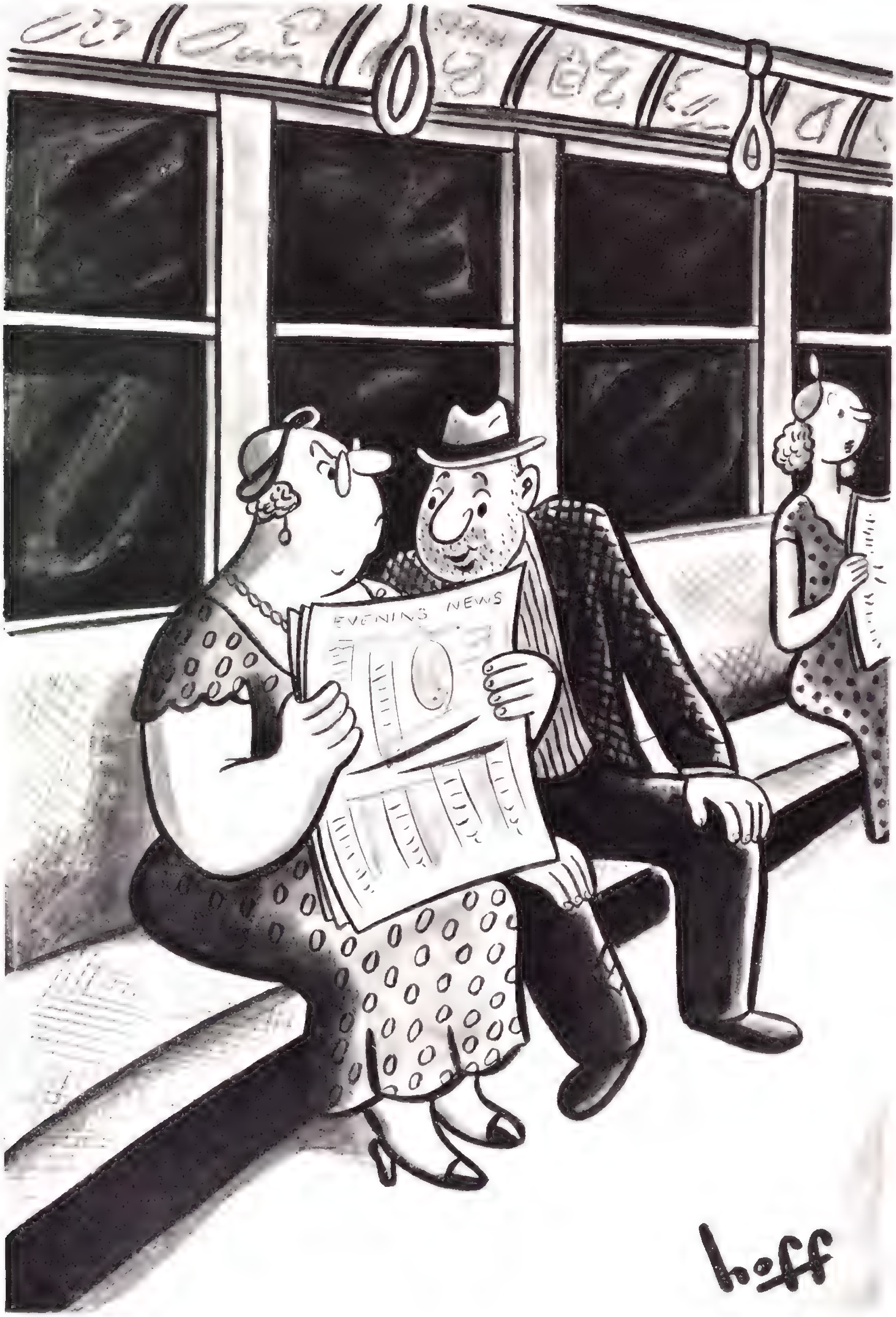
The following morning, at nine o'clock, the tournament began, but hours before this uniformed police were at hand to direct traffic and to keep out law-abiding citizens. The crowd gathered early, hungry for stable dope, eager to hear the music of crowing and cackling roosters—for not only was this from the point of attendance and prominence of contestants the most important cocking event ever held anywhere, but also, it was in many ways unique.

From the start, conjecture was kept at white heat by two questions. Would the single stroke northern fowl, bred as they were to conduct their death battles with inch-and-a-quarter spurs, be able to compete on an equal footing with the furiously shuffling, rough and tumble Carolina Blues, Nigger Roundheads and Clarets of the south at an event in which any length of gaff was permissible—provided they were round from socket to point? And, if so, could the northern cockers, several of whom conditioned at home where the mercury hovered around zero, maintain in their fowl the essential dash, punch and endurance in a clime that was seventy degrees warmer? And throughout the entire week of feathered warfare, the ebb and flow of battle gave answer—yes and no.

"A good game cock can fight in any length heel," a southern cocker proclaimed, a statement that seemed flatly contradicted by the pathetic showing of the northern champion, whose birds flew high, flapped their wings and struck the air—only to fall to earth and be fricasseed by fowl which grabbed the first available billhold and worked their feet like pistons until something gave way.

"Northern cocks are no good under these conditions," a Midwestern enthusiast stated with authority. And, as if to prove that he, too, was all wet, the neighbor of the northern champ, a man who had brought down his entry by express two days before the opening of the tournament, giving them just enough time to rest before their death battles, went on to win his first six fights. Stable

*Continued on page 163*


EVENING NEWS
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*"When the world adjusts itself, Comrade, we'll all have a paper!"*

# William C. Palmer: Mural Artist

## While he was no great shakes as an art student, once he found the right turning, he won by sheer endurance

### by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

A YOUNG art student was seated on the top rung of a stepladder in one of the swankier Park Avenue penthouses. He didn't live in the place; he was just putting the finishing touches on a nifty interior decorating job. Soon he was going to receive his final check and *that* was going to be money. Perhaps it was just as well that he did not see his way clear toward becoming an art artist, a creative painter of easel pictures. Interior decoration was loads of fun and he seemed to have a decided flair for it. When this job was finished he was certain there would be others. People were making money these days and they were spending it, for good things as well as for bad. The young man was persuaded that soon he would be making connections with important decorating firms and would begin building up a clientele of his own. There was no denying that he enjoyed this business of creating rooms, of selecting furniture and hangings, of building color harmonies, of creating decorative consistencies. He felt that the job of being an interior decorator was no less a challenge to the creative impulse, that building a room called upon resources hardly less creative than those demanded in the painting of a picture. Besides, more people seemed to be ready to spend money for interior decoration than for masterpieces of contemporary art. Maybe he was no great shakes as a painter, but even his teachers weren't rolling in money from the sale of canvases. If they were they wouldn't be teaching art for a living. The young art student was chewing the cud of reflection in some such way as this when he became aware of the fact that someone else was in the room; the master had come in quietly and had sat down. The young decorator looked at the master's face and his vision exploded with a loud plop, like that of a toy balloon. Upon the penthouse master's face the young art student saw mirrored the depression that was ushered into the consciousness of the United States on that fateful Black Friday of October, 1929, for that was the afternoon on which he was putting the finishing touches on his nifty interior decorating job.

And that is how the art student who thought he would become an interior decorator became the artist and the mural painter somewhat better known today under the name of William C. Palmer. The transformation didn't take place immediately—such things take time—but the circumstances that militated against our young student's becoming a decorator created a set of circumstances which pushed him in the direction of mural decoration on a somewhat more ambitious scale than even penthouse apartments favored. What happened immediately was that his client did not pay him the bulk of his fee, that he withdrew the hundred dollars he had managed to save—for the first time in his life—and that he went home to Iowa and, later, to Canada, painting and studying, studying and painting. Although there are canvases by Palmer in a number of American museums, he is probably best known for his murals, chiefly the panels on the *Development of Medicine* which enliven certain walls of the Queens General Hospital in New York, and the panels for the new Post Office Building in Washington, *Stage Coach Attacked by Bandits* and *Covered Wagon Attacked by Indians*.

This doesn't mean that Mr. Palmer has reached a terminus in his career and that, from now on, he can afford to rest on his oars. There is much he does not know and much he cannot do, but study and hard work will take him places in art. His is not the temperament or the manner of working of the genius, he does not reach effects through abandon and bravura. He has made every step in art with almost painful slowness and deliberateness. His career thus far is a living testimony against the legend that art must be an expression of the wild and undisciplined spirit. In Palmer's career there have been steps backward as well as forward, disappointment with the slow rate of progress and disillusion with the whole business of being an artist. Palmer will not turn you out a canvas, while you wait, with a few dexterous twists of his wrist, but, like the tortoise, he will reach his goal, for he can measure the pace at which he travels against the ground which must be covered en route to that goal. The likelihood is that the longer he takes to reach his goal the more certain is he to dig in when he does reach it. There are youthful prodigies in other fields but the successful practice of art calls for maturity earned at the price of much experiment and many abandoned canvases, and William C. Palmer is only thirty-three years of age, which makes him practically a kid, although a mature one.

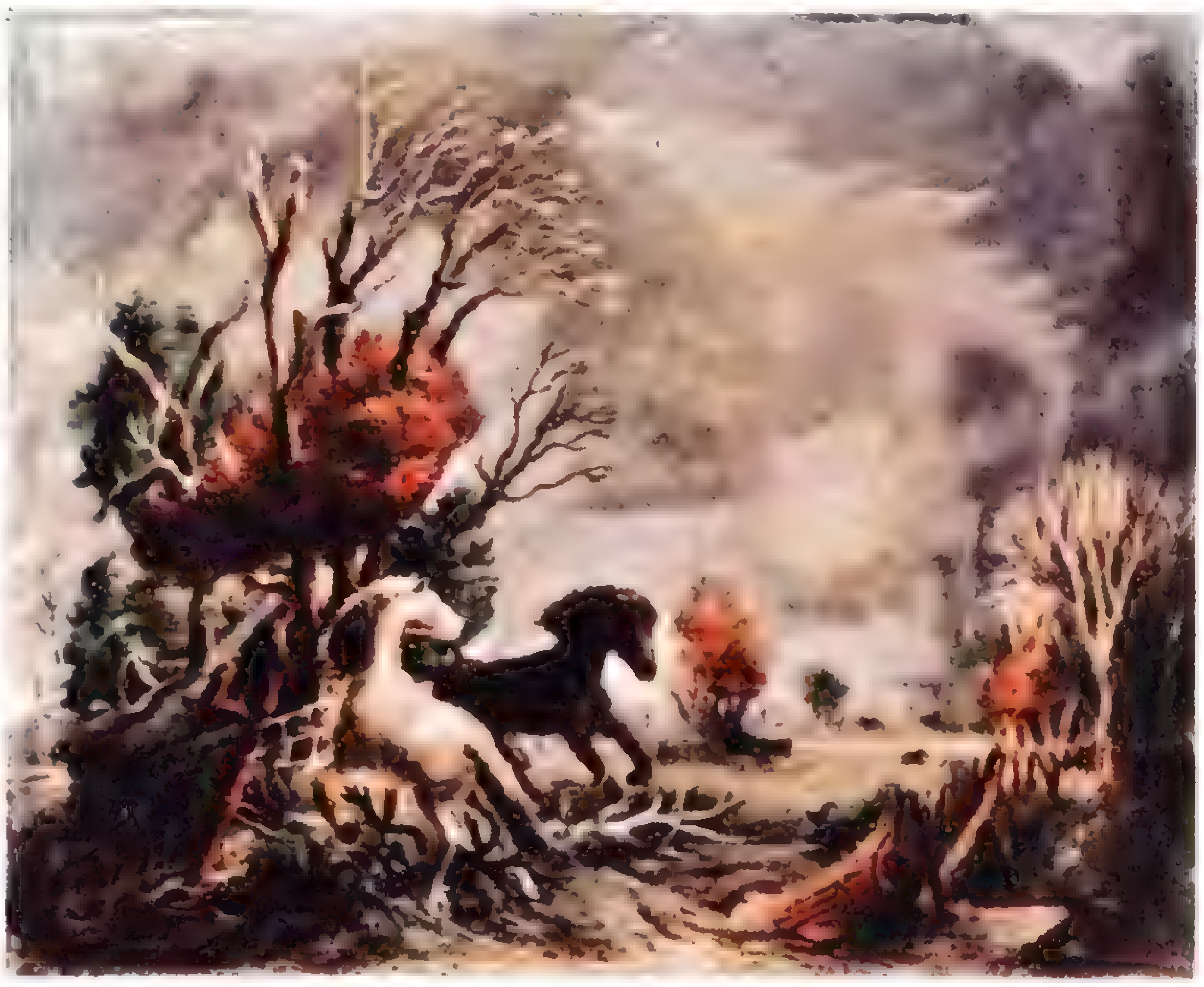
The Palmer family has lived in this country for more than three hundred years. The first Palmer, Walter, settled in Stonington, Connecticut, in 1629. Physicians and clergymen have been the family's chief contribution to American civilization. His mother's family, originating in Holland and Wales, settled in Pennsylvania, amongst the Dutch there. During the War—the Revolutionary, not the World—they found themselves on the side of Mother Britannia, among the United Empire Loyalists, and migrated to Ontario, in which they were given land grants and in which they helped settle Prince Edward County. Palmer's married sister has a home there and many of the painter's wildest landscapes are points of departure from Canadian vistas. Palmer's paternal great-grandfather, a physician, went West to Illinois, and his son, also an M.D., moved farther off in 1869, upon his marriage. In 1906 William C. Palmer was born in Des Moines, Iowa, the son of a business man of unconventional pattern.

How unconventional may be gathered from the fact that at the age of forty he retired and took the family down to Mission Valley, in Texas, along the Mexican border so that the children would have a taste of real pioneer life. The artist-to-be was about six years old when they reached the citrus plantation that was going to be home, but he vividly remembers the wild look of the land and the treachery of Nature which once, through frost, killed every crop on the place, lettuce, cabbage and onion as well as the citrus fruits. The water supply was always inadequate and the school was so far away that the children reached it by car in good weather and by muleback in bad. The Palmers had been living in Texas about two years when, to add to their difficulties and their dangers, Villa began shooting off both barrels along the border and the plantation was sold for a song—it is now worth a fortune—and the Palmers moved north for a pleasure stay in New York and a trip to Canadian friends and relatives before returning to good old Iowa.

William Palmer remained in Des Moines off and on until the death of his parents. He re-entered grade school and was graduated from the high school at the age of eighteen.

He took art courses in his stride throughout high school and received encouragement from teachers and family all along the line. He was active in the little theatre movement and was interested also in history and literature. On the whole he found himself more deeply attracted to the inventing and making of objects than to drawing, or painting, as such. He made many things in model and then had the fun of casting them in plaster. He made lamps in this manner and other objects, many of which he would see in shops and never want to buy because it was more fun making these things. The pictures he painted during his school life were as much objects as anything he could invent and shape. Even today he enjoys the job of frame-making almost as much as the more esthetic department of art. He was altogether a most active youngster. He kept up a flower garden all his own and grew many kinds of seeds, enjoying the visible results of his application. He had the great triumph, for example, of producing fruit-bearing trees from the planting of peach pits. As a rule, you have to graft the fruit-bearing part on the stump that has grown from the pit. Usually pits make trees that do not bear. What with one activity and another, with flying trips to Canada ever so often, with doing, reading and study, Palmer's school years passed happily enough, and quickly.

In 1924, at the age of eighteen, he was out of high school and ready to make his way in the world. He thought of stage-designing and costuming as an immediate means of livelihood if not as an ultimate career. He wrote to an older friend in New York that he wished to study art. He was told to come on. He came and showed the friend the drawings he had made in Des Moines. He was told that they were not good enough and that he would have to draw for a year before he could reach first base. He enrolled in the Art Students' League. He wasn't good enough for Frank Bridgeman's life class, therefore spent a month drawing from plaster casts. Discouraged with his slow rate of progress, he began to work on the figure and moved into Boardman Robinson's class. Him he found an exciting and wonderful teacher. His first drawing was terrible. So probably was his second. He was one of the worst students in the class and he felt that his only recourse was to try hard to please teacher. He was extremely timid and fearful of raising his voice but, by the same token, he listened to the more confident and informed students and for the first time heard the names of Giotto, Matisse and Picasso. At the end of his first year he returned home to Des Moines completely discouraged and unhappy. He said something at home about ditching New York and the Art Students' League and switching to Chicago and its Art Institute. His mother, reading his intention, said that it was bad to give up so early; at the end of the summer he returned to New York for a second bout of wrestling with the angel of art.



**FRIGHTENED HORSES**

He resumed work in Robinson's class where, timid and open-eared as ever, he first heard the name of Kenneth Hayes Miller and what a fine teacher he was. There was no entrance requirement restriction in Miller's class and Palmer enrolled in it, painting mornings with Miller, drawing afternoons with Robinson. He had to pay tuition only for one class for he earned the other by serving as cafeteria cashier during the lunch hour. Cafeteria contacts with his fellow-students helped thaw his timidity to room temperature. The selection of one of his drawings by the board of control for the exhibition of the year's best work of the students gave him a little pride and confidence. Still he was no world's wonder as an art student. In Miller's painting class he didn't seem to be getting anywhere. Whenever he showed one teacher the work he had been doing in the other's class the most daringly hopeful thing that either could say was that he had to work like the devil, that everything seemed to come hard to him and that he seemed to have no flair for art. Palmer's subsequent career does not deny that he was a bad student; it only goes to show what a bad student can do in art once he finds the right turning and the appropriate opportunity. The only danger in publishing this story is that it may embolden bad students without Palmer's grit and industry.

The third term at the League, Palmer gave up painting from the nude and entered Miller's mural class, in which he became monitor. During that term he learned a great deal from Miller who manifested obvious interest in his struggles and tribulations. An ear infection sent Palmer home in the middle of the academic year. While recovering he heard that his high school art teacher was planning to go to Fontainebleau for study. Palmer thought it would be a good idea to go there himself and learn about fresco painting. At first his father opposed the idea, then consented and the young art student took the boat.

He spent six months in the École des Beaux Arts learning the technique of fresco painting and came home with a diploma in it. All he did was to copy the masters and copy them precisely. He attempted no creative work. The accepted procedure was to obtain a black and white photograph of postcard proportions of a Giotto fresco, for example, and enlarge it on a wall six by nine feet. Then he bought a color photo of the same work and matched the color reproduction proportionately. The ultimate points of reference were the postcards and not the copyist's creative feeling about the thing. Palmer did not find this method irksome, for it pleased him to make these copies and he enjoyed the experience of academic criticism. He remembers that they called him the primitive because he was most interested in such masters as Giotto, Perugino and Duccio. Incidentally, he learned a great deal about architecture, the history of art, the 18th century tradition in ornaments and furniture, as well as other elements of style. With other members of the class he went on chateau trips and learned about Gothic modes of art and decoration. He realized then for the first time that art was part of something larger than itself. He calls these months the most delightful of his life.

He then went on an expedition to the art treasure troves of northern Europe. He saw Rubens paintings in Brussels and Antwerp and they seemed the most wonderful things he had ever seen. In London he was thrilled by Titian. It must be remembered that even so recently as the early and middle 1920's color reproductions were not so easily available as they are today and art was news even to art students. When he returned to Des Moines, his family asked: "Well, what are you going to do with all this knowledge?" Palmer, frankly confused, said he didn't know. His father urged him to keep on, for he wanted his son to have a profession with which he could continue, something through which he could become self-sufficient. Back at the League, Palmer told Miller that he felt he still didn't know enough, but that he thought he had found out how the masters had built up their pictures. Miller then started Palmer off on under-painting and tempera. Today Palmer is still at the League —but in the capacity of instructor of drawing, painting and design.

Palmer's brief career as an interior decorator began one morning at the League when a woman, a rich amateur who did a little painting for her own pleasure, asked Miller to recommend a student to help her in the decoration of a dining room. Miller nominated Palmer who worked for a year creating a room in eighteenth century style. This led to another commission and in 1929 he was working in the Park Avenue penthouse in which we found him at the beginning of this article. For the first time in his life he was completely independent of his family; then came the earlier mentioned Black Friday.

Back to Iowa again. There he drew many landscapes, the source of his first exhibited paintings. Then he went to Picton, Ontario, the home of his sister, and shut out the world. He had brought with him from New York a book on tempera painting and the materials for tempera painting. There was nothing to do but to work, and he worked. He was interested in conquering the process, not in the finished look of the result. Looking through his cloud-tossed drawings of Iowa, he selected them for development in tempera, and in March, 1931, he came down to New York to attend a lecture on tempera painting methods. Incidentally, he showed his work around and it was much admired. He returned to Canada and plunged into the great release of painting for himself and on his own unaided resources. In the Fall of 1931 he returned to New York and tried to get back into the swing of interior decoration. For the first time his pictures were shown in a gallery. He did a little upholstering and decorating and picked up a little money on similar jobs. One of his pictures was mentioned in a review. In 1933 he had his first one-man show, at the Midtown Gallery. About that time he paid a doctor's fee by painting his portrait, which led to conversations about doing a mural for the hospital with which the physician was associated. This led to Palmer's designing a mural for a children's ward, something full of animals, which he describes as pure rot, but from this commission was

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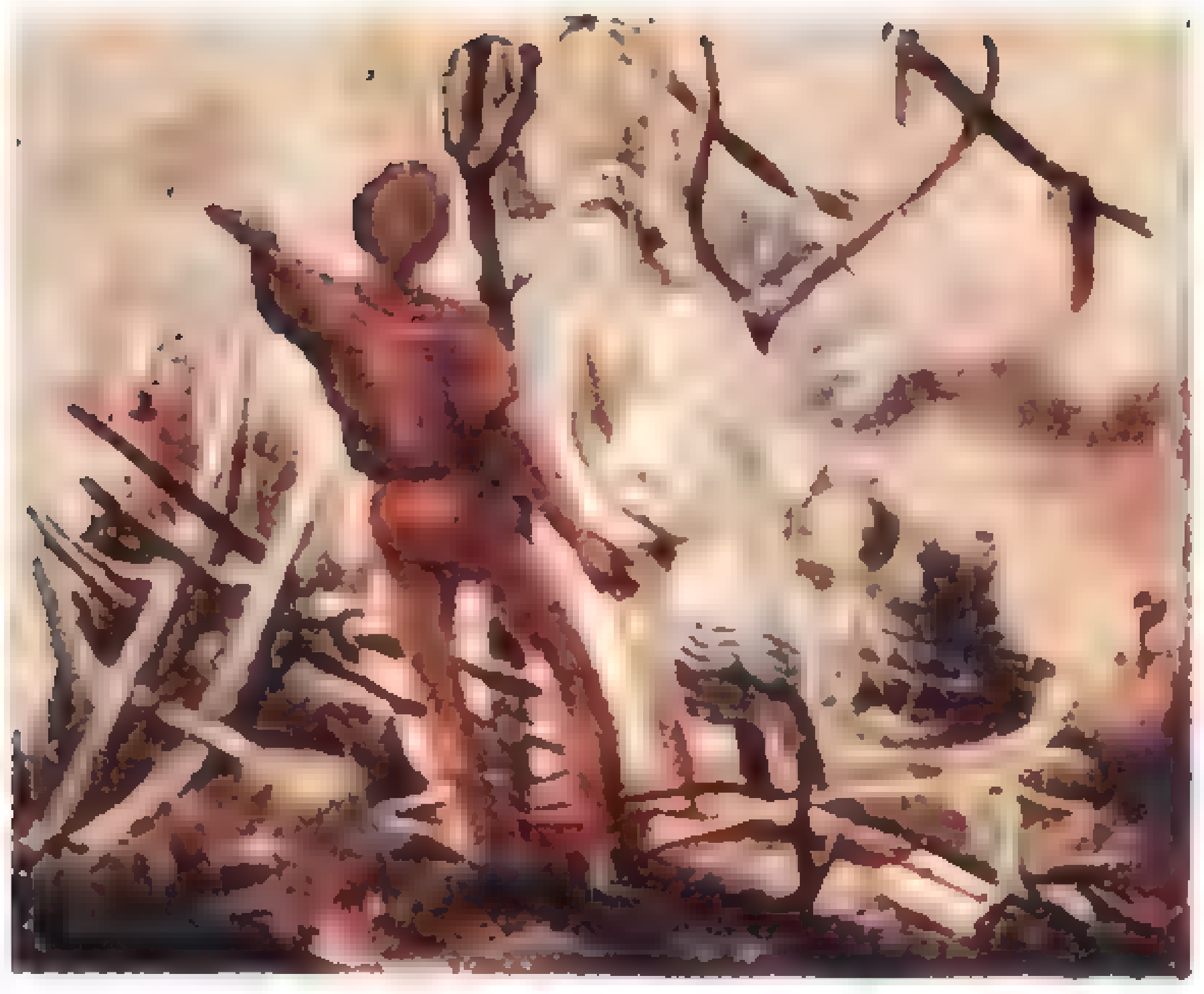
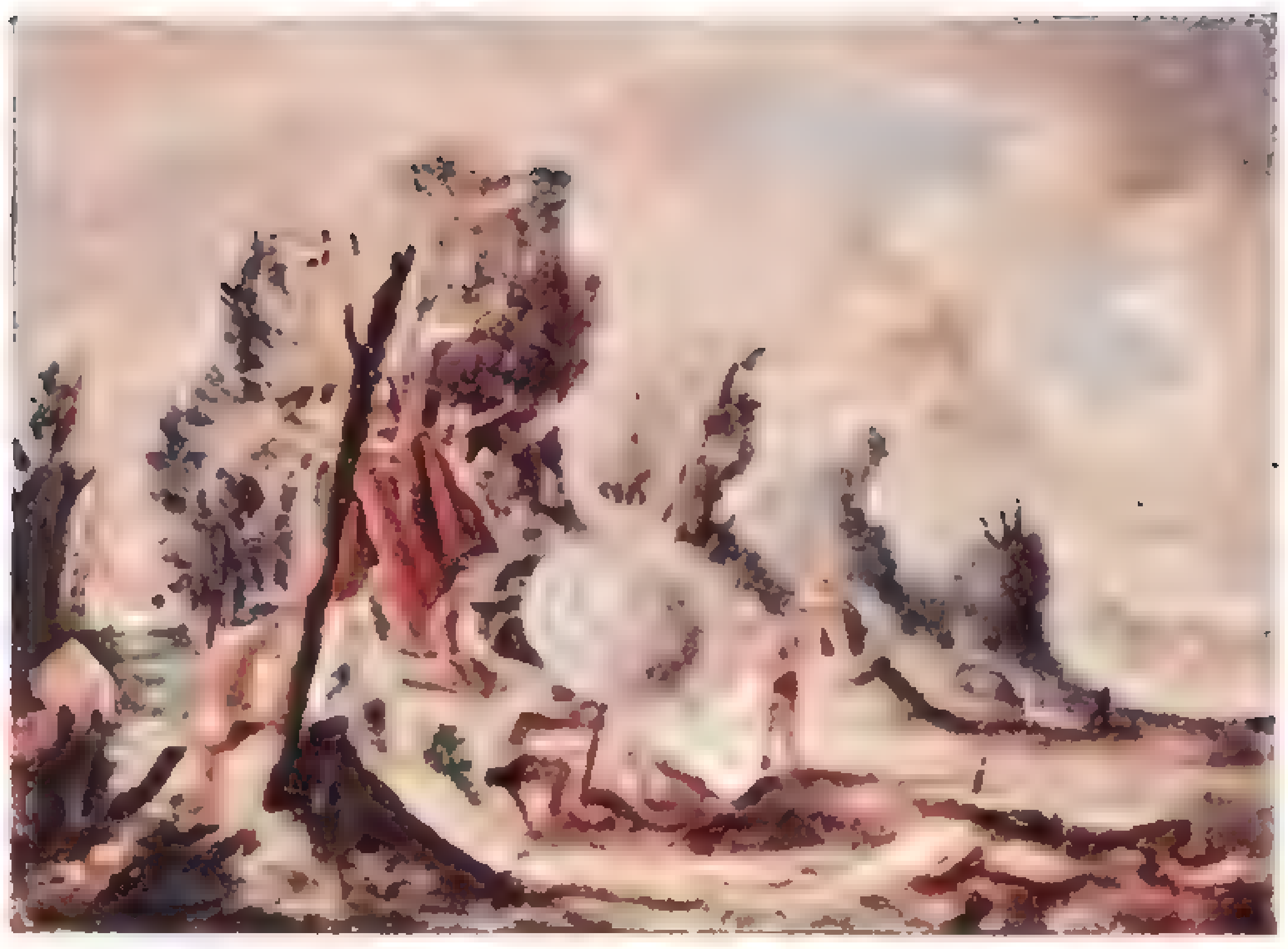
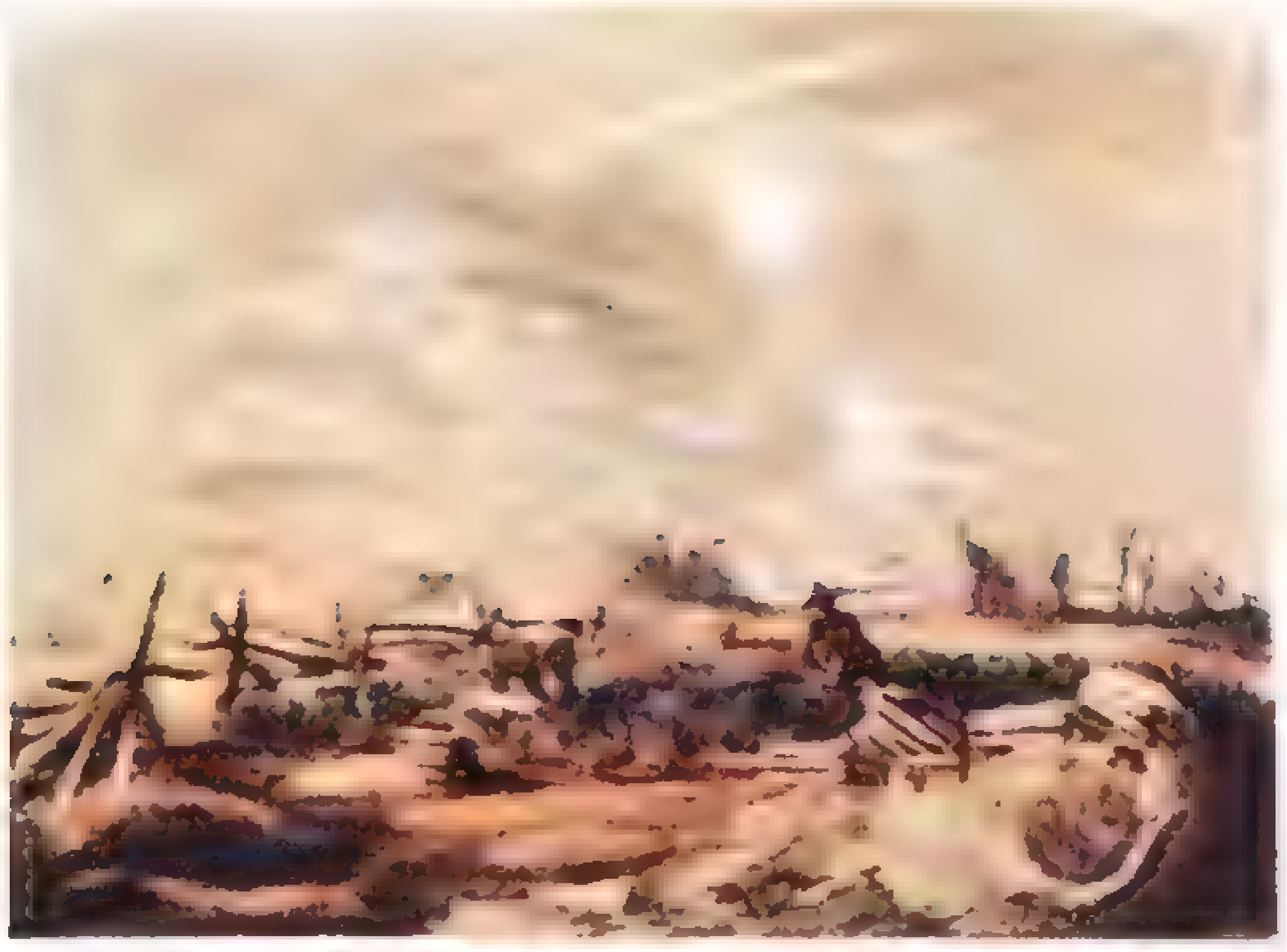


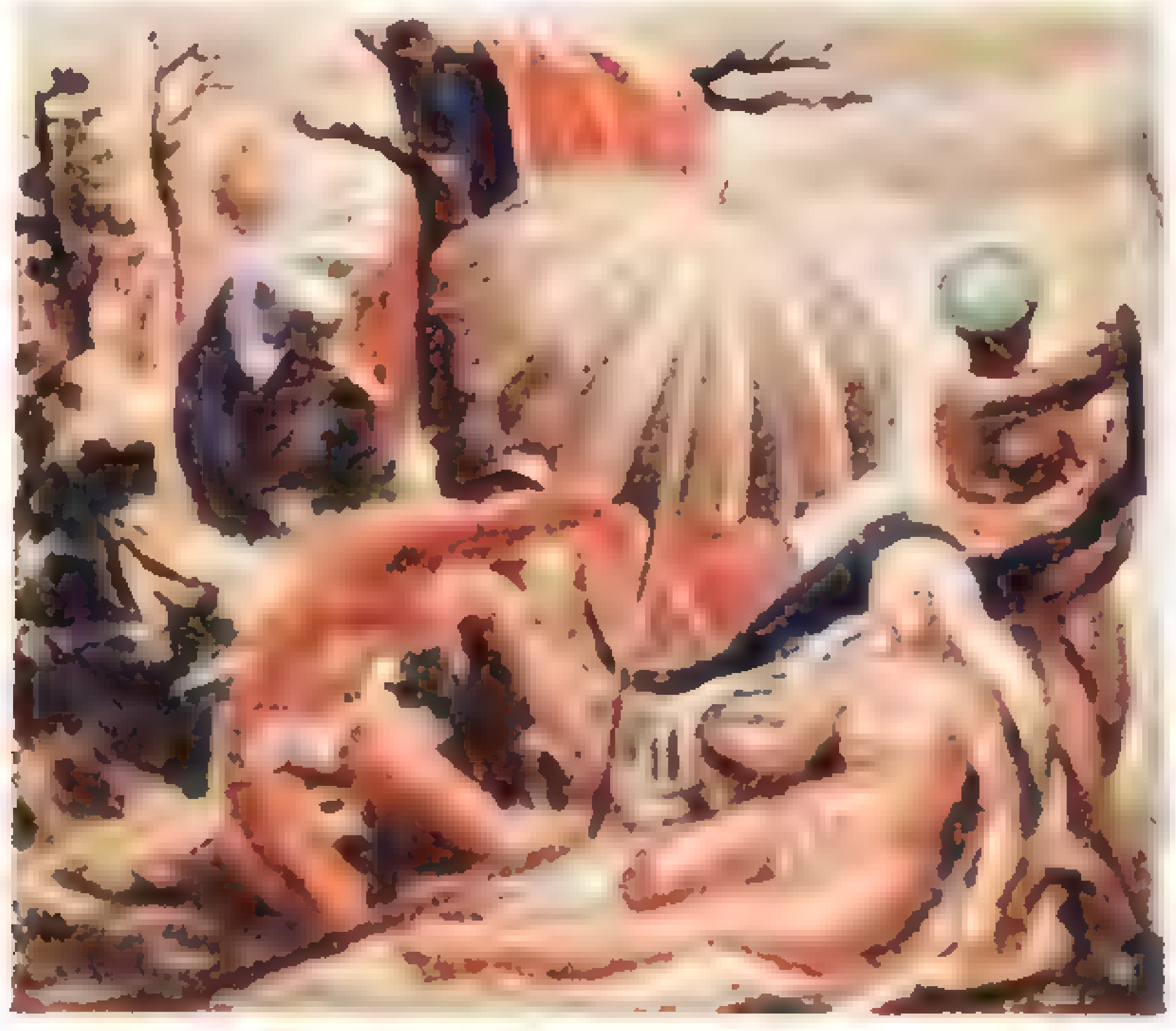
WHICH WAY?



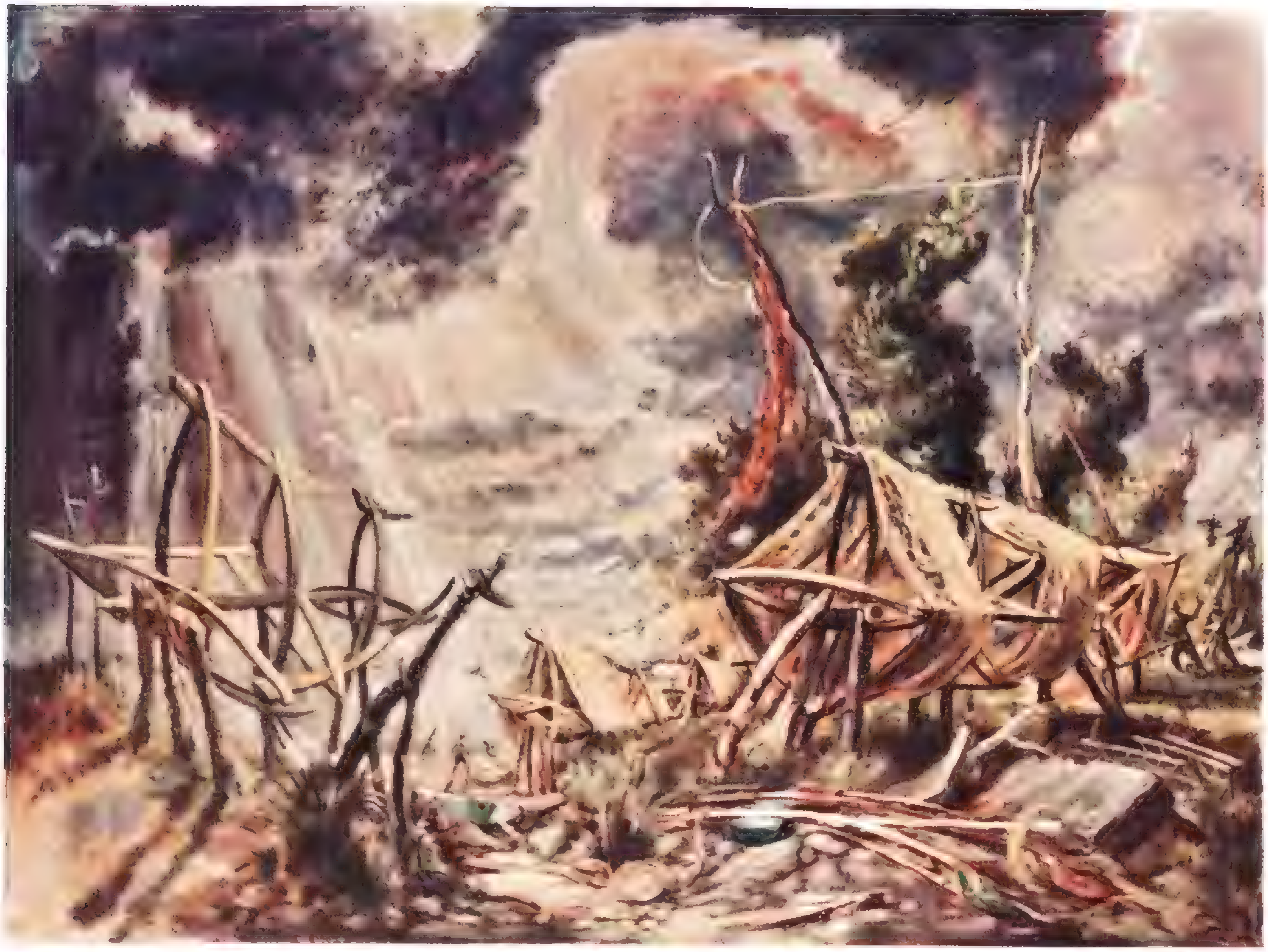
OUTLET OUTING



TOMATO PICKERS



FANTASTIC VENUS



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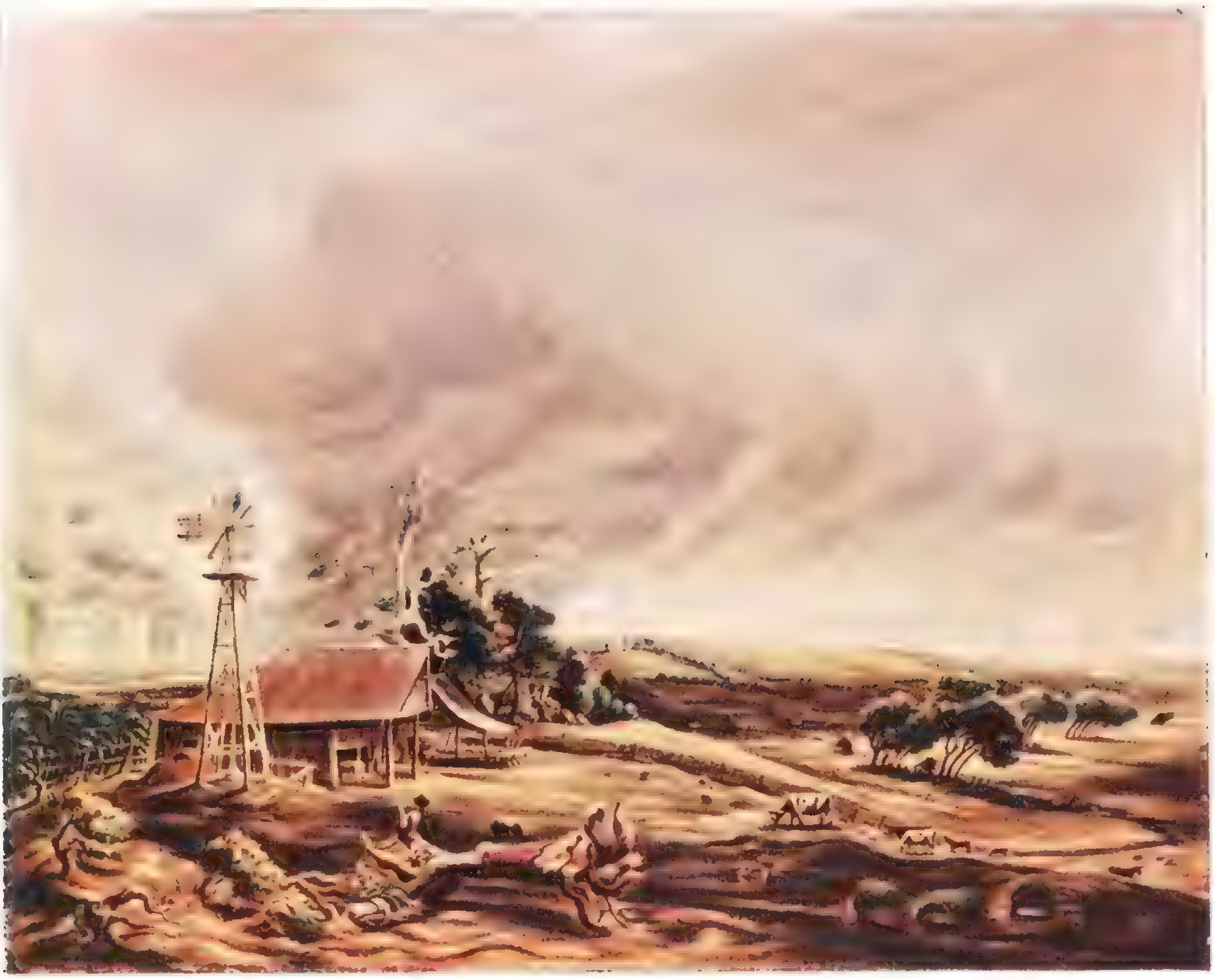
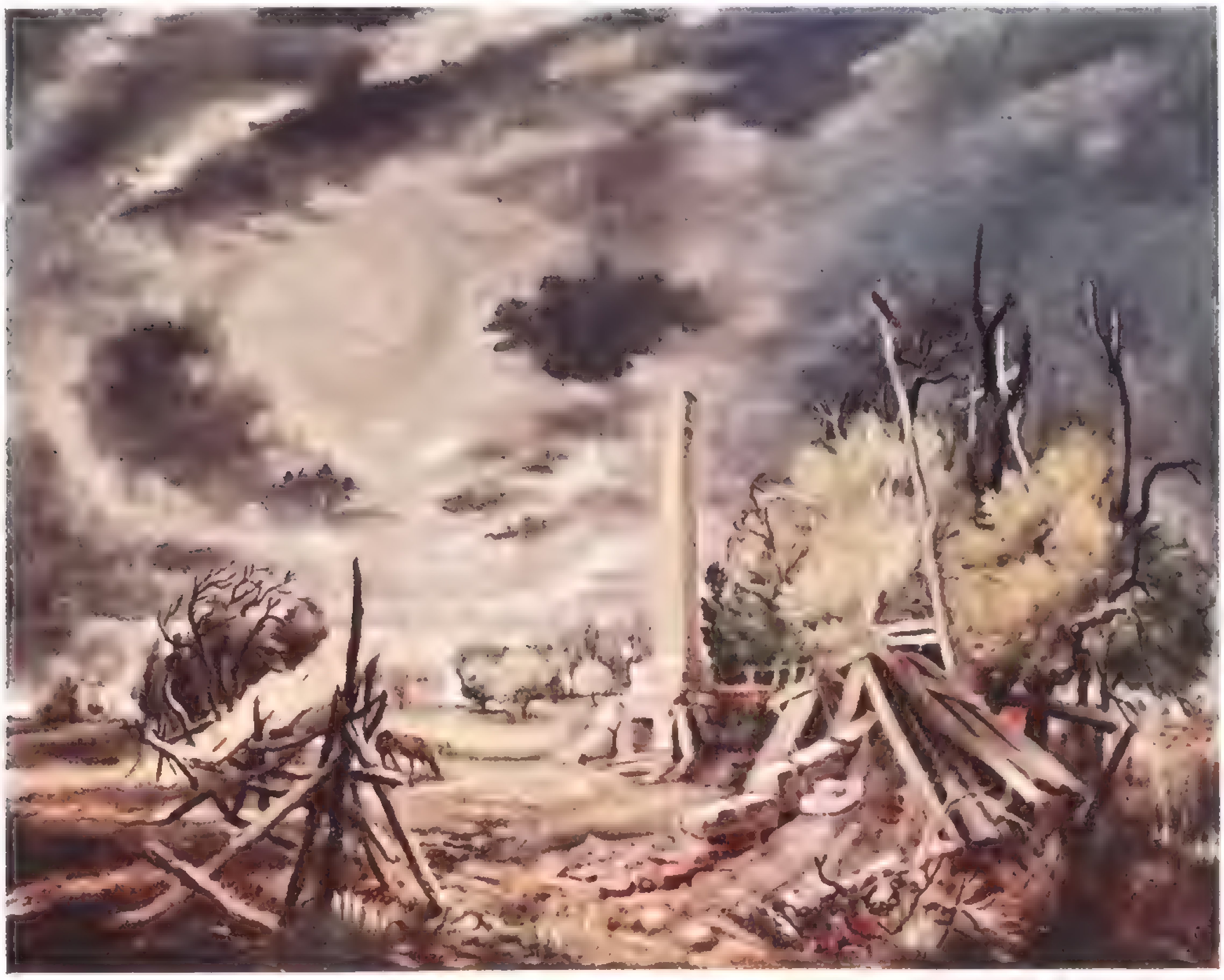


IOWAN LANDSCAPE

# A Collection of Paintings

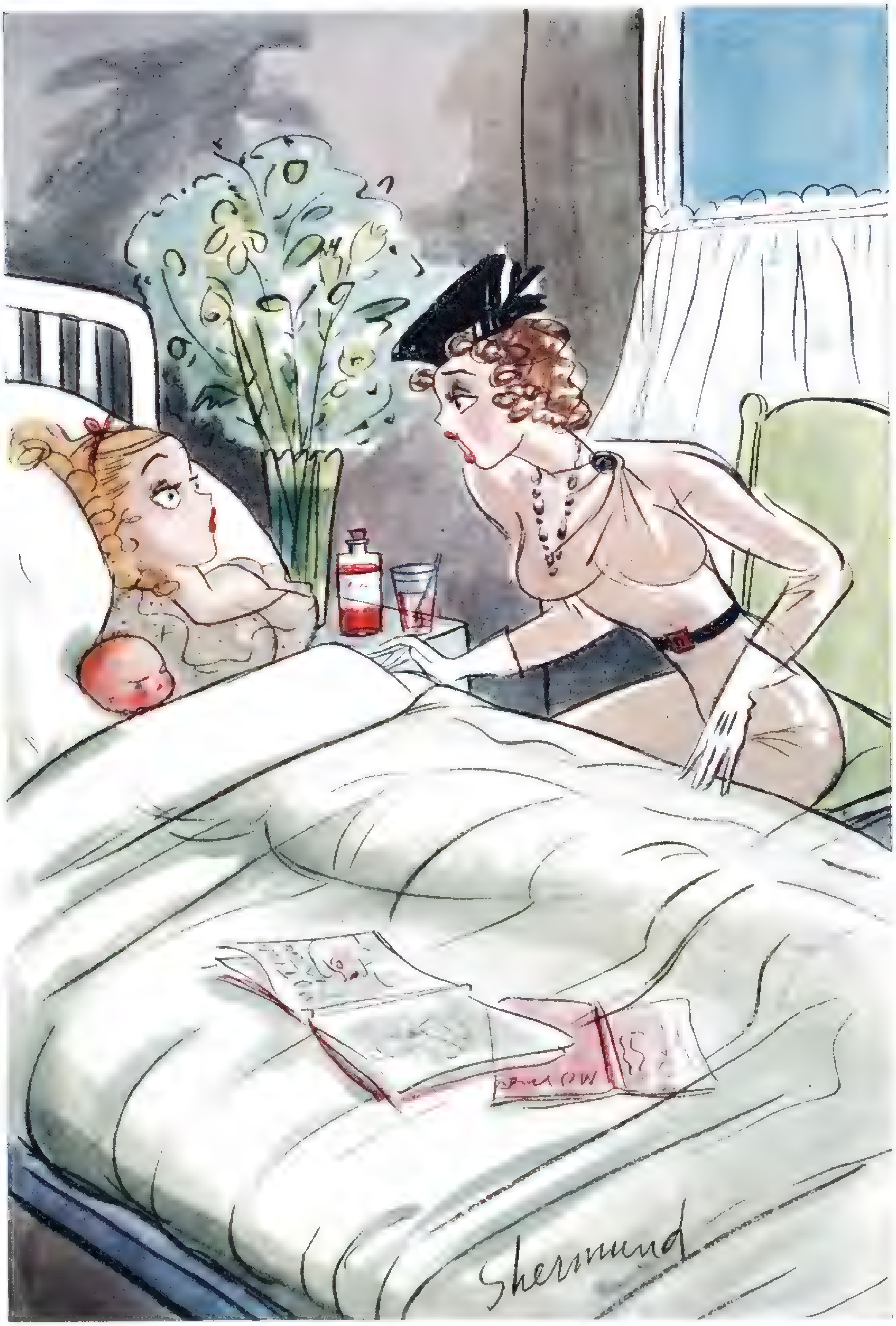
## *by* WILLIAM C. PALMER

His career thus far is a living testimony against the legend that art must be an expression of the wild and undisciplined spirit. He will not turn you out a canvas while you wait, but, like the tortoise, he will reach his goal, for he can measure the pace at which he travels against the ground which must be covered. There are youthful prodigies in other fields but the successful practice of art calls for maturity earned at the price of much experiment and many abandoned canvases, and William C. Palmer is only thirty-three years of age, which makes him practically a kid, though a mature one. He is young enough at this stage to close the door on one career and open the door on another. As his story shows, he is the kind of man who encompasses his ends by faithful industry rather than flashes of virtuosity. And as the paintings reproduced exhibit, his chief concern is with the stormier aspects of Nature, of wind-swept clouds creating forms almost mystically dramatic.



SPRING LANDSCAPE WITH RUINS

*Reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of Midtown Galleries, 605 Madison Ave., New York City*



*"I know, dear—but there's such a thing as carrying office politics too far"*

# Bedtime Story, 1939 Style

### Tiny Tots will be ready for life in a complicated world when they hear about Mother "The Fence" Goose

### *by* DOUG WELCH

• SATIRE •

*Dr. Paul Hanna at Stanford University's recent educational conference said stories like* The Three Little Pigs, The Ugly Duckling *and* Peter Rabbit *didn't help little children understand this complicated world—U. P. dispatch.*

GOOD evening, kiddies everywhere, this is your old Aunty Ethel coming to you again through the courtesy of Tortain's Tasty Tidbits for Tiny Tots with another bedtime story specially devised to help you understand this complicated world. Tonight I'm going to tell you about a darling little fellow named Peter Rabbit, or better known to the police as Peter The Rabbit, alias Peter "Take a Powder" Rabbit, owing to his cute habit of taking it on the lam somewhere every time the grand jury convened.

Now Peter was already collecting fifty cents on every crate of lettuce shipped into town, but he was an ambitious little chap and he figured the carrot industry was ripe for a touch, too. However, it was all Peter The Rabbit and his two industrious little aides, Danny "Sawtooth" Beaver and Freddy "Triggerman" Skunk, could do to keep the lettuce dealers in line. So what was poor Peter The Rabbit to do? Huh?

"Why don't you go down to see Mother 'The Fence' Goose?" suggested Freddy "Triggerman" Skunk brightly, and delighted with the suggestion, Peter The Rabbit scampered as fast as his little legs would carry him to the shop of wise old Mother "The Fence" Goose. In the front of her shop Mother "The Fence" Goose peddled engraved mottoes and satin pillow slips with legends like "Bless Our Home" and pictures of Niagara Falls in four glowing colors, but it was in her back room that she kept her best sellers, among them the floor plans to the First, Second and Third National Banks.

"I don't know, Peter," said Mother "The Fence" Goose doubtfully. "Times are tough. I get it through the grapevine only this morning that Ferdinand The Bull picked up Johnny 'High C' Cricket, and I understand Johnny's chirping to the prosecutor right now. However, if you will cut me in, say, for twenty-five per cent I might be able to put you in touch with three right guys."

"It's a deal," said Peter The Rabbit, although he *did* hate to lose that twenty-five per cent.

"There's three characters in town," said Mother "The Fence" Goose, "which are named Porky The Straw, Porky The Wood and Porky The Brick who are holing up because of a little job in Cleveland in which Robert 'Big Bad' Wolf got himself knocked off. They're staying with Butch The Sparrow who is also dodging a murder rap in the Cock Robin case."

So Peter The Rabbit scampered away to interview the Three Little Pigs, and they turned out to be pigs, all right, because they announced themselves in for fifty per cent, and when Peter The Rabbit protested he couldn't afford to give them fifty per cent they started working him over. So Peter sadly agreed.

"Oh, well," he consoled himself. "Twenty-five per cent for me and Danny and Freddy ain't exactly buttons, and I can always knock them off and keep the whole of it."

But who did he meet on his way home but Snifter Shepherd, the crooked police dog.

"Well, I hear you're branching out into the big time, Peter," said Snifter slyly. "Starting tomorrow my slice is twenty per cent, or you don't run. Think it over."

And that is all, kiddies, except that Peter The Rabbit had to turn to honest work in order to make a living, and the moral of this story is: If you've got a good racket, you'd better stick to it. Good night, all. ⵌ

# The Package Phantasy

## The black hairy god told all the people to pack up their troubles and bring them right down to the Grand Central Station

### *by* MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

THE God of Trouble has nothing to do. He sleeps all day. Long ago he did his job and did it well. He loaded the world full of trouble and now it just rumbles along.

Man is born, he lives and dies. When he buttons up one trouble he unbuttons another. Trouble is with him always and after he is dead there is someone else who inherits his trouble. That is how it is arranged. In other words the amount of trouble is constant, it is indestructible and not subject to any of the laws of modern physics. There is no running down of its energy. And so having fixed the world—smeared it up brimful—the God of Trouble has nothing more to do.

But the other day, after thousands of years of peaceful repose, he suddenly got up and called out: "Stop complaining! I am tired of listening to these plaintive laments. Man is born a grumbler and can never be satisfied. That is why the weight he carries is just. I will prove it to you."

After these angry words had been thundered across the sky this Sir Lucifer of Trouble, this creature who loaded the world full of grief, bowed man down, plastered Job with boils and infected the whole of humanity with a serum of sorrow, this demon God, a hairy monarch of misery who put all humanity into a Calcutta Black Hole, this full-bellied monster flew through the sky with a descending swirl and landed with both feet in New York.

"All right. Fine. No arguments. You don't like your troubles . . . Very well. Can't stand them another minute, drive you mad, drive you to suicide. Well here I am. I came to relieve you of your troubles. Go home and pack them up and be sure you don't leave out anything."

"Wait a minute. There must be some catch to this," remarked some of the bystanders.

"No, there is no trick to it at all. Pack up your troubles and I will give them to someone else. Your troubles are perfectly good troubles and if you don't like them perhaps someone else will."

"Nobody could like the troubles we have."

"Good. Go home. Pack them up. Don't leave a single scrap behind. Be sure you tie them well and have your name and address attached."

"And you will relieve us of our troubles, whole bundles at a time?"

"Yes. Bring the packages to Grand Central Station."

The news of this great delivery was flashed far and wide.

"Lordy! Lordy! Lordy!" cried a poor Negro in Harlem. "The day is come. Man is goin' to push that big trouble load off the dock of life. Lordy! Lordy! The Moses that led the Jews was only a hack driver who mixed his signals compared to this big boy who takes away the troubles. Now, ain't you ashamed of yourselves you dressed up, crap-shootin' unbelievers! Wrap up your troubles and pray. Oh Lordy! Lordy! Lordy!"

And on the East Side the poor Jews bowed down and gave humble thanks for this great delivery. And the poor Italians in Little Italy, they too, crushed under the load, heaved a sigh of joyful relief. And the Hungarians and Russians, the Chinese and East Indians, Roumanians, Greeks and Spaniards, French, Danes, Swedes, Yankees and Southerners, Westerners and just plain New Yorkers all clapped their hands in childish joy. Such a day as this had never before been known.

As for myself, I couldn't wait. I hurried home. I was determined to get hold of the best piece of wrapping paper that money could buy. I was not surprised at all to see peddlers in the streets pushing their carts before them and rattling away. What was selling a few cucumbers and oranges compared to unloading that heavy weight of trouble. I was certainly not surprised at this but I was surprised to see the millionaires leaving their clubs in taxi-cabs and hurrying home, for who would have expected that these silver-spoon-in-the-mouth-with-cream-and-honey boys would have anything as serious as troubles. But they were running off as fast as they were able—running home to make up their bundles.

But the best wrapping paper in the world, all-rag craft or whatever the trade calls it, did not seem good enough, not strong enough, to hold my troubles. I stopped at the grocer and brought home a good heavy carton.

Carton, here you are and I pack you full. First of all, my bad luck goes down on the bottom and may it be crushed out of existence. My broken hopes and the other disappointments, they go to. And my landlord—ugh, how ugly he is—I pack him in. And the first of the month—every month—I tuck that day in the corner of my carton. And a strange thing about my carton. It has printed on the outside "One Dozen Cans Sunbasked Prunes," but this doesn't matter and has nothing to do with my troubles. Just pack them in and no need to be too careful about them. Here goes my bad stammer—gone for good—I will be able to breathe now and not have my wind tied up in knots. Oh! What a gasping trouble that was! And the memory of a stupid and unadjusted youth, that too goes into the carton. My debts are not many but as little as they are . . . Goodbye to you little pesky flies. No more will you buzz in my ears. What a relief that will be! I pack you dear little debts next to my landlord. And the mortgage on my little six-acre farm, you belong with the debts. Goodbye to you. And the old tight shoes that gave me that corn, I might throw you in. And that whole package of fears fear of insecurity, fear of ill-health, fear of failure, fear of destitution—that whole lot of things that might never happen but hang on to corrode one's soul, all are now in the carton.

Now what else? I can't make head or tail of those papers and they must go. And that jury notice that I got last week, the fountain pen that leaks . . . and those embarrassing friends, and the laundry that ruins my shirts, goodbye to you. Those fits of depression that come over me for no apparent reason at all, and that pocket camera that has never yet made a good snapshot, all these trouble-makers I dumped into the carton. And there was still room on top for that book of German philosophy that proved our civilization was hopelessly declining. It led me wrong for so long. Goodbye. Farewell to all you prickly thorns, wounds of grief, pins that puncture the flesh and torture the free nature of man. Farewell! A stout cord to bind you up. Adieu! Goodbye and no stirrup cup for you. As soon as you are out of the house we hoist a bright flag and we sail ahead! So far out is the sea, so wide the horizon, so free the air without the stifle of trouble. Man is born anew and now we will live!

This is how I packed my troubles in the carton marked "Sunbasked Prunes." On the way to Grand Central I could see the streets black with people carrying their bundles of grief. And such a happy sight has never before been known. Men, women, children of all races were hurrying along to give back that present to this arrogant Prince of Evil, demon apothecary who had ready his prescription even before you were born. Foul fiend of man!

That little colored fellow from Harlem who called out excitedly: "Lordy! Lordy! Lordy!" had a bundle big as a rolled mattress on his back. Whatever could he have so big and heavy! Poor wretch. And the cucumber peddler from the Jewish Ghetto, he was using his pushcart for a package as big as a horse. And the sunny Italian ice-coal-and-wood merchant from our block was hurrying along with a big box. Was it possible that this radiant and happy soul, smiling always and joking, never complaining or grumbling, had hidden from sight a whole big box of troubles? Evidently so.

Hurrying along were women with hat boxes and girls with strange-looking packages, and a schoolboy with something exactly the size and shape of an algebra book. Each carried his full load and hurried on to Grand Central. And there also was that flower-in-the-buttonhole Fifth Avenue clubman, he who had hurried home to pack a little box no larger than half a pound of chocolates. One never thought he would have any troubles at all but there it was all in a little box. And he seemed just as anxious to get rid of his little bit as the others were of their great bundles.

And how high do you think was the pile of packages in Grand Central? I was there early. I had lost no time and the hill of packages was already up to the ceiling and a second pile was being started over the tracks. No trains running. Who wanted trains when . . . Oh the joy of throwing off that load of troubles!

"Wait a minute, sir. Here is a ticket for you," said a voice.

"I want no ticket. I need no receipt."

"Better take it."

"What is this?"

"A notice, sir, to appear next Tuesday."

"What for?"

"To pick a bundle from the pile there."

"No. No package for me."

"Yes, sir. You get one whether you like it or not. But you have the choice of taking any package you desire—large or small. Of course they remain unopened, sir, until you get home."

"Wait a minute. I don't like that."

"Well, sir, you don't like your troubles, do you?"

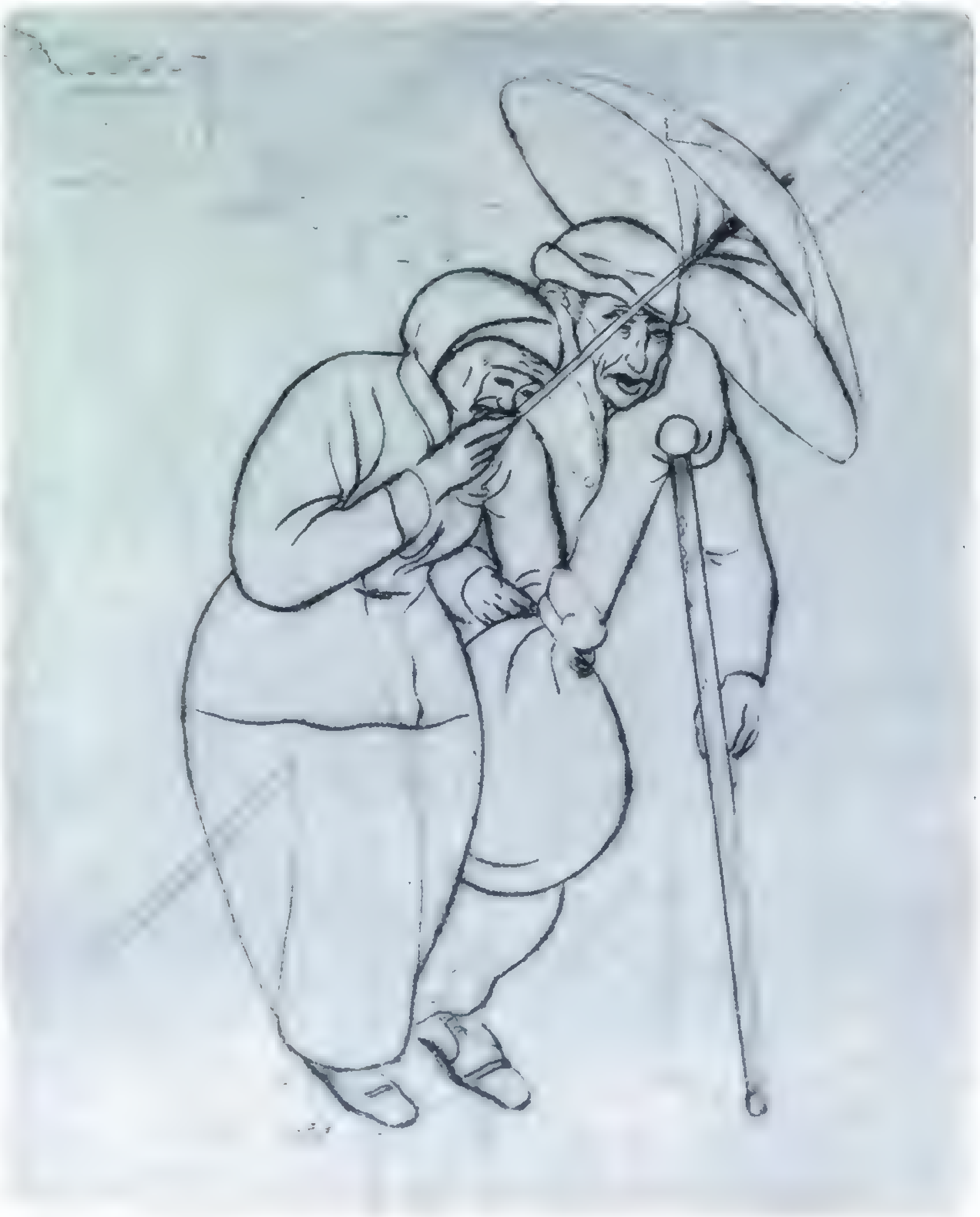
"Certainly not. I packed them up."

"All right, we will take them away and you may come Tuesday and pick for yourself a package that looks good to you. You don't think for a moment that you are going to live in this world without some troubles?"

"Well, I didn't know."

"Well, sir, now you do know."

I went home with a new worry such as I had never known before. Here everything had been all packed up, everything was figured up and the ledger closed with a line ruled on the bottom of the page, but now just with these few words the damn account was opened again and a new worry rose up out of an empty jar like the Smoke Genii in the *Arabian Nights*.



ETCHING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

No. I don't want that bundle the poor "Lordy, Lordy" Negro was bringing as large as a mattress. Heaven alone knows what it might contain. And the thing on the pushcart as large as a horse, I won't have that one for all the world. And not the coal man's box nor any other oddly shaped and terrifying package. How is one to know what could be inside? No, I must hurry back and get my own carton out of that pile. Get it back. Get it back at any cost before it's too late.

I ran to the station to save the package that only a few hours before I was so happy to part with.

I ran as hard as I could and arrived quite breathless.

"Wait a minute, sir. You are due to come back on Tuesday."

"But by then someone may have taken it."

"The chances are, sir, it will still be here."

I pleaded with him to please let me out of this and "only my own package that was all I would take." But no, I could not move him and all he replied was: "Tuesday, Tuesday."

In this I was not alone. Others also had been ordered to return at a future date to select a bundle. The anxiety and gloom that fell over the entire city is impossible to describe. Such a sudden change. It seemed ages but at last, at last Tuesday arrived.

The black hairy God of Trouble sat on a throne of packages. He was firmly imbedded and very comfortable among all the trouble.

"So you want your own back again?" His voice was coarse. "Yes, if you don't mind. I could find it easily for I packed everything in a carton that I got from the grocer and the carton was marked 'One Dozen Cans Sunbasked Prunes.' That one is mine and I would rather keep my own."

"But there may be some here that you would prefer."

"Oh no. I'm taking no chances."

"Not even with a little one? Here, for instance, is a little box probably marked 'Tiffany' or 'Saks Fifth Avenue.' It can't contain much."

"Looked like a half-pound of chocolates to me. Saw the fellow bring it. . . . Flower in his buttonhole. . . . Rich as hell. I bet he has nothing to do all day but clip coupons."

"Well, how about it?"

"No. For all I know that idle dandy may have put his boils or a little cancer inside. The size alone makes me suspicious. No. Give me my carton and let me go home."

I was greatly relieved when they found the carton and brought it forward.

"Allow me to open it and see what you treasure so highly."

With these words he undid the cord and there my whole life lay bare before him.

"This book?"

"Oh, it's nothing. A lot of nonsense. Have long put it out of my mind. And those fits of depression, they are mine and I don't want anyone to have them. I really don't think I could be happy without them."

"The camera?"

"Bad snapshots. But if it took good pictures it might only lead to an expensive hobby and surround me with a lot of photo nuts. I want to keep it."

"The bad laundry?"

"Never mind. Changing it next week. And that fountain pen that leaks, just throw it away and forget about it."

"The papers?"

"Nothing at all. A little mortgage. Let the bank worry. The jury notice—well, I'd rather be in that court than sit here with that mountain of packages there."

"This rolled-up thing?"

"Little fears tied with a rubber band. Never happened yet and may never happen at all. And those debts. Don't touch them. I've always taken care of them myself. I have some pride, though it may not show."

"The person packed in here?"

"Oh, he is my landlord. He's a good fellow. You should watch us race down the hall the first of every month to see who can reach my doorbell first. Some fun when we get going. It would be quite lonesome without him."

"And on the bottom of the package?"

"Oh, just nothing at all. Some broken hopes and bad luck and a bad stammer getting over it. Another fright like this and I will be all cured. And the old shoes that gave me a corn. They are my shoes and I want them back. The whole carton is mine and I want it!"

"Well, you are just like the rest of them. They all want their own packages back. Not one soul has had nerve enough to make a trade. And so if you want your own back, well, take it! Here's the cord. You good-for-nothing grumblers! For centuries the belly rumble of your complaints has disturbed my peace and I have come here to prove to you . . ."

I did not hear the rest of his harsh words for no sooner did I get my precious carton than I ran so fast for fear the black hairy devil would change his mind and slap one of those unknown packages into my hands. His thundering voice still echoes in my ears. But now I am happy and I can't explain why. ##

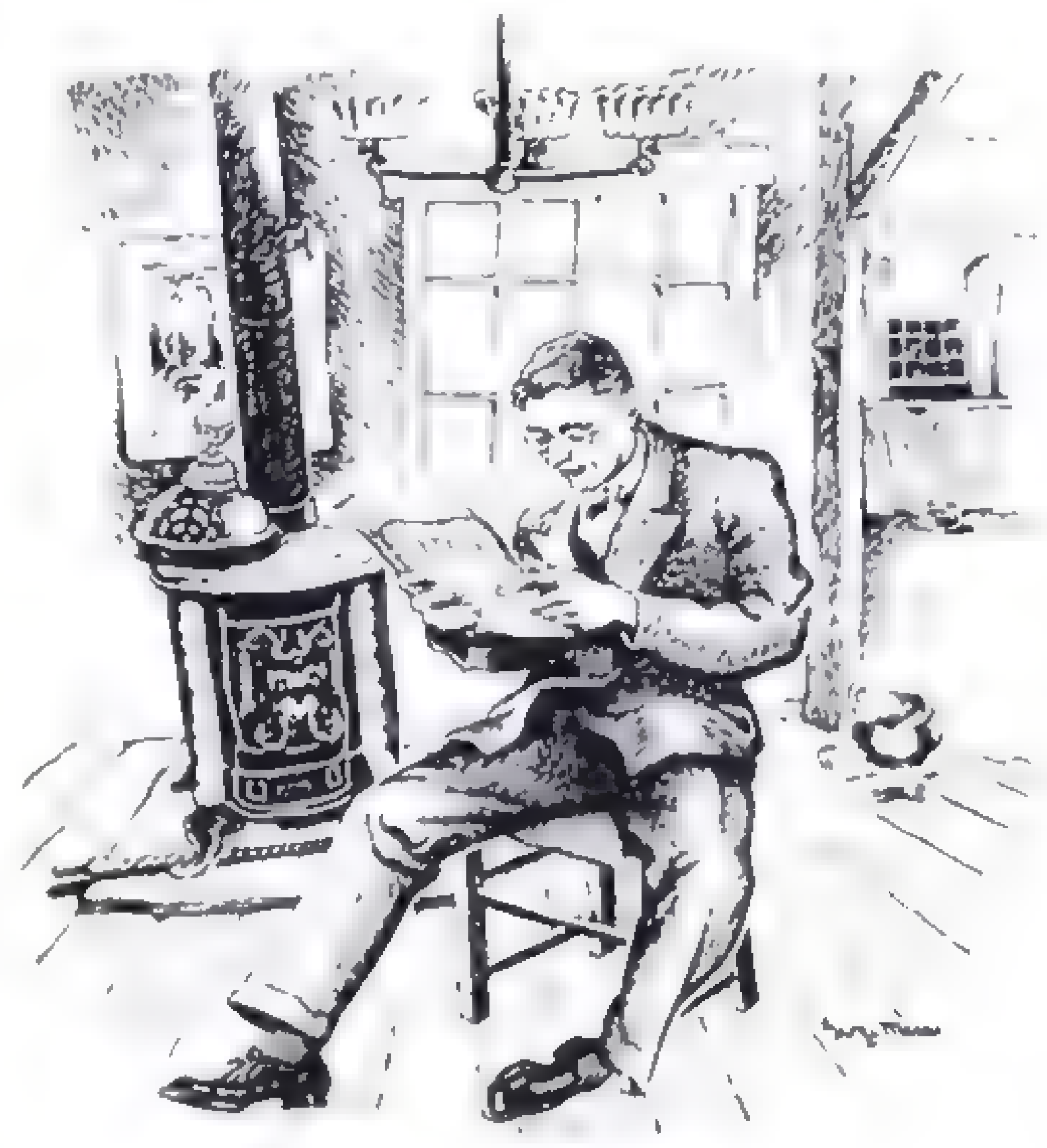
# Blazing Trails for Television

## The idea of television occurred to a lad of nineteen while he was reading a detective story

### by MILTON A. STODDARD

• ARTICLE •

Will the 23,000,000 radio sets in the United States become obsolete when television soon becomes a daily, practical service? Will some radio stations be able to broadcast only sound while others send forth both sound and moving pictures? Will two receiving sets be needed in the home, one for sound and the other for television reception; or, at least, will two troublesome tuning operations be required in order to bring in both sound and pictures in perfect synchronism?



These questions are of deep concern today to scientists and certainly to the millions of radio fans who will greet real, simple, clear television with enthusiasm if the cost of enjoying it is not too high.

Another vital question is whether the advent of commercial television will involve equipment so costly to the broadcasting companies that nationwide service will be long delayed.

Of course, several new television stations are already under construction in the New York area. General Electric, for example, plans to inaugurate regular broadcasts from a powerful station at Indian Ladder, N. Y., near Schenectady. It is also known that G.E., R.C.A. and other leaders in the field of radio will have impressive television exhibits at the New York World's Fair. At about the same time, commercial television receiving sets, ranging in price from one hundred fifty dollars up, will appear on the market. Still, the practicality of commercial television from a financial standpoint remains to be demonstrated.

One answer to pressing television questions, however, apparently lies in a simple new invention—a radio and television device which many persons believe will save millions of dollars in the cost of contemplated television transmitters as well as enable thousands of homes to have television without prohibitive cost.

But the story behind this remarkable instrument is even more amazing than the device itself. It is a story that goes back over twenty-three years of scientific trail-blazing, and reveals the strange fact that many important inventions that we now accept as commonplace had their actual beginnings in a detective story.

The trail begins in a small Idaho hotel. Among the traveling salesmen stopping there over the week end, was nineteen-year-old Le Roy J. Leishman, who within four years was to inaugurate the world's first commercial service of news-pictures by wire.

Young Leishman was "on the road" calling on the schools to introduce his first invention, the arcascope—a mechanical drawing instrument that also worked many mathematical problems that were previously solved by expensive slide rules. Though he originally intended it for geometry only, Leishman soon found that the arcascope had even greater usefulness in trigonometry; but as he did not then understand trigonometry himself, he hired his former mathematics teacher to write the trigonometry part of the instructions that were furnished with the instrument.

To while away the time until the schools opened on Monday morning, Leishman bought a magazine containing a "Craig Kennedy" detective story by the late Arthur B. Reeve, famous for his scientific fiction. The plot of the story was woven around a character of Reeve's imagination, Signor Franconi, who had a machine for transmitting pictures by *wireless*, as radio was usually called in those days. This fictitious instrument transmitted "light and dark points so rapidly and in such a manner as to deceive the eye and produce at the receiving end what amounted to a continuous reproduction of a picture at the transmitting end."

That idea fascinated Leishman. He had often thought of the problem of seeing the person at the other end of a telephone line. But he knew that to transmit such an image would require breaking up the picture into thousands of small sections and transmitting them individually. Leishman had previously thought only of sending them simultaneously, which would have required thousands of wires, one for each tiny picture unit. But to send these little picture elements one at a time, instead of all at once, and record them in strips or lines at the receiving end, as Signor Franconi's imaginary device was supposed to do, would require only one electric circuit or radio carrier wave, and Leishman thought a practical system could be developed from this idea. To transmit pictures fast enough for television, he knew would be impossible with the tools then at the disposal of science; but if the pictures could be recorded, news photos and other facsimiles could be transmitted, and it would not be objectionable to spend several minutes to send and receive a single picture.

Before the arcascope salesman went to bed that night, he had worked out the fundamental principles of a practical system for transmitting pictures by wire or radio. He expected to use a thin unetched newspaper cut, rolled into a cylinder, at the transmitting end. He had learned the rudimentary principles of photo-engraving through watching the cuts made for his high school magazine, and he knew that the etching acid ate down the copper plate excepting where its action was resisted by the emulsion dots that formed the half-tone picture. Leishman reasoned that these same dots that resisted the acid could also be used to interrupt the flow of an electric current. Although he had in mind various refinements to such a transmitting plate, a great deal depended upon a practical test with an unetched half-tone cut, which would have to wait until he could return to his home in Ogden, Utah.

Leishman was perhaps fortunate that he did not then know of previous attempts to transmit photographs electrically, line for line, on revolving cylinders. Not knowing of the difficulties of previous experimenters, he had nothing to discourage him. Bain and Bakewell had used revolving cylinders in crude line-for-line picture transmissions in 1847, before the telephone, phonograph, radio, or incandescent electric light had been invented. But Leishman, although he had not invented the first method for transmitting pictures electrically, had nevertheless conceived the practical principles upon which the first commercial systems of telephotography or facsimile transmission—were soon to be based.

Before beginning the actual construction of transmitting and receiving machines, Leishman arranged for the preliminary test of his unetched half-tone plate idea. On a sheet of light polished copper, a photo-engraving shop prepared a half-tone picture according to his instructions, omitting about half the usual steps required to make an ordinary newspaper cut. A dry-cell battery, an electric bell, and three pieces of wire completed the test apparatus. One terminal of the battery was attached to the copper plate, the other to the electric bell. One end of the third piece of wire was connected to the remaining

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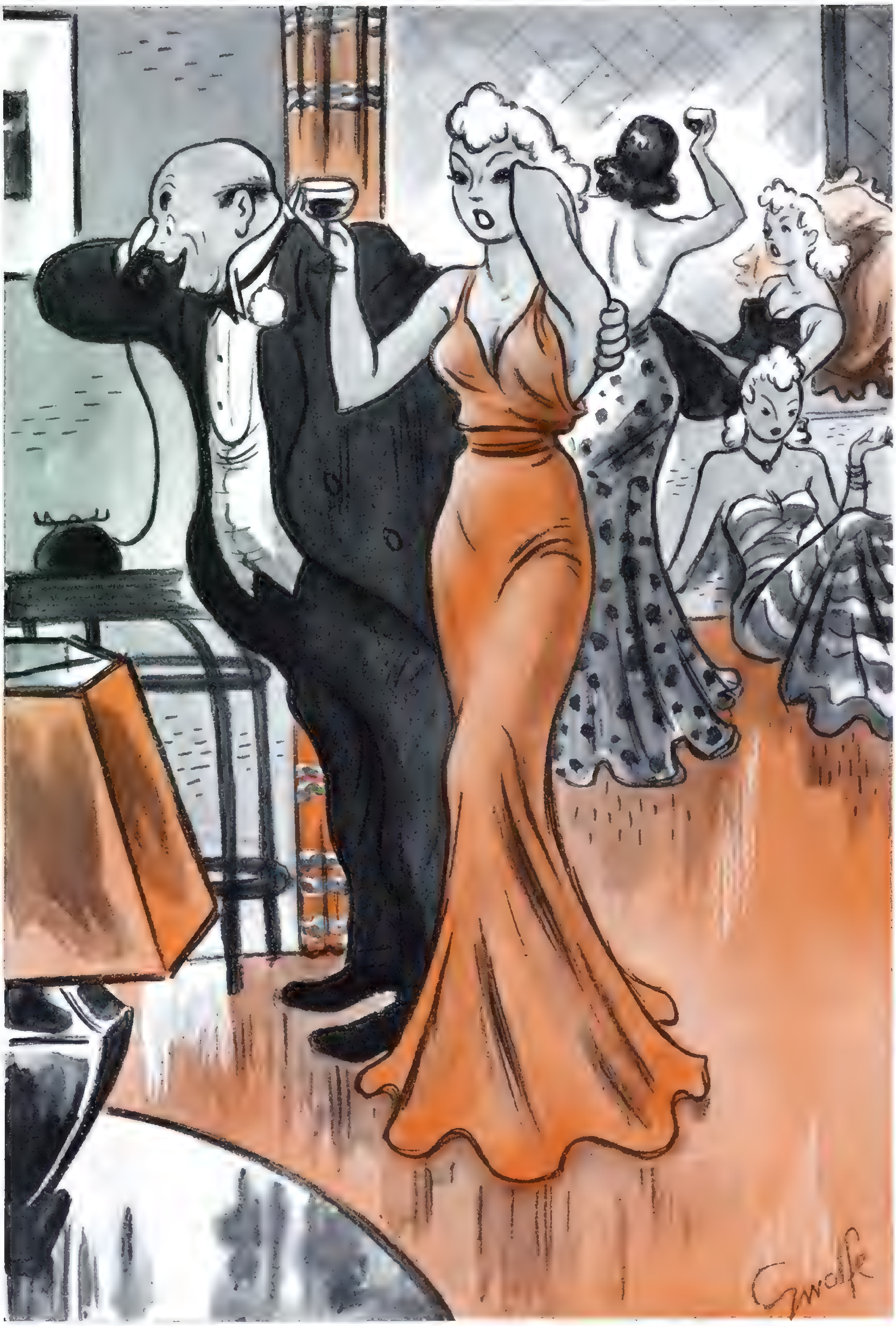
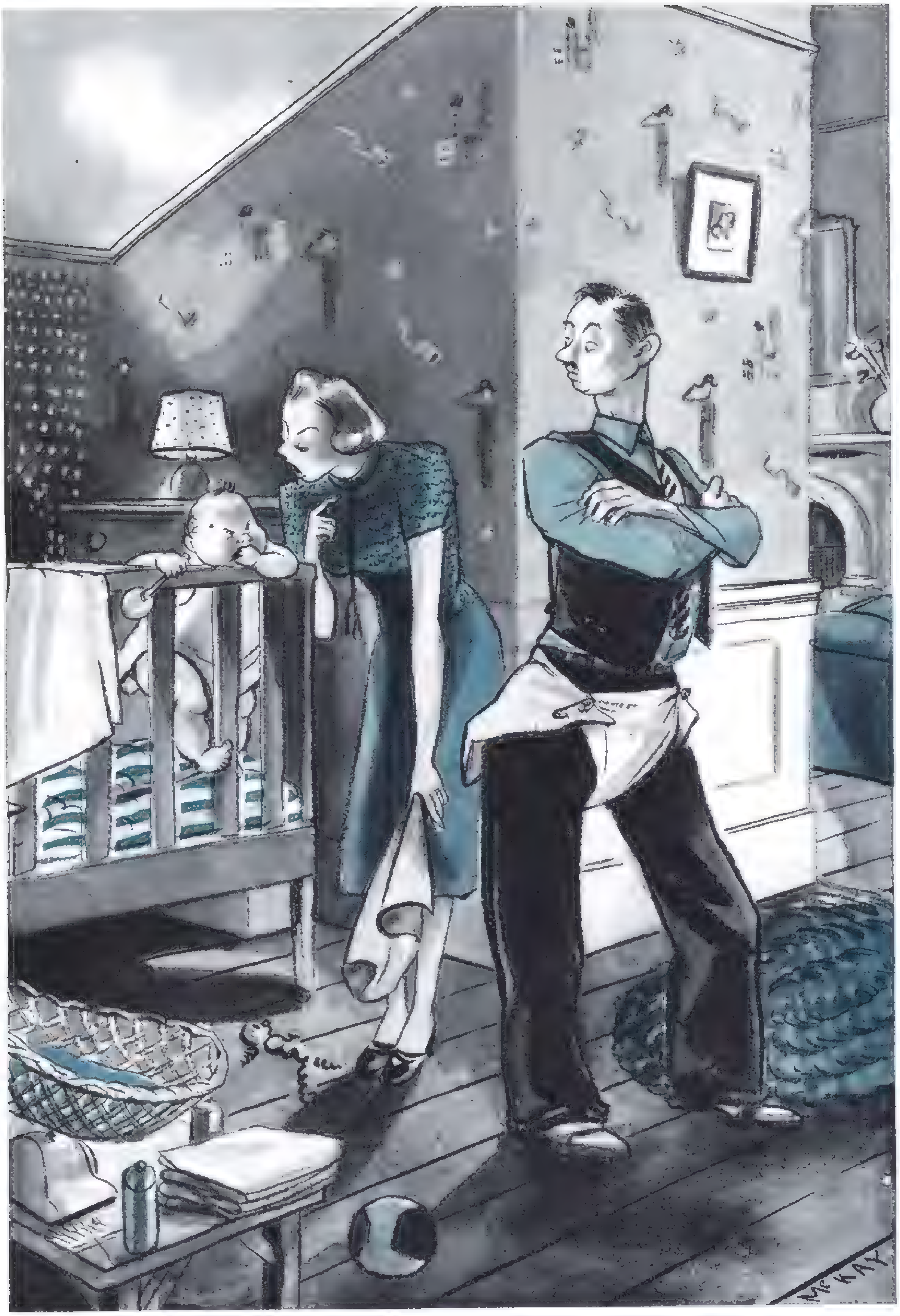


*"A woman in my room?—Sir—you underestimate me!"*



*"See! Daddy didn't cry"*

# As a Little Child

**None of his friends worried about old Howie, for after you've known a fellow a while, you don't stop to analyze him**

## *by* ALLAN SEAGER

• FICTION •

At six o'clock one autumn afternoon, Howard Chapin lay on a divan in a young lady's apartment, trying to make up his mind to propose to her again. After the first time, she had said, "Why?" This question had nonplussed him because he could not really tell her why, and being without artifice at the moment, he had looked out the window and said, because I love you, a reply so obviously impromptu that she had laughed at him.

The reasons why he wanted to marry her were simple, too simple for him to recognize them: he was lonely, since most of his friends were married, and, at thirty, he was coming to be asked to the apartments of his already married friends for Sunday night supper; often he did not get enough sleep; he ate at odd times and of the nearest food; living in the city had made him nervous (a flat too close to the El tracks and only the sixty-two windows of the building next door to look at when he woke up in the morning. There were many little things like this, of course.) And he drank too much trying to relax the tension.

But nothing appears to be simple if it is happening to you, and if Chapin had been asked, and could have brought himself to answer truthfully, his reasons for marriage would have seemed fairly obscure: every day you sit in your office with your typewriter, facing the window so you can look out at the News Building and watch the gulls over the river. The light is in your eyes but you want to have something to look at when you get tired of making up lies about Milady's girdles, Milady's silk stockings, Milady's "foundation garment which subtly persuades her *derrière* to preserve its true enticing profile." After four years of Milady you get pretty tired, even though you get a hundred dollars cash every Friday afternoon for your copy.

And coming down Broadway after the theatre, there are so many faces, and they all know where they are going.

And especially the time just after the dwarf had stepped out of the alleyway on Barrow Street and asked him for a match and he had been going to call on Tom and Emily, and, when he had knocked, he heard them whispering behind the door and at last they opened it and said, "Oh, it's only Howie Chapin."

And the poor helpless newspapers blowing in the streets at night.

Waking up at night alone, you run into the bathroom frightened, but in the mirror, it is not your shaving face you see, and you go back to bed alone with nothing settled. You are always alone among so many faces, all of them shut tight. You are alone except for Milady, that incubus—at once your mistress and your nightmare; alone at parties where friends say it is only Howie Chapin, and among the blowing newspapers; when anyone stops you at night, it is a dwarf who says, "Hey, Mac, got a match?" And "Mac" is the formal mode of address to a stranger. These were also the reasons why he wanted to marry her. But he thought he had better drink one more cocktail before he said anything. Alcohol was converted into sugar and sugar into energy. When she paused to offer him another Martini, he said:

"I will, if you don't mind."

She began to walk up and down again talking. She was a photographer's model and sometimes she made as much as seventy dollars a week; then she served cocktails and rejoiced and he listened. Sometimes she made nothing; then he bought her dinner and she complained and he listened. In this way they had become good friends, and he was reasonably sure she would not mind if he proposed again, as soon as he felt the warmth from the second cocktail in his belly.

He hoped it would make a new man of him. Everybody said a drink made a new man of you. But it never made him into a new man six feet tall with a ruddy complexion and easy with himself. Drink merely made him drunk and thoughtful. He drank the Martini and chewed the olive away from the pit, beginning to listen to Barbara and waiting for the cocktail to work.

"—and do you know I stood there one solid hour with that damned wolfhound on the leash and two big fans blowing on my back to make my skirt flutter? He couldn't get his lights set for the right shadow, he said. And his assistant sat there all the time just out of camera range with a plate of hamburg to make the dog strain at the leash. Did you ever hear of anything so phony?"

"It's all phony, I guess." He took up the word because it would be easy to go on from it to describe his life and how he felt now, the male bird, only dun-colored, to make his little fluttering display. He wanted to tell her how unhappy he was and how she could stop all this, but she looked at her watch and said:

"I've got to throw you out again, Howie. If I'm going out to dinner, I must dress."

He rose obediently and got his hat and coat.

"Will you marry me, Barbara?" He said this standing in the doorway, with his coat over his arm and the other hand on the knob.

"Don't be a fool, Howie," she said, laughing.

"Well. All right," he said, laughing also as if it were a joke, laughing because she did. "Good-night, Barbara."

He went out and pressed the button for the elevator. When it came the boy slammed the door back and he entered.

"Going to be a cold night, Mr. Chapin," the boy said.

"It is a cold night," he answered.

He walked across the lobby and out into the street. The wind blew back the skirts of his topcoat which he had forgotten to button. People looked at him and smiled; the topcoat had full skirts. He buttoned the coat hurriedly.

II

When Howie came home with a bottle of whiskey, I knew he was worried about something, and he wanted to figure it out or kill it by getting drunk. Since I had ulcers, I can't drink and Howie usually goes to a bar.

"You voted for the return of the open saloon. Why defile the home?" I asked him.

He set the whiskey on the kitchen table. "Will it really bother you if I drink here this evening?"

"Not a bit. I'm going out. I've got to shake hands with people at the Waldorf," I said,

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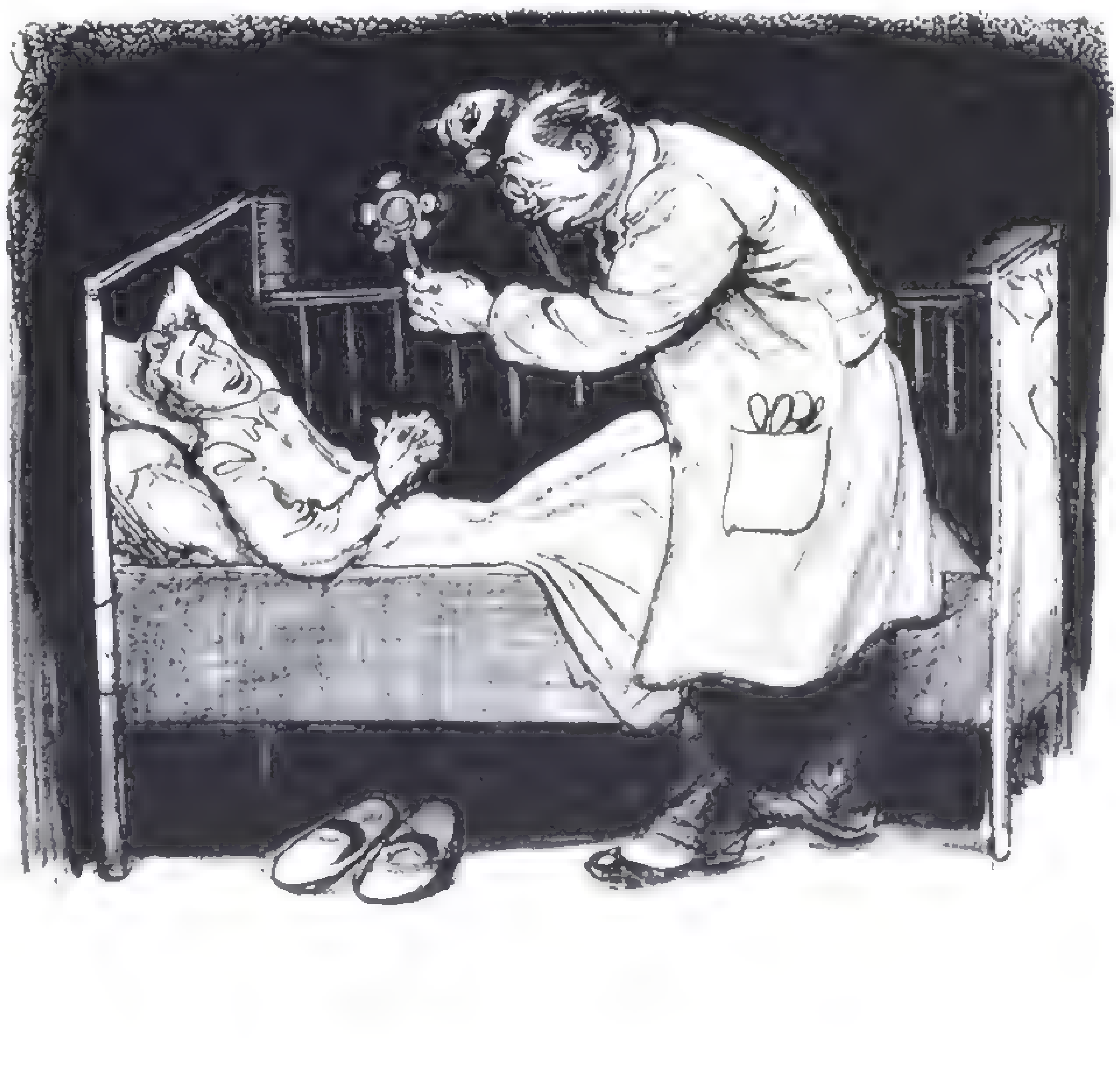

# No Timing Whatever

## Giving voice to the suspicion that there's no such animal as that cliché of critics: timing

### *by* GILBERT SELDES

**• THE LIVELY ARTS •**

Maybe if I had invented timing I'd be fonder of it. I didn't and every time I see the word my gorge or hackles or complexes rise. When I saw, with pleasure, the editor's note that I had appeared in every issue of Esquire since the beginning of time, I was pleased, but I wanted him to add, "he has written about dancers, comedians, movie actors, race horses, and tennis players, but he has never used the word 'timing.' " Writing for Esquire is a pleasure; not to use the word timing is a triumph.

His sense of timing is miraculous! Beautiful sentence, which I have seen in connection with Will Rogers, Donald Budge, Ray Bolger, and, I think, Man o' War. In fact I have seen it about all sorts of performers except those who deal with time specifically: composers of music and their interpreters. And whenever I have read these words I have wondered whether it was entirely meaningless; I hated to admit that I had missed something so obviously quintessential. Time, said Cromwell or somebody, is of the essence. Timing, say rafts and rafts of writers, is the essence itself.

My first query is whether the whole thing means anything more than "he times his actions well." Will Rogers used to make three-quarters of a remark; twirl the lasso; make another eighth of a remark; chew his gum; and finish his statement. He got, when he was going well, four laughs where one would have been par if he had just spoken in a single, unbroken piece. If you liked his delivery, his timing was wonderful; if not, he was milking the audience. It doesn't matter. In either case he was presenting his stuff in the most effective way; and if his stuff hadn't been good, he could have been past master of timing in the most exalted degree, and he wouldn't have got his laughs. Every good actor from the beginning of comedy has fed his material to the audience, waiting for a snicker to build up into a laugh, ready to cap the laugh with another joke. Of course if Will Rogers had hurried into the middle of a laugh, no one would have heard his supplement; if he had waited for the laugh to die out entirely he would have had to start building all over again. There is the best moment to do anything and some people have a quicker instinct about it than others. But timing as a separate function strikes me as doubtful.

Take it in regard to tennis. There is one best moment for returning the ball. It may not be the same for all players, some of whom may get better results by waiting longer than others, by getting the ball higher or lower on the bounce. A player develops his style and then instinctively waits for the ball to be in such a position that his stroke will be most effective. But there isn't any special timing-technique he can learn; it's part of everything else, from his grip to the position of his feet. In fact, if his feet are wrong, he'd better change his time, to get results.

Mr. Roosevelt's timing is said to be amazing. Mr Roosevelt is known to be a master politician (a master politician is the man whom his enemies call a demagogue, but this isn't a political article), and therefore, if things get hot for him in one quarter, he starts something he's pretty sure of in another. Marvelous timing! Every second lieutenant out of the R.O.T.C. has heard about creating a diversion. Also every statesman who has an ex-newspaperman as a secretary knows enough to give out startling statements on Sundays because the Monday papers are freer with white space. (They were, until Hitler began to use it.) All that's not timing. It's common sense.

Mr. Paul Draper does an extremely pretty dance, without music. It is made up of the sound of his feet, moving from soft to loud and back again, plus the speed of the sound, from slow to fast. You can figure four combinations right there: soft-slow; loud-slow; soft-fast; loud-fast. When you combine every in-between stage of sound and speed, you get an infinite number of possibilities, and that's more or less what Draper gives you. Dancing is based on time—the strict observance of its passage. I've seen and heard Draper do the dance a dozen times and it's never exactly identical with any other time. The main thing is that the general curve of the performance is pretty much the same: the proportions are about the same. But a variation in timing doesn't ruin the dance in the slightest.

The connection between "timing" and the amount of noise made is very close in the work of another artist (salute!): Gracie Allen. Miss Allen is one of the funniest people in the business and, no matter who supplies the situations and the gags, you know perfectly that her method counts for a lot. Does she time her effects perfectly? Without a doubt. But she does more—yet no one has ever spoken of her marvelous "voluming." It's worthy of comment.

On a recent program she had been collaborating with everyone else in preventing George Burns from telling about a party he was going to give; toward the end, everybody agreed to let George tell his story. And as he began Gracie, in a still small voice just barely uttered the words "My brother was held up." It passed unnoticed; a moment later, she said it again, with a tiny addition of a word or two, and just slightly louder. And so, at the proper time, but also with the proper pitch and tone and rhythm and volume, she kept interrupting until her story rose above George's and she worked in the gag. I maintain that the "voluming" was as exquisite and artistic and earth-quelling as the timing; that's all. (Or take her best gag, when she tells a funny story, joins in the laugh—and then says, "I don't get it." She could time it perfectly, but if she roared it at the top of her voice, the effect would be totally different.)

But don't let anyone say that I am merely a destructive critic. I suspect that timing is a contemporary word for the old-fashioned quality known as style; and the reason I object to the newcomer is that it seems scientific and actually isn't. It is, I believe, a matter of record that Babe Ruth hit more home runs than Ty Cobb; but to many people there was more pleasure in watching Cobb at the bat, even if he lifted a long fly, than in seeing Ruth's homers. Cobb, to my mind, had style. The same thing occurs in other fields: Mr. Clive Bell found it in cricket; and found also that it needn't be the record-breaker that has the best style; but in every case the man with style is way out in front of most of the others, because the style has something to do with the job. As the architects say, it's functional. Time is part of it and I suppose space is another part. Where and how Ty Cobb stood at the plate were no less important than the moment he made his swing. And the muscles in his arms had their share, too, in the total result.

The great horse lovers assure me that horses, too, have style when they run—which is a sobering thought. What about their timing?

I said before that you never hear of timing in the one art built on time—music. There

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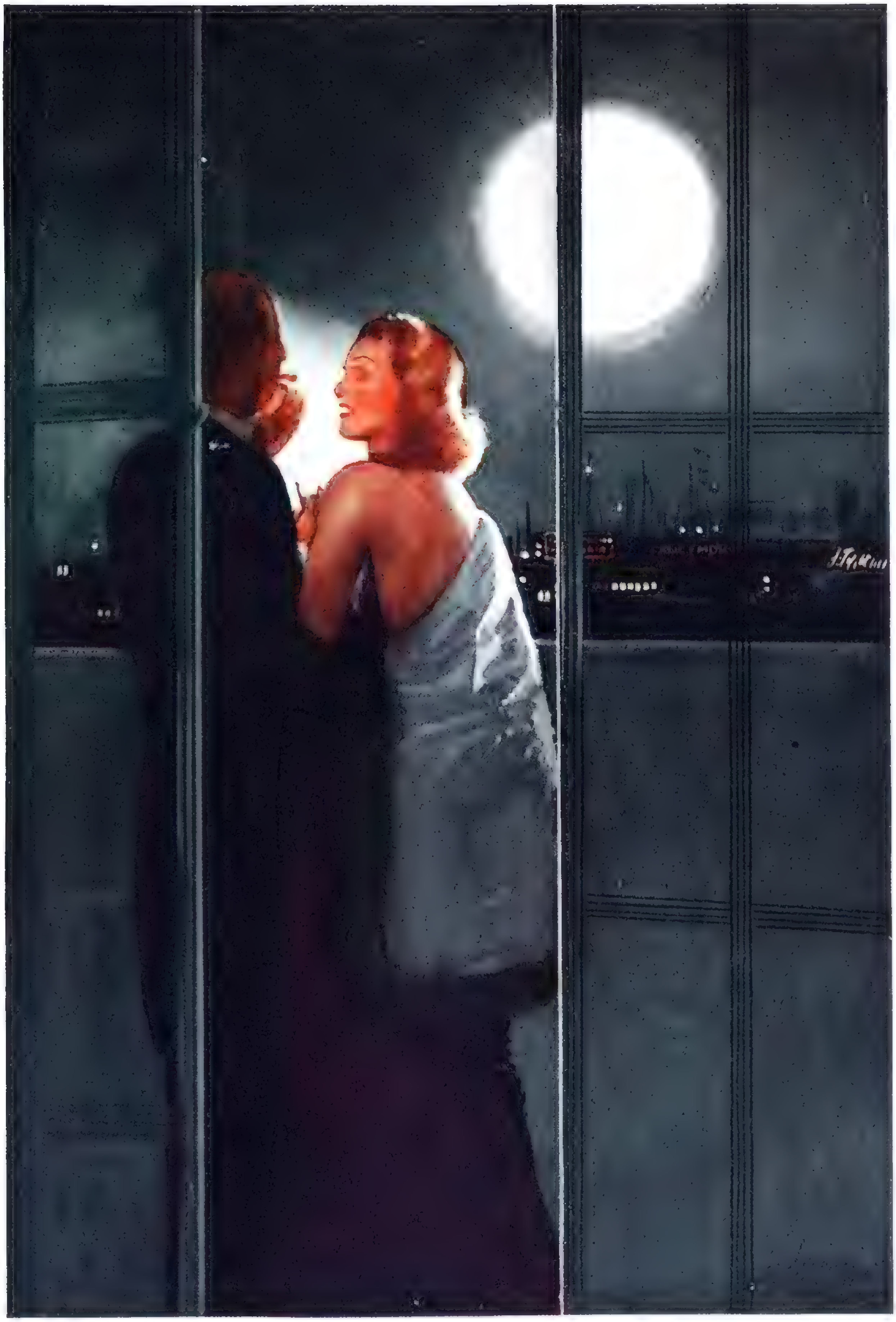
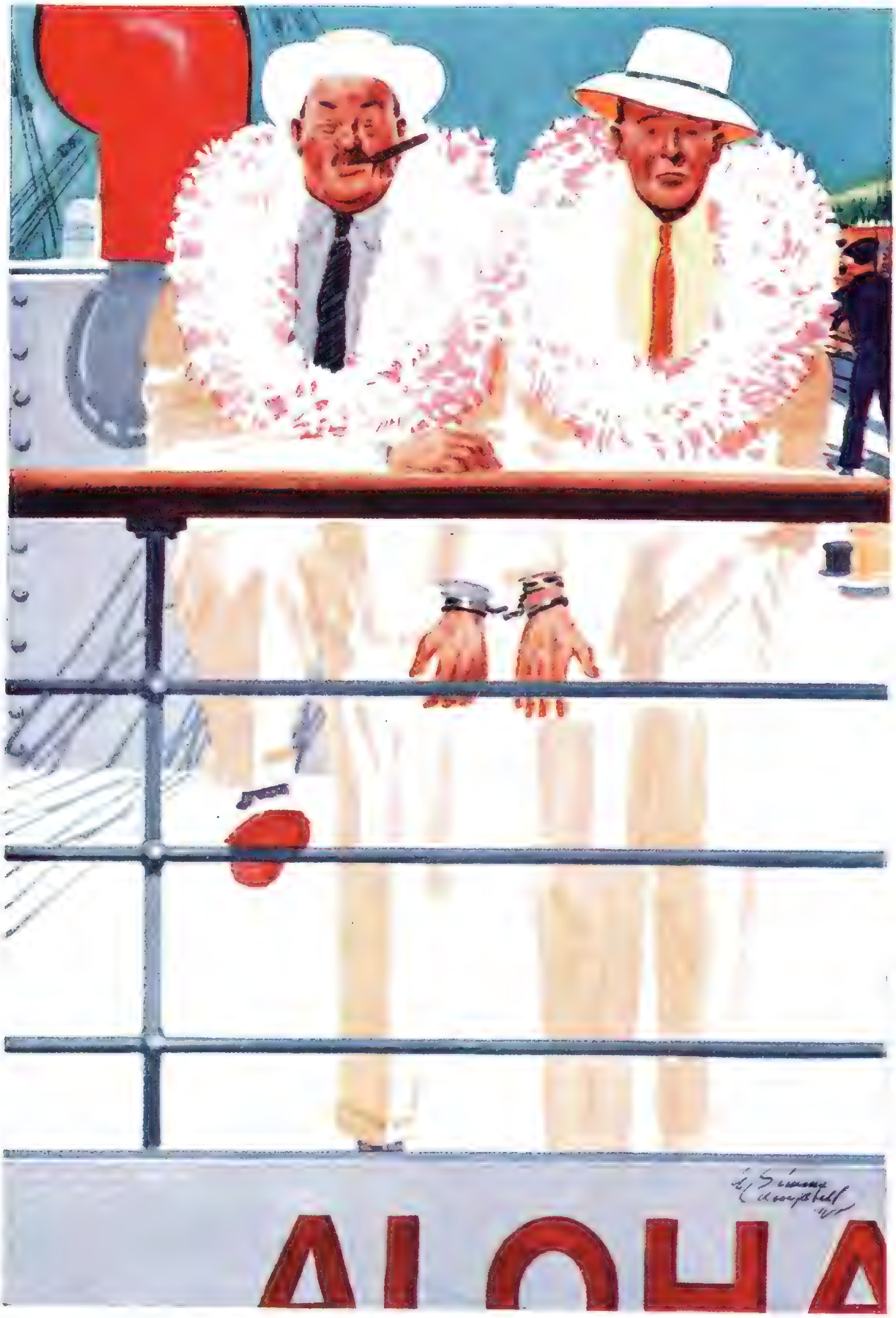


*"What a moon—just imagine the power of that advertising space!"*


E. Simms Campbell
ALOHA

# Friend of the Bulamatari

**Anything may happen when people are transplanted from their native land to a primitive country like Africa**

### *by* E. E. GATTI

• FICTION •

I couldn't figure it out. Albert hadn't an enemy on earth. He was the squarest man I ever knew, and he had a sort of compassion in him that drew men to him. He was the best administrateur in the whole High Congo district because he had a real passion for his job.

He had a rough territory, too, but he'd made them all from the lowest dog to the biggest chief or witch doctor respect the "*Bulamatari*," as the natives call both the Belgian Government and the man who represents it. I always liked that word, *Bulamatari;* somehow there's something musical in the way they drawl it out, and when they used it for Albert it seemed to me they put everything he was, into the way they said it.

For he wasn't the type of official who says a law's a law, and slaps some poor devil in the *bloc* without giving him the least idea of what he's done that's wrong.

"They have a reason," I've heard him say of the blacks a hundred times, "they always have a reason. And until I find out what it is, I can't judge them."

He had unlimited patience in listening to their palavers, picking up this little thread and that, until he'd get to the bottom of a question. But when he did, he wasn't soft. He administered the law strictly, but he saw to it that the native understood why.

And the black men knew this, and loved him. That was the queerest part of it all to me. For this crime, and I was convinced now that it was a crime, was not a white man's act.

I wish I were a good hand at describing that country as it was then, and as it is for the most part today. For if you could get the feel of things up there you'd understand, maybe, how a crime of that kind was born in its own atmosphere.

When I tell you that Taka was a little clearing carved out of the forest, don't get the idea that that forest was a nice polite woodland like we have back in the States. It was the old equatorial jungle herself, and nobody knows anything about her, in spite of the articles in the Sunday Gazettes by bright male and female journalists who come down and take a trip along the motor roads in Africa and go back and say the Dark Continent is now lit up like a church.

Four hundred yards or so in every direction from that neat brick building that housed the *Bulamatari*, the solid wall of the forest rose. You could go into it for a few miles, hacking your way with an *mpanga*, slipping and sliding in the thick ooze that covered the ground, and you wouldn't see a thing. You'd hear plenty. Snufflings and snortings in the thick undergrowth near you; elephants trumpeting, maybe a hundred feet away but completely hidden behind the curtain of vegetation. You'd find their steaming spore at your feet.

You wouldn't see anything. But you'd feel something—a presence, brooding, heavy, ominous. Some men love it, and some men fear and hate it, but no man is insensible to it.

And the natives were cut to fit the same pattern. Civilization, as we're prone to call it, had no more than drawn up on their doorstep and presented the first salute. And we didn't know any more about them than we did about their forest. About their real life, I mean. Oh, we knew they had secret societies and blood sacrifices, worshiped fetishes and ju-jus. But we never saw any of that, we only felt it around us. Sometimes a black shadow was thrown for a minute across the sun—that was all.

We could take a naked boy, out of the bush, and teach him to press our pants and fry our eggs, and if we were fair and kind to him he would be loyal and open with us. Up to a point. Up to the point where we touched some part of the life of his people they wanted to keep hidden. Then he would shut up like a clam. I've seen the brightest boy in my camp put on a mask of absolutely impregnable imbecility when I questioned him about something he didn't want me to know.

So I knew there was no hope of finding out anything from the natives around Taka. But I decided to have a go at old Karamuka. I might be able to get out of him in what part of the forest the snakes were, and learn what men had been there recently. It was a thin chance, but the best I could see.

The thing that stumped me was that it had happened to a man like Albert. If it had been some fellow who'd pulled some rotten tricks on the natives, and there were plenty of them in those days, I'd have thought it a simple act of revenge, revolting as it was, and let it go at that. But nobody is a better judge of a man's real character than a black, and they all knew Albert.

I ruminated over it day after day as I drove along, but I couldn't see daylight. There was Marie, of course, Albert's wife. But I dismissed her as a possible motive. Natives up around Taka don't think much of a woman one way or another.

I never had liked Marie much myself, but I may have been mistaken.

Albert adored the ground she walked on. I remembered the day he came back from Belgium, with Marie as his bride. I'd come up to Taka with the idea of staging a sort of house-warming for them, thinking it might be a little dismal to a girl coming fresh from Brussels to a place like Taka. But my party wasn't a howling success.

In the first place, when I got there I found Renault there before me, and that was enough to poison things for me, for I hated him and everything he stood for. He was a Belgian, but he looked more like an Englishman. A big athletic blond chap with a pair of buttery blue eyes and long black lashes. He was always dressed to the nines; with English-made shoes and golf stockings, tailored shorts and a starched white shirt. He drove a big red roadster, and every native in the country feared and hated him. The "Devil-who-runs-on-wheels," they called him.

It wasn't a bad name, either, for he certainly took the boys he got hold of into hell. He was recruiting agent for a big mine down near the border, and that isn't as pretty a job as it might sound. Renault used to go back into the bush to the village of some

*Continued on page 127*

# Grand National: Freak Steeplechase

### Scheming to increase his tourist trade, William Lynn started the most foolhardy horse race known

### *by* ILES BRODY

• SPORTS •

On the 24th day of March, in every year for the past hundred years, the greatest, craziest, and best advertised horse race in the world is run at a little English village near Liverpool. The name of the village is Aintree and the industry is marmalade. Few people know about the marvelous marmalade, but even children going to kindergarten know that the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase is held on the outskirts of Aintree.

Right at the start I must say that I consider the Grand National a freak: the most foolhardy, callous, inhuman race in the world. Now I have no wish to interfere with people who like to risk their own necks, nor am I an agent of the S. P. C. A., but I speak on the behalf of the horses, and they declare that they do not enjoy taking part in a race which serves no particular purpose and in which they may so easily be killed.

As it is, the whole thing is misrepresented. The term, "steeplechase," originally meant a cross-country endurance contest, with the riders starting at a certain point and heading for the church steeple of a designated village. Of course, they jumped whatever obstacles they found in their way, but that was quite easy in pre-Grand National days for there were no perilous artificial barriers to be cleared.

It was innkeeper William Lynn, back in 1837, who first thought of putting up the stiff barriers at Aintree. Mr. Lynn, a clever and resourceful man, found that he was heading for bankruptcy on account of the scarcity of guests, and so set out to increase the tourist trade. He knew that an important horse race would draw crowds to the town and would be a better thirst-inducer for his sporty fellow-countrymen than pretzels or potato chips. And to make doubly sure, he planned the race for March, when the raw winds of winter would blow even a confirmed dry into a pub for a hot toddy or a mug of the warming North Country Ale. Then Bill spoke to Lord Molyneux, heir of the Earl of Sefton, who owned the Aintree land on which the contemplated race was to take place, and persuaded the nobleman to let him use it free of charge. The terms of the race were soon settled and the following advertisement composed:

"A sweepstakes of 10 sovereigns each with 80 sovs. added, for horses of all denominations, 12 stones each, gentleman riders only, second horse receives back his stake. Winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded."

The steeplechase, which was won by the gentleman jockey, Henry Potts on a horse named Duke, was an immediate social and financial success, and Lynn's tavern, the Waterloo, flourished. However, it was not until two years later, in 1839, that the event was formally christened the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase, and the first of many memorable incidents occurred. In this race, Captain Becher, a forty-two-year-old amateur rider, was leading the field until his mount hurled him into a brook they were trying to clear. It seemed to the horrified spectators that the captain would certainly be killed by the hooves of the oncoming horses. But Becher had the dexterity and presence of mind to pancake his slim, frail body against the wall of the brook and lie there submerged in the chilly water until the thundering horde had passed over his head. He then climbed out, as calm and unmoved as if he had merely been taking a tub at home. To commemorate the event the obstacle was promptly named Becher's Brook, and to this day a white flag bearing a big letter B marks the spot.

The course is about two and one-quarter miles long and has to be covered twice, making a four and a half mile race. There are sixteen obstacles and all save the last two which, for the sake of a good dramatic finish, are placed in front of the grandstand—have to be jumped both times. All the fences are numbered, and the most prominent ones have names as well. The first two obstacles are not so very difficult; but No. 3 is 4 feet 11 inches high, and then they get worse and worse. "Canal's Turn," the No. 8 obstacle, is constructed in such a manner that after the horses clear it, they have to whirl a full 45 degrees in order to continue on the course. It requires a genius of a horse to negotiate this jump!

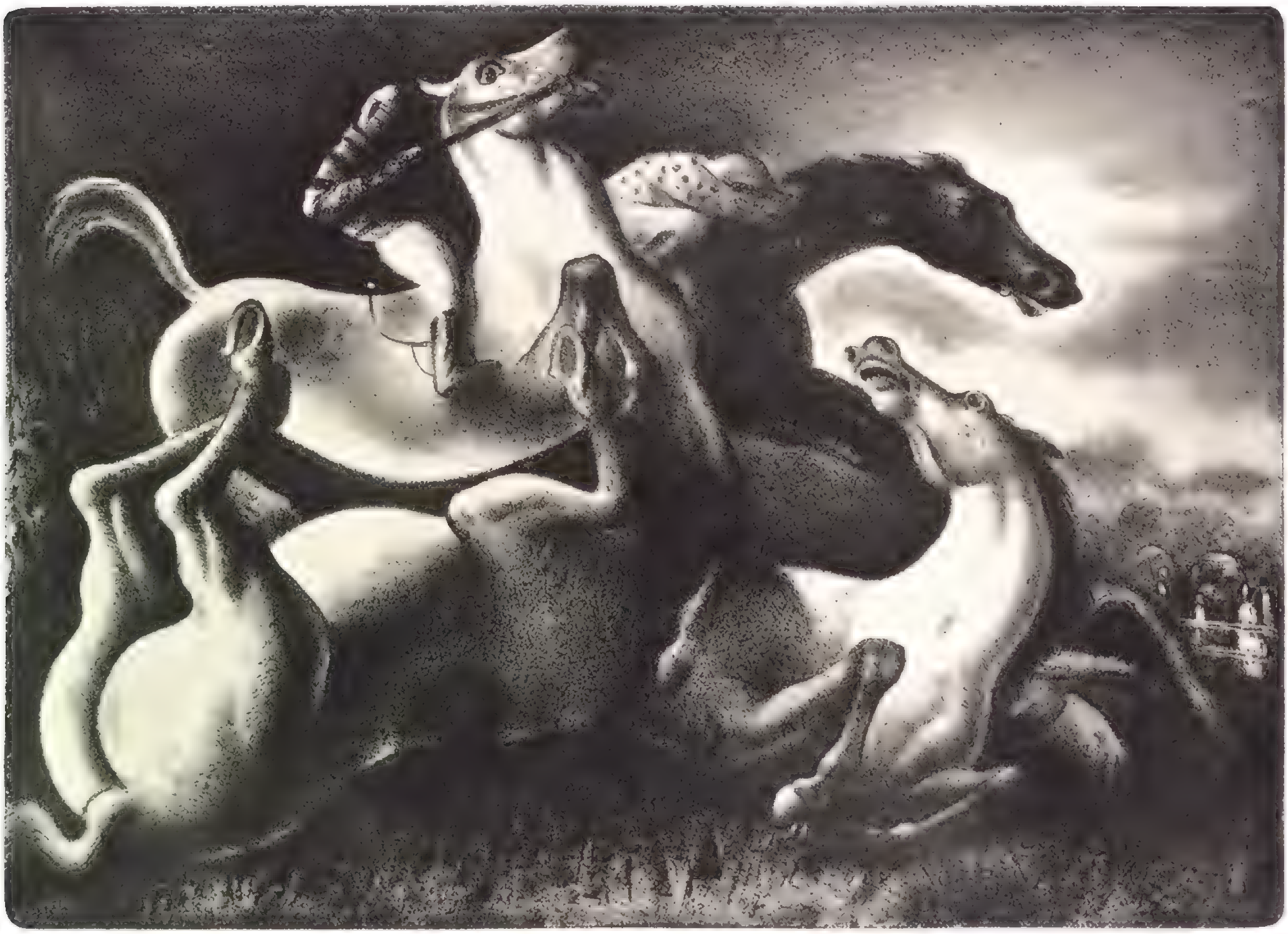
Many scary incidents are connected with Canal's Turn; it was here that in 1897, Manifesto, one of the cleverest and most popular horses which ever raced at Aintree, fell on his nose with his four legs pointing towards the sky. His jockey, George Williamson, lost his stirrups; his boots touched ground; he was actually balanced on his mount's ears and then Manifesto, that wonder horse, was seen to right himself, stagger a moment, and then dash on to win the race. Later, when Williamson was asked in what miraculous way he had righted his horse at Canal's Turn, he admitted quite frankly that he had just left everything to the clever Manifesto. The jockey was correct; there is very little a man can do in the National; things here depend on horses. The rider's best bet when in danger is to abandon the reins and wait for his mount to get them both out of the fix by his one-horse-power.

Right after Canal's Turn comes another ungodly obstacle: "Valentine's Brook." Over five feet high and made of hard spruce, the horses fear and hate it. No. 15, the "Open Ditch," is five feet two inches high. The "Water Jump," No. 16, is almost three feet high and a full fifteen in width. But to form an opinion of the true severity of this race let us examine an obstacle in detail. Becher's Brook, No. 6 obstacle, for instance, requires a leap of at least twenty-four feet, taking off from a soft, ploughed land, and clearing a four-foot ten-inch fence of strong timber, with the water ditch hidden behind it. And to make it still more dangerous, the fence is set at an angle so that the horse must swerve to the left upon landing! And there is little difference between Becher's Brook and the other fences. Falls are very frequent, of course, at all obstacles, and many horses have to be shot on account of a broken leg, if they are not killed outright when falling.

Surprisingly enough, it is very rare for a rider to sustain serious injury. This may be explained by the fact that tall obstacles are much less dangerous than short ones. In falling at a high fence the rider has a fraction of a second in which he is thrown clear, usually far from the horse; jumping at a low fence means that in the moment of falling the horse carried his rider with him. In this important instance I would say with the parachute expert: Do not jump too short jumps!

English horsemen, visiting this country cannot help envying the famous "Du Pont Fences" at the William Du Pont place at Fairhill. There, in the Foxcatcher Steeplechase, obstacles are as high as six feet, and yet there has not been one single accident since the race was established. The Du Pont fences are "inviting," and are not built to scare the wits out of horse and rider. They are six feet high and look about four, and give way if a horse cannot make it. The National fences in England average five feet, and look about eight, and do not give way when the horse does not clear them. Now the visiting Englishmen are trying to change the National fences to Du Pont fences, since many horses refuse the Aintree obstacles because of their ghastly appearance. In 1924 this occurred when Winnal, near the finish and leading by 20 lengths, refused the last jump and lost the race.

The British are slow to change, and the Grand National will probably use the same style obstacles for many years to come. The fences are constantly attended to by more than one hundred men under the supervision of a man called a Court Bailiff—for what reason, only a Britisher would know. The building and repairing of the obstacles are difficult tasks requiring experienced hands, and some of the National fence-builders have been at it for forty years. Brick, spruce, gorse, and fir are used for construction. Since 1848 the entire race has been leased to the



LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Topham family, who have now watched over it for generations. They are supposed to have made money on it, yet they certainly have gone to tremendous expense to keep the grounds in shape. The grandstand alone cost twenty thousand pounds, and the Aintree course, originally moorland, requires constant attention, to prevent it from reverting to its former wild state.

A thousand policemen are on duty at the course on the day of the race, but the most inept of pickpockets would have an easy job pinching even the batons of the Bobbies at 3:15, when the chase gets under way. Every head is turned in one direction; the British, a sporting race, with a streak of cruelty and a reverence for things Spartan, watch the race, spellbound and hypnotized by the spectacle of falling horses.

The National gets off at a terrific pace; and a slow beginner, no matter what other qualities he may have, can never win this event in which as many as sixty-six horses compete at one time. A horse generally has to combine the qualities of an antelope, a kangaroo and an acrobat to win at Aintree. In spite of popular belief, however, he need not have a huge, cavernous, muscular chest. On the contrary: he should possess extremely powerful hindquarters, shortish and rather insignificant fores. It is also a mistake to think that a large headed horse is a good jumper; such animals are too heavy on the hands of the jockey. Furthermore, small-eyed horses rarely make good Nationals, and neither do narrow foreheaded ones: the best racers have lots of room between the eyes. Trainers say that a horse which swishes his tail in the paddock is not a good National entry: he is disinterested in the contest, and this is why he plays with his tail.

Some horses are given beer a few hours before the race. This is no joke—beer is a wonderful pick-up for horses. Of course, they don't drink enough to get a jag on—the management would be afraid that they might leave the course and gallop into town to the "Bear's Paw" tavern and raise hell. The beer is not taken straight, it is mixed with water, and a few handfuls of oatmeal are stirred into the concoction.

A Grand National rider's seat in the saddle differs greatly from that of other jockeys; the hands on the reins are far from the horse's muzzle; reins are long. Stirrups are longer too and the flat-race monkey-like seat is modified. When the horse lands on the far side of a fence, the rider tries to act as a human brake. He throws back his body in such a manner that the rear of his cap almost touches his mount's spine, while his boot toes are level with its nostrils. Most horses in the chase are shod with *plates*, which are thin metal sheets, used solely during the race, and removed after it. Some animals wear the so-called Fullered shoe which has a groove cut out around the surface to give a firmer hold on the ground, and although this is heavier, many trainers recommend it for the National.

It is claimed that no young horse can win the famous race. The youngest to take the National was Lady Nelson's Ally Sloper, who was six years old when he turned the trick in 1915. The average age of winners is about eleven. When a horse is thirteen years old, he can, as a rule, be considered a has-been; only exceptional animals win big steeplechases after this age, although the great Manifesto who won the National three times—the last time at fourteen—raced in the meet until he was sixteen. The reason for the older horses' superiority lies in the fact that their bones are like iron, not soft and unformed as those of the less mature animals. When a jumper clears one of the terrible fences, he requires super-equine strength and dexterity in legs and body and neck, as well as intelligence and experience, to enable him to straighten himself out, grasp the ground, and continue his headlong gallop towards the next jump.

Lottery, winner of the first official Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase, in 1839 was—so experts say—the best horse "that ever looked through a bridle." This racer, they tell us, could trot faster than another horse could gallop, and after finishing the four and a half mile course, could be pulled up by his jockey only with the greatest of difficulty—he was all ready to go over the National obstacles once more. He was a great horse, and won everything in sight, until race committees got wary and advertised their races as "open to all horses—except Lottery"!

This super-champion once jumped a distance of thirty-six feet—yet ended his exist-

*Continued in center of page 110*

# The Art of Skysnapping

### Set your focus at infinity and if you come too close to the subject, your relatives can do the worrying

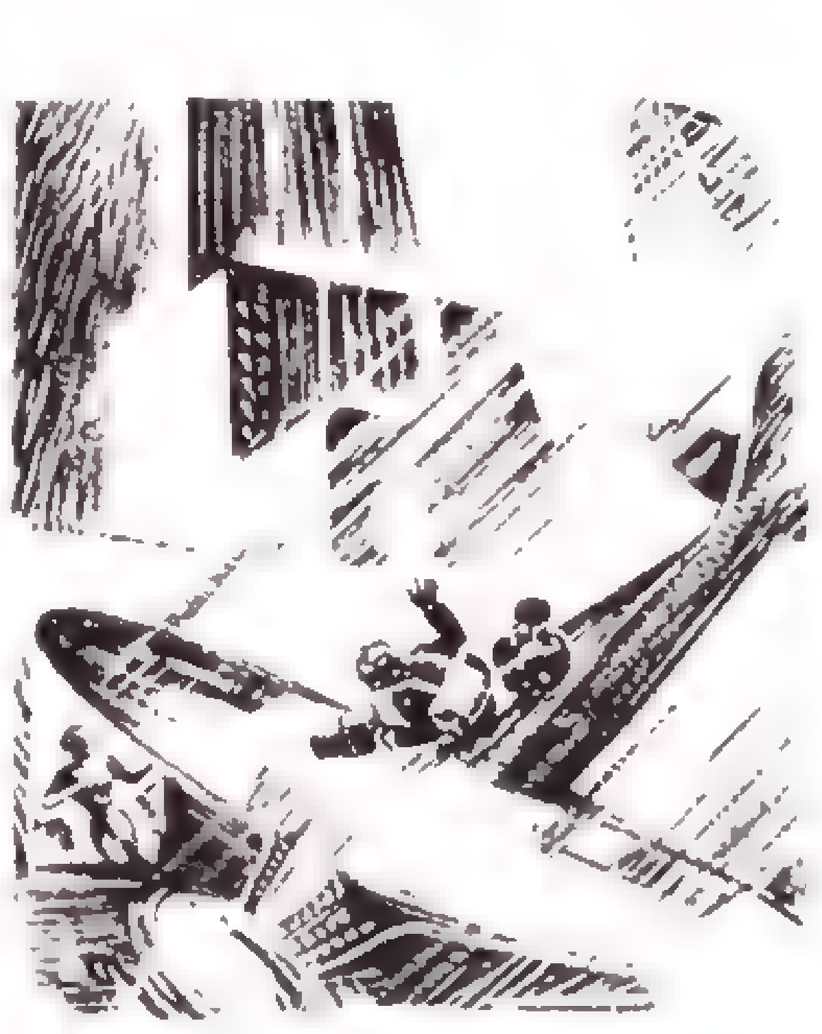
### by FRED S. TOBEY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

The earth-bound amateur photographers have very nearly run through the catalog of subjects arranged for them by a bountiful providence. They have immortalized the birds, the beasts and the fishes on their emulsions. They have dutifully recorded every field, fen and fell, down to the last accessible gully, and they have even turned their pitiless lenses upon their own naked children, leaving an indelible record of baby pictures that will do more to plague the maturing years of those innocents than anything we may bequeath them in the way of a national debt.

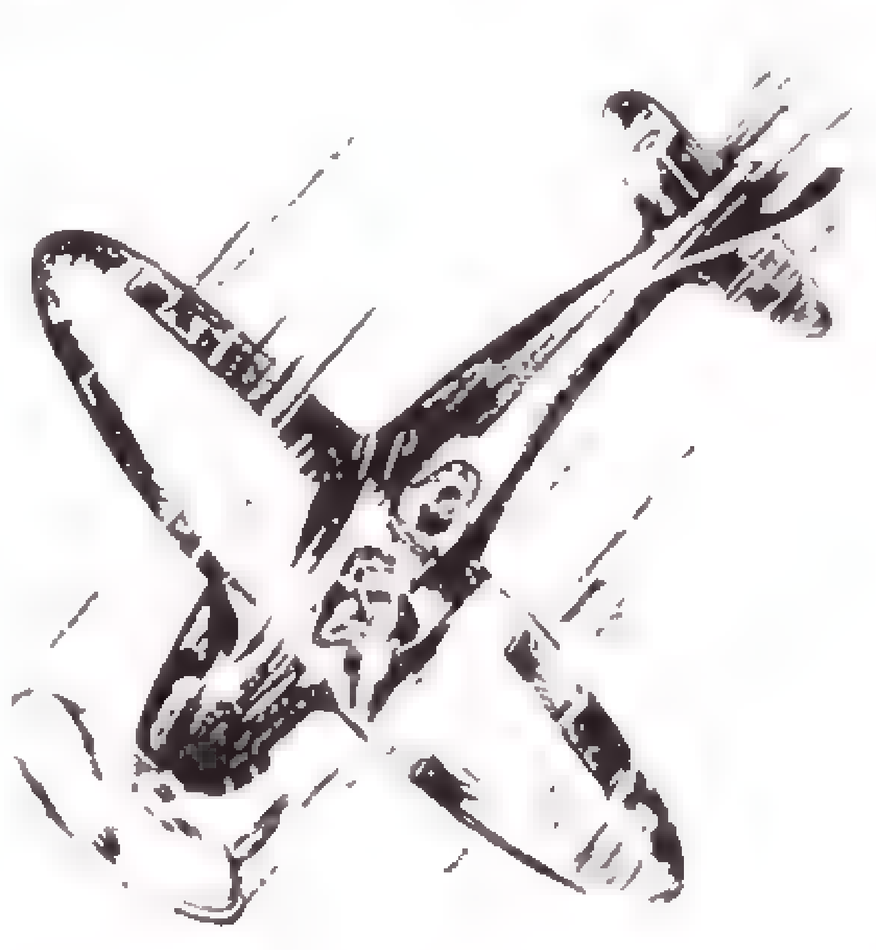
It is high time to seek out some virgin field to break up the routine, and skysnapping offers the obvious escape. Flying and picture-snapping alike are commonplaces today, but not one amateur photographer in ten thousand has taken his camera into the air. This is not surprising, for aerial photography is held to be a highly technical art requiring special training and expensive equipment. Actually, the opposite is true.

Take the man who has never had a camera in his hands before, whirl him aloft in an airplane with a good pilot and a few homely admonitions, and the chances are he will come down with a better set of pictures than he would have produced if turned loose among the hollyhocks in his own back yard. It is thirty-three and a third per cent easier for him to take a picture in the air than on the ground, and the reason is simple. The terrestrial photographer has three things to think of, the skysnapper only two. The former must focus on the subject, adjust the lens aperture and determine the shutter speed, and if there is any amateur who has not at one time or another forgotten at least one of these items, he lacks company. The skysnapper, on the other hand, may set the focus at "infinity" before leaving the ground, then forget it. As a general thing any aerial photographer who approaches so close to his subject that it becomes necessary to jog the focus off infinity needn't bother; his surviving relatives probably won't trouble to have the film developed.



All this has nothing to do with professional photography, of course. From the professional viewpoint photography may be a fine art in the studio, an exact science in the air; requiring in either case such skill that only a handful of the professionals have a passable mastery of it. But for the vast majority of amateurs who take their photography as they do a Gilbert & Sullivan opera or a hot bath—that is, as a pleasant way to forget the real estate business—there are no general rules for aerial work that aren't general rules for ground work, too. The man who can get any sort of picture of Junior without first tying him to a radiator can do a very passable job of skysnapping, and with less risk to his equipment and his nervous system.

As for the bugaboo of expensive apparatus, some of the best aerial pictures I ever saw were taken with a home-made outfit fashioned from a few feet of pine planking and the rear half of a field camera that must have been used in the Civil War. It is quite true that a glance at nearly any commercially-built "aerial camera" is enough to send the average amateur scurrying back to his box Brownie, for these amazing mechanisms, which are made to be held in the hands of the photographer, may weigh anything up to a ton and a half, depending on how long you have been holding them at eye-level. The extra tonnage is put there on the theory that a heavy object is not so likely to be influenced by the vibration of the airplane, and hence will produce a clearer picture, but actually the nerve-response to this weight in the arms of the amateur very soon brings on an uncontrollable shuddering of the whole unit, much as the tortured legs of a ballet dancer may shimmy in the slow finale of an exacting routine. The camera is thus rendered incapable of taking a picture, but quite capable of taking leave of the photographer without notice. There may be some justification for casting an aerial camera in the same general mold as a steam pile driver, but if there is let it console the professional photographers and weight-lifters—it is no help to the amateurs.



Let us suppose you have decided to go skysnapping, if only to disprove what is being said here. Any camera, from the fifty-cent variety up, will do as much for you in the air as it will on the ground, but if the lens has a capacity of F.8 or better—and it probably has—you may expect good results. It is a mistake to suppose that skysnaps must be made at high shutter speeds. A seventy-fifth of a second is good enough, and sharp exposures may be made at a fiftieth, or even less, if you wish to put yourself on your mettle. Of course if you have an accurate high-power lens you may as well take advantage of it and employ high shutter speeds, but this is not essential. A good average combination for a sunny day at high noon is F.8 on the lens diaphragm and an exposure of a seventy-fifth, using any fairly fast film that has been found satisfactory for outdoor work. Adjustments for the particular film and the vagaries of the particular camera may be made by taking some test shots from a hilltop.

If your camera has an exposed bellows, you needn't block it up with a lot of cardboard unless you want to. This has been considered necessary on the supposition that the bellows will otherwise collapse in the slipstream, but if you try to take pictures with such a camera held sideways in the slipstream you deserve to have your bellows collapsed. Later on, if you become fond of skysnapping, you will probably rig up a bellowsless outfit of some sort.

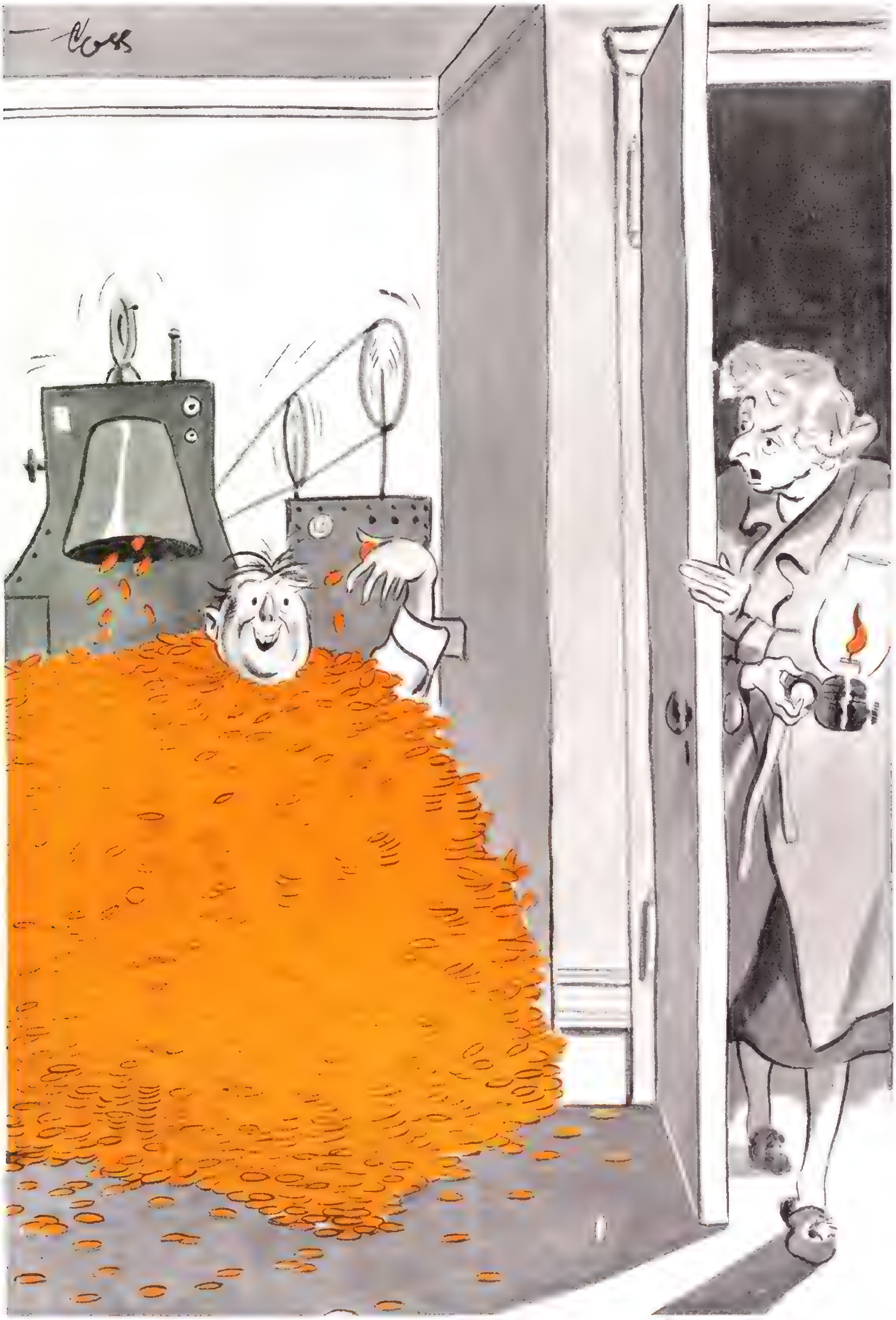
Skysnaps—and good ones, too, considering—were taken a good many years ago by men who didn't even think of wrapping up the bellows. At Dallas, Texas, in 1911, Beckwith Havens flew a sort of egg crate for the Curtiss Exhibition Company in the Texas State Fair, and managed to get some pictures that were good enough for the newspapers to print.

The camera, which had a generous unprotected bellows, was strapped under the lower wing, right plunk in the wind, and the bellows took it without a whimper. To be sure, the egg crate wouldn't do better than sixty miles an hour. The system isn't suited to a modern, fast ship, but if the skysnapper uses moderate care he can do very well without the cardboard. He will have no trouble if he avoids direct wind pressure on the side of the bellows at high speeds. Cardboard is no cure anyway, for the wind will make it vibrate, and thus disturb the lens.

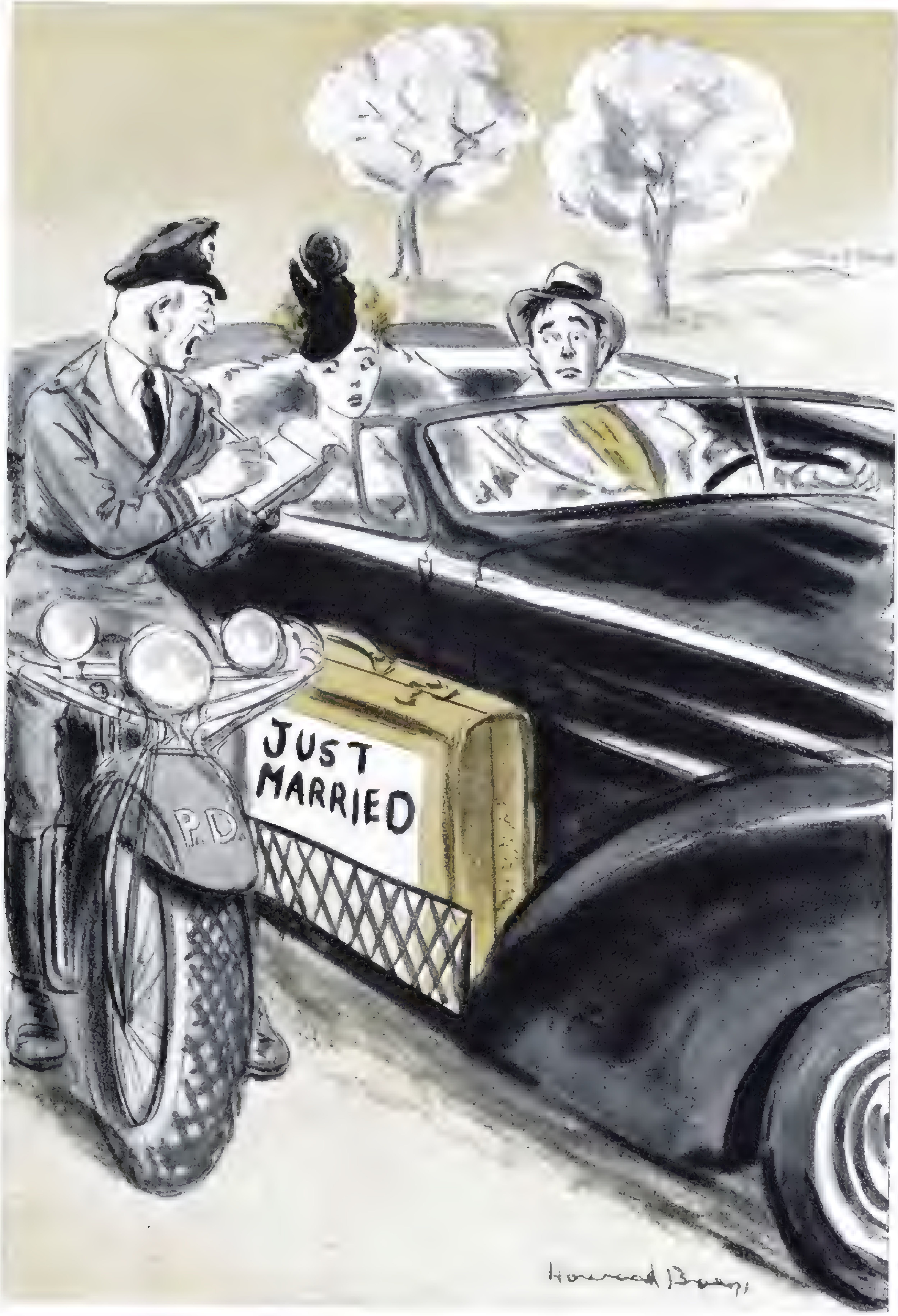
Any airplane will be satisfactory, but the very low-priced ones, which cost the least to fly, are the best. This is because they can throttle down to slower speeds than the faster, heavier ships and consequently give the skysnapper a better chance at his pictures.

The United States is dotted with small airports where a few dollars will buy enough flying to give the skysnapper a field day. Any of several common types of light ship rent for about $4.50 per half-hour, complete with pilot, and that's twice the time you'll need if you have a fair idea of what your pictures are to be before you take to the air, and your destination isn't too far afield. Depend on the pilot for advice on the bumpiness of the air. Rough days, however sunny they may

*Continued on page 109*



*"What fool thing have you invented now?"*


JUST MARRIED
P.D.
Howard Baer

*"What's your hurry?"*

# First Nights & Passing Judgments

### Lamenting the fixed idea that all plays be About Something and the dearth of pretty gals in musicals

### by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

Two matters have been disturbing me lately, both in equal proportion. One is the continued controversy over whether plays should be About Something or should be simply content to be good entertainment. The other is the big shortage of good-looking girls in the musical shows. (Five recent invitations to lecture on the drama at eastern universities will be peremptorily canceled immediately the pundits get to that one.)

As for disturbing item No. 1, I can't detect much sense in it. I have seen many thousands of plays, good and bad, since first I hit upon dramatic criticism as a way to live luxuriously without too much brain exercise, and I can't recall more than maybe one or two in all the lot that were not about something. To write a play about nothing at all is probably the most difficult feat on earth, and reserved only to heaven-sent geniuses. And even when such geniuses have on rare occasions attempted it, they have found themselves flabbergasted and have discovered, sweat as they might, that their plays refractorily turned out to be about something after all. Shakespeare suffered the humiliation in the instance of both *As You Like It* and *Much Ado About Nothing*, and to a considerable degree also in *Twelfth Night*. Strindberg tried to turn the trick in *The Dream Play* and similarly found himself stumped. And though he then applied his full virtuosity to the business in the case of *The Spook Sonata*, he fell short by some distance, although here considerable progress was noted. Nevertheless, he couldn't entirely make the grade and there were periodic holes in the play when it at least seemed to mean something.

Infinitely lesser but gifted playwrights of modern times—Lady Gregory, for one example—have similarly set themselves the Herculean task and have also failed at it. In the entire history of the drama of these modern times, in point of fact, I myself can think of one and only one play that from first to last is about absolutely nothing. That play is George M. Cohan's *The Tavern*. There may be one or two others that, to the superficial eye, seem to be about nothing, but it isn't difficult for the trained critical eye to discern that actually they are a disappointment and that they really, however faintly, have something to say about something or other.

To differentiate between plays that are About Something and plays that are merely good entertainment is accordingly a paradox, and a very silly one. It isn't a matter of merely good entertainment; it is merely a matter of good plays. The world for centuries has been helplessly finding good entertainment in good plays about something and finding no entertainment in bad plays equally about something. Of course, what the controversialists mean by About Something is something closely related to modern times, modern problems and affairs, and modern philosophies, preferably written by someone who doesn't know any too much about what he is writing but who is pretty nobly indignant about it just the same. Melodrama and mentality are twins to such fowl; and profound thought, something identical to violent prejudice in swing time.

In short, if a play is not about Communism, Fascism, Democracy, Capital or Labor, it is considered to be about nothing. And it is thus that the best play imaginable about some such deep human concern as the love of man for woman or the search for stars in a drear, bleak sky are loftily waved aside, and cheers reserved alone for the worst play imaginable which gravely contends that a capitalist who makes a million dollars a month really ought to pay his employees more than eight dollars a week or that Democracy as visualized by Abe Lincoln is a rather more comfortable form of government than that once practiced by Torquemada.

The attitude has gone to such an extreme that we find even many of the professional critics striking it. As a result, many a play of some merit is contemptuously dismissed and dispatched to an early storehouse grave. A couple of months ago, for example, there was produced a play by a young man named Bowers, called *Where Do We Go From Here?* It dealt, with first-rate observation and very fair humor, with the students of a small Mid-Western college and showed not only the emptiness of their lives in college but the emptiness that spectre-like lay ahead of them in after years. But this wasn't enough for the About Something gourmands. The play, they asserted, lacked sufficient plot, ideas, purpose and weight. They asserted it so loudly, indeed, that the little play soon died. It was, true, a minor play and not particularly important, but it deserved a better critical treatment, I think, and a better fate. There have been numerous other such cases in recent years. Several that come to mind at the moment were Elmer Rice's *The Left Bank*, Teresa Deevy's *Katie Roche*, André Obey's *Noah*, Robert Ardrey's *Star Spangled*, Alfred Savoir's *He*, Vincent Lawrence's *A Distant Drum* and *Among The Married*, George Birmingham's *General John Regan*, George Cohan's *Pigeons and People*, a play called *Under Glass* (I forget the name of the author), Lennox Robinson's *Is Life Worth Living?* Hugh Stange's *Veneer*, Edwin Justus Mayer's *Children of Darkness*, and Henry Misrock's *Bright Honor*

We now come to Item No. 2 that has been bothering me: the paucity of good-looking girls in the musical shows. Not since the day I began to supplement my critical virtuosity with binoculars have I seen a time when the musical stage has been so desolate of Loreleis. I have not yet arrived at the age where I confine such a remark to the chorus; I include the principals as well. The dramatic stage this season has disclosed any number of attractive young ladies, but the musical up to the moment of writing has failed to disclose more than two and one of them, Miss Marcy Wescott, in *The Boys From Syracuse*, we already had the pleasure of viewing last year in *The Two Bouquets.*

So great is the drought, in point of fact, that the critics in their desperation have seized upon a miss named Mary Martin, in *Leave It To Me!*, as a last celebrative resort. This Miss Martin went through the entire long first act of the show without attracting the attention of even one of the boys. She also went through half the long second act similarly unnoticed. And it was only then, at twenty minutes to eleven, that she caught their eyes by suddenly taking almost all her clothes off. This fetched them  me, too, if those universities that have invited me to lecture are interested—and they thereupon promptly concluded

*Continued on page 148*

# Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

### Your illusion-busting reviewer reads mostly books about the toppling world and also the lowdown on Valley Forge

### by CHARLES RUTHERFORD

• BOOKS •

THE British Empire takes an awful beating from Dr. Robert Briffault, mace-swinging author of *The Mothers*, *Breakdown*, and *Europa*. *The Decline and Fall of the British Empire* (Simon & Schuster, $2) is a coldly savage arraignment by a man who loves his country and hates to see it acting the sneak and the coward. I lead off with this item because, of all the literature I have on the counter this month, it is both the most vital and the most absorbing. It is vital because England is the key country for understanding the present phase of international collapse. The far-flung empire in its far-flung degeneration is selling out free democratic capitalism and free capitalistic democracy. From Manchuria to Shanghai and Hankow, from China to Ethiopia, from the Red Sea to Spain, from the glorious victories of Franco's bombers over Spanish women and children to Czechoslovakia—it has sold out the status quo.

At this moment no one knows, but everyone is guessing, what new betrayals the Tory government of Britain is planning. The Dutch, the Belgians, the Portuguese, are trembling for their colonies, because England will sacrifice nothing of her own so long as there is anything of anyone else's around to cadge and barter. The shadow of John Bull, who would give the shirt off anybody's back to save "peace," is dark over all the little countries. Understanding this, we understand what, today, moves the foreign and domestic policies of Poland, Lithuania, Rumania, and Switzerland. And don't think the French trust Britain's word any farther than you can see across the Channel on a foggy day.

The Munich pact between the police force and the robbers in the interests of burglary, perjury, murder, and the other crimes, has contributed, however bitterly, to the advancement of knowledge. Among other insights, it has presented us with a new point of view on the career of the British ruling classes. From this fresh stance it is seen that England is no new hand at betrayals. She sold out the French Republic that was born of the French Revolution. Just as a century and more later she was to finance the interventionist attacks on Russia, she bought and paid for the reactionary assaults on a land aspiring to Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. She sold out the Greeks in their fight for independence from the Turks; she sold out Poland in the partitions; she sold out Denmark to Germany in the Schleswig-Holstein affair; she handed over the Assyrians to Turkish massacre after the World War; sold out the Arabs. . . .

Most of this and plenty of other matter is in Briffault's book. He charts the meteoric rise of the empire and its domination by two traditions, the aristocratic and the middle class; its age of power (largely the result of its being the first country to cash in on the industrial revolution); and the log-rolling tactics by which, in its decline, it tries to maintain its precarious balance in the midst of a torrent of change. He draws a picture of what the rank-and-file Briton got out of this great imperial domination. That Briton ("Britons never shall be slaves!") is now an undersized, undernourished, spineless, servile thing, barely eking out a living on the job or on the dole.

*The Decline and Fall of the British Empire* is not history. It is the prosecutor's plea to the jury to convict the prisoner in the dock. As such it is partisan and biased. The eloquent Briffault is bound to hang the crime on the suspect, and he effectively marshals the circumstantial evidence. There are inconsistencies and even contradictions in the testimony, and sometimes one wishes the D. A. would at least give the accused the credit for not having committed barratry, embracery, and mayhem.

Whatever the flaws in argument and evidence, Briffault has turned out at least as good a job as the one he did in *Breakdown*. His style has passion and terrific energy, a thumping change from the genteel boys who can see everybody's side from their perch on the fence. And whatever the defects, this reviewer for one believes that Briffault has run down one of the clues to the great international super-Oppenheim mystery—why is Fascism, the Challenger, able to belt democracy all over the place? The Chief Handler seems to have slipped knockout drops into the Title Defender's drink. To change the figure a little, it is in London that you have to look for the X that marks the spot where the body will be found.

More than one clue leads to that spot X, and maybe the Administration, the present policy-makers for the United States, have followed some different line of reasoning and come to the Briffaultian conclusion. Since Munich, President Roosevelt has announced a greatly increased armaments program. Is it possible that those on the inside are coming to grips with the fact that Great Britain is no sort of pal one can trust on a dirty night in a dark alley? At the end of last year the expenditures had passed the billion mark, $1,160,000,000 in round numbers, and several hundred millions more were contemplated (Congress willing) by the army and navy high commands. These plans and figures said just one thing: that the United States could no longer reckon on Great Britain as a friend and ally, that we must be prepared to act alone against fascist bulling, in South America, or Asia, or anywhere else.

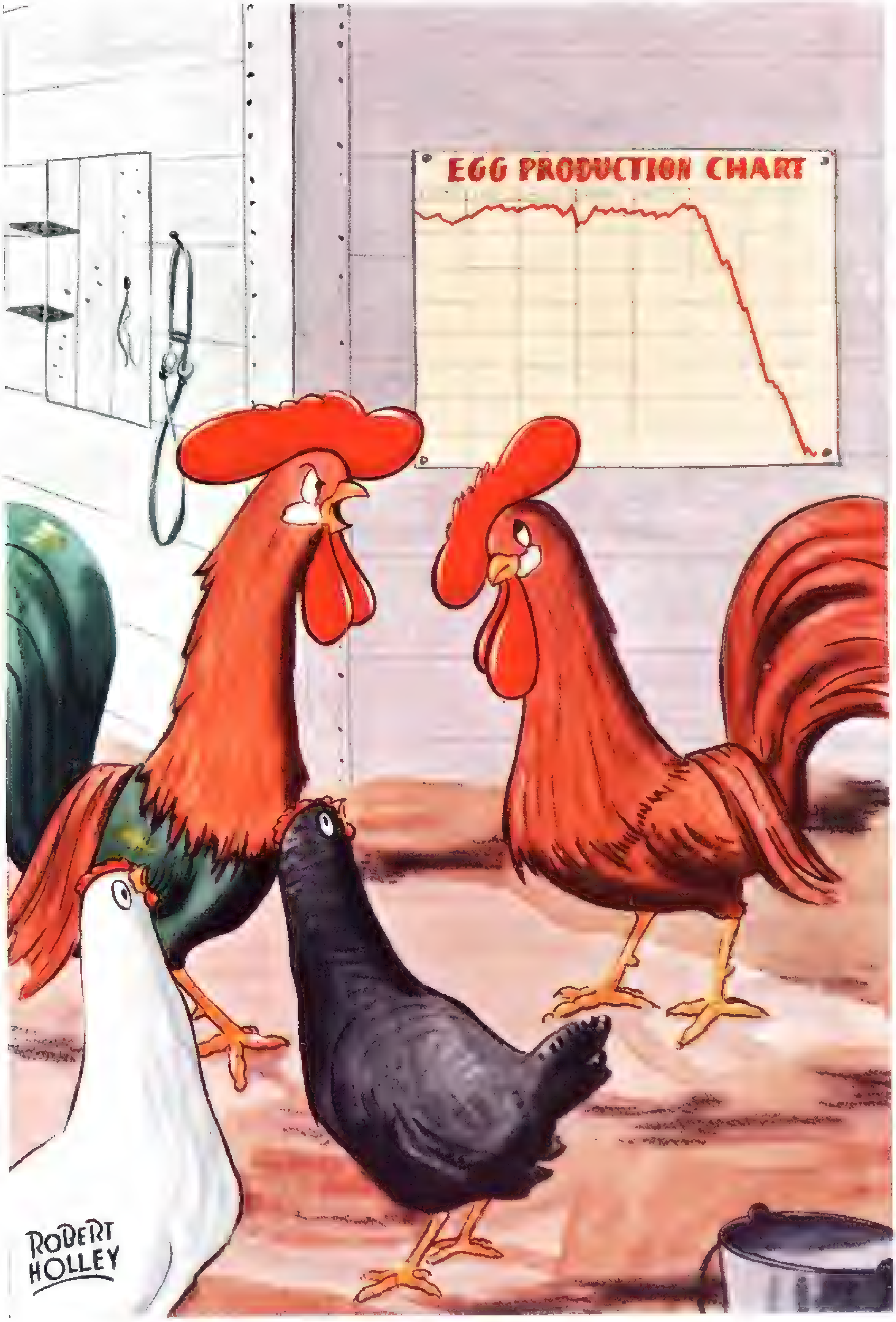
Just what is involved in that preparation to go it alone—not to depend on a friend with a long history of cheating, trickery, and deceit—will be found in Major George Fielding Eliot's new book, *The Ramparts We Watch* (Reynall & Hitchcock). The Major, co-author of *If War Comes*, begins by reading into the record the glaring fact that "force remains the final arbiter of nations."

That is what we got for our war effort. That is what was bought by the millions of lives lost between 1914 and 1918. That is what the Old Men at Versailles, plus Hitler and Mussolini, plus the reactionaries controlling the policies of England and France, have added to the sum total of human happiness. Even this is underrating their achievement. It is understating it to say that force *remains* the final arbiter. There has been considerable progress in "force." In the last butchery, men killed men according to rules of warfare that were more or less sporting—there was a war ethics. But today, even "peace" is more brutal than war was then. The gigantic shooting fray that this reviewer participated in back in 1917-18 was a picnic compared to the horrors of the undeclared wars in China, Spain, and Germany (against the Jews).

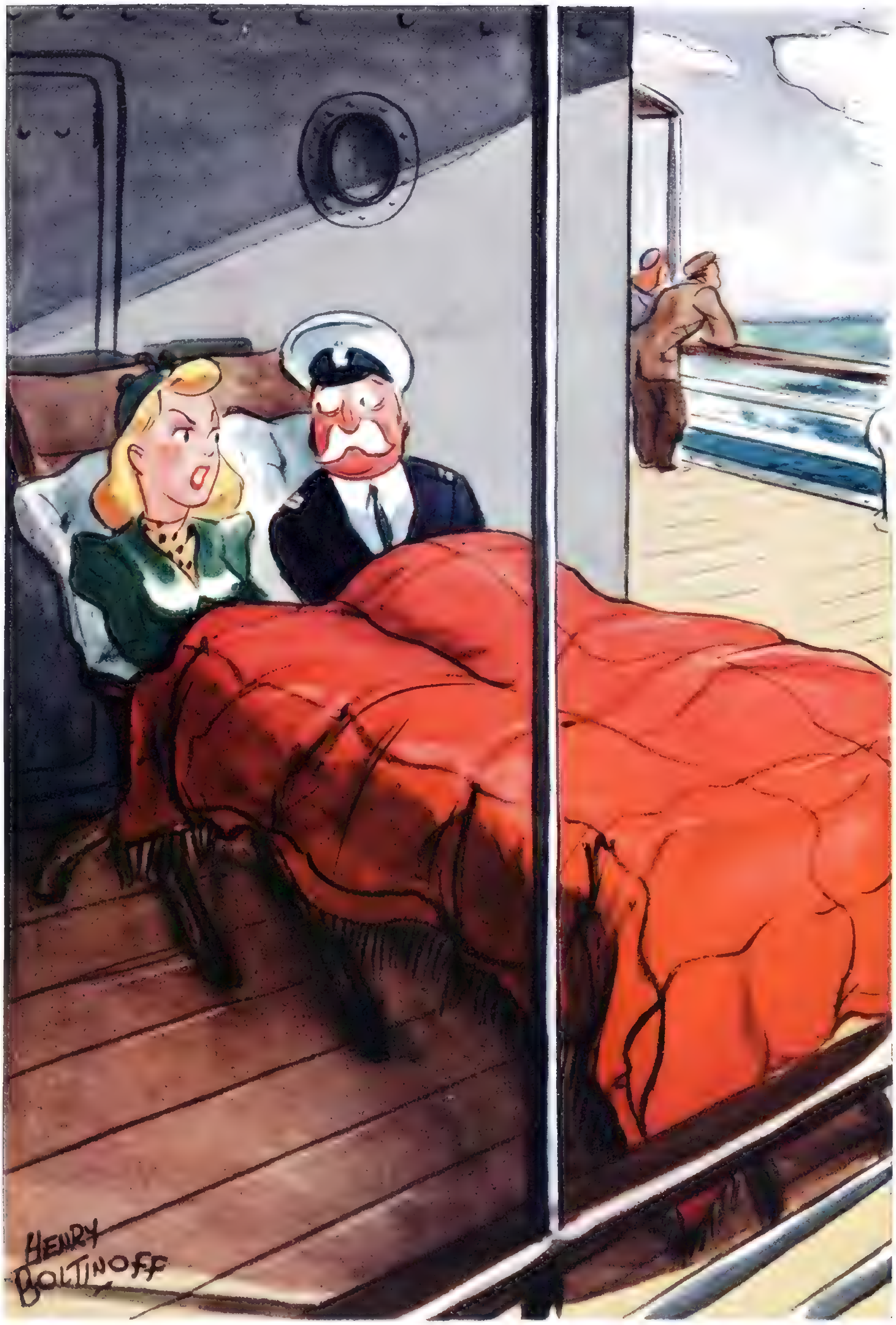
Major Eliot confronts the dilemma of a country that wants to remain free, and yet has to prepare to fight the aggressor nations at their own kind of war. Since democratic people can't be regimented, herded and driven, unified by hate-propaganda, it is necessary that publicity, a propaganda of enlightenment, should be preached to bring home to every man jack of them the kind of a world they are living in, so that they won't die in it, ignominiously.

From this point he goes on to explain the relation of policies foreign and economic to military policy. He describes the elements of American strategy, our strengths and weaknesses

*Continued on page 140*


EGG PRODUCTION CHART
ROBERT HOLLEY

*"So that's the way you take care of things while I'm away!"*


HENRY BOLTINOFF

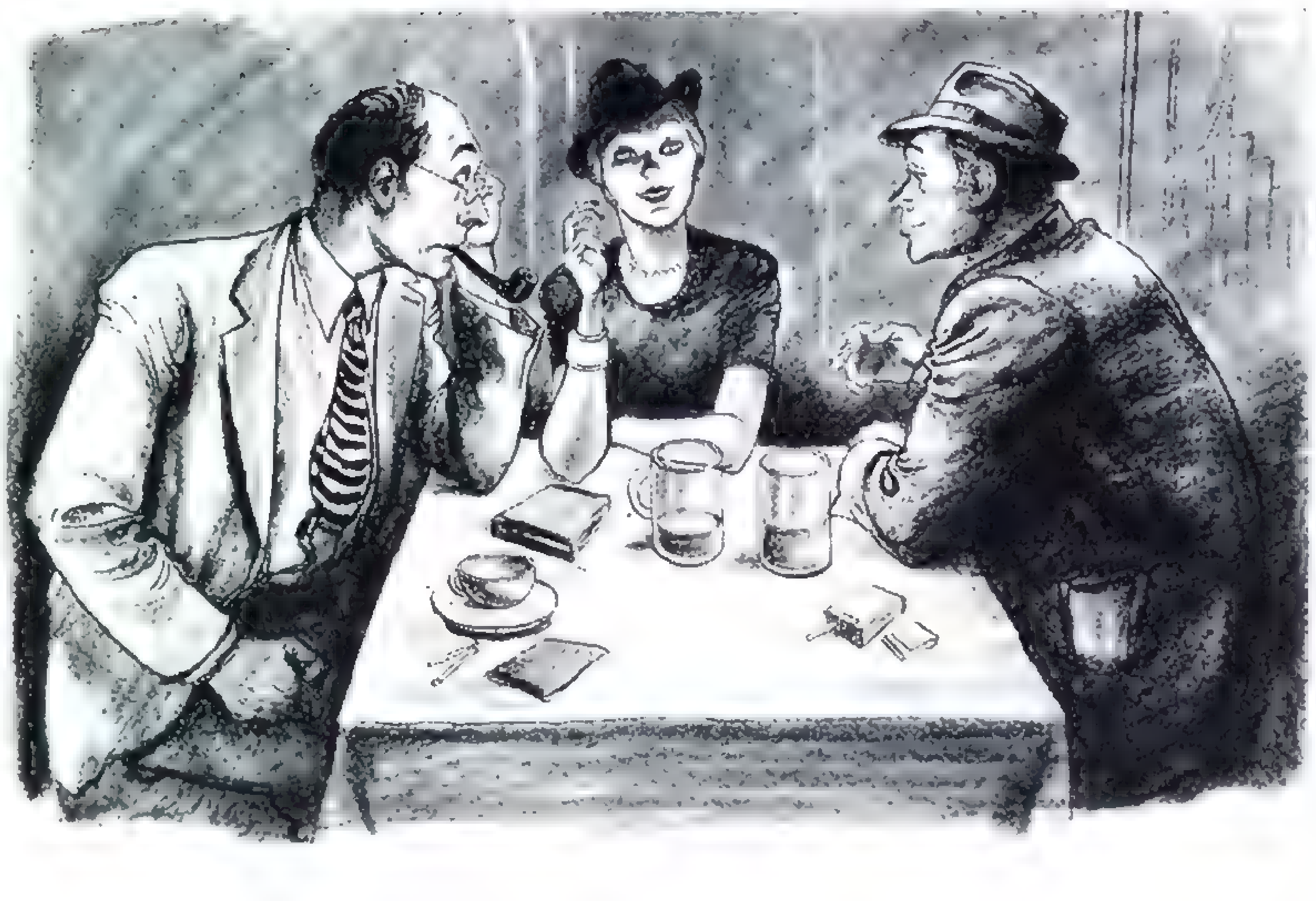
*"All hands on deck, Commodore!"*

# Padereweski Plays the Piano

### This kid, Tania Davis, made such a big hit in Miami, they didn't appreciate it in Tenleven, Ohio

### *by* WILLARD WIENER

▪ SATIRE ▪



You remember what kind of a bad year 1930 was. That was one of the really bad ones. That was when you couldn't figure on hardly anything. That was the year when the bottom was out of practically everything.

Just imagine what you would have done in 1930 if a Polack kid you didn't know any too good came out of the blue with this one:

"Sam," she says, "you don't know how much I would appreciate it from the bottom of my heart if you can raise enough cash to see me to my friends in Miami, Florida. I would certainly appreciate it as a big favor because of the good chance to get on my feet down there—" etc., etc.

This is in New York in 1930 and nobody was kissing their money good-bye to Miami, Florida, via a Polack kid who was going south with a one-way ticket. But with this fellow Sam Blick there has always been something the matter with him, one way or another. He said:

"I got seventy smackers saved up. If that will do you any good, all right."

"I'll never forget it, Sam Blick. Honest, if there's ever any time– "

"All right," he said. Then he gave her the seventy smackers.

This kid is Tania Davis, but you got to figure the name is pure phony. My own hunch is she picked it out of a movie book or somewhere, maybe on the bus coming to New York from the Pennsylvania coal country. Something you always got to figure is the odds stacked up against a kid like this coming to New York from the country to make good.

So when this question of Miami, Florida, came up it was a big question if she had any friends down there. This kid was always telling about her big friends in Miami, Florida, and you naturally had to figure if they was such big friends why they didn't send her the necessary themselves.

You remember how it was in 1930 that the rock bottom to practically every question was cash. This was naturally one of those rock bottom questions.

"I'll never forget it," this kid said to Sam Blick. "You think I'll forget it but I won't never forget it."

"That's all right," he said. "Anytime you have it you can send it back, I can use it."

"Don't think I'm ever going to forget it."

To me, Sam Blick said:

"Maybe she's really going to Florida."

You got to figure that a kid with that kind of gall might get somewhere sometime. But naturally you don't want to bet on it.

This kid said what a real God's blessing Sam Blick was to her.

"All right," he said, trying to get her to stop it. "Go ahead and beat it down to Miami, Florida."

Seven months after he kissed his seventy smackers good-bye to Miami, Florida, me and Sam Blick happened to be in a place called Tenleven, Ohio, after we left New York which I strongly advised against.

This fellow Sam Blick was going good on fifty a week on a big town newspaper when somebody told him how they were looking for a crackerjack to brighten up a proposition out in Tenleven, Ohio, at forty smackers to begin with. Give Sam Blick his credit. He is naturally a crackerjack newspaperman. But you got to figure he is nothing at arithmetic, because he figured it was a bargain, which it wasn't, even on the face of it.

"The way to do this Tenleven, Ohio, proposition," he said, "is to do it together."

In this respect he gave me the credit for being the better head for the business end, and I naturally argued against the proposition on the basis of pure arithmetic. But what happens? This fellow Sam Blick gets a letter from this kid Tania Davis, saying as how she is practically on her feet good, and enclosing the seventy smackers he gave her to get to Miami, Florida.

"What did I tell you?" he yells like anything. "What did I tell you? Play hunches! Play hunches!"

You naturally got to believe what you see, so for that reason I let myself figure this Tenleven, Ohio proposition might turn out okay, which it never did, and again I was right in the first place.

"Maybe," I said, "this Tenleven, Ohio, is okay as a hunch but as a straight business proposition I don't like it."

So we left it like that and got ready to give it a workout.

"She must have got on her feet okay," said Sam Blick.

This Tenleven, Ohio, proposition, like I figured, turned out to be only a hunch. As a proposition it was as good as nothing. In fact it was absolutely no better as a hunch. How much good is the best newspaper anywhere without any paying advertising in it to make it pay? You don't have to know anything to figure that out. That's exactly how good our proposition was.

"I can't understand it," said Sam Blick "We're certainly giving them a metropolitan newspaper for their money."

"Maybe," I said, "they don't want a metropolitan newspaper."

"Everybody wants a metropolitan newspaper," he said. "What's the matter you can't get them to spend any money with us?"

"Don't make me laugh," I said. "You try to talk our proposition to these Tenleven, Ohio, people on a business basis. You can't do it."

"Why can't you do it?"

"You try it," I said. "You can't do it."

"You got to do it," he said. "How do they expect us to run a newspaper if they won't do any business with us?"

I said: "That's just what makes this proposition no good."

"Who says it's no good?"

"They don't spend no money with us," I said. "Don't that make it no good?"

"That certainly don't make it official," he said. "Now I'll tell you what to do," he said. "You get hold of D. B. Pratt. All you got to do is sell D. B. Pratt. You do that," he said, "then we have got a good proposition."

That got me laughing.

"You laugh," he said. "Don't you know who D. B. Pratt is? D. B. Pratt is the biggest man in Tenleven, Ohio!"

As if I didn't know D. B. P. is that big and maybe bigger.

"Listen," I said. "How do you figure I get

*Continued on page 115*

# Roulades and Cadenzas

### With limited funds, anarchy in the pit, and singers unacquainted with the score or each other, you can't expect miracles

### by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

Only the other day the World's Greatest Newspaper devoted a front-page paragraph to the fact that the Bishop of the Fejervar diocese in Hungary had forbidden the playing of the Bridal Chorus from *Lohengrin* at church weddings. "That music," His Grace explained, "is highly inappropriate as it introduces an episode marked by the cooling of connubial bliss." The Right Reverend gentleman also banned the familiar Wedding March from Mendelssohn's incidental music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* for the undeniably correct reason that it accompanies the transformation of the bridegroom into an ass.

The significant thing is that the *clergy are only now discovering these* facts. After all, before many years *Lohengrin* will celebrate its one hundredth birthday.

The incident is indicative merely of the universal ignorance of operatic texts and situations. While the man in the Michigan Avenue bus or the B-M-T subway is being actively persuaded that what happens on the lyric stage represents the epitome of musical culture, scarcely ten people in the land can tell you what any operatic character says or why.

If Madame Flagstad, during some unlikely lapse of memory, sang the words of Elsa to the music of Isolde, most listeners wouldn't know the difference, except perhaps in the *Liebestod* and then they wouldn't be certain. Fact is: intelligent persons who take life seriously do not regard opera as drama. When they think of it at all, it is as an excuse for displaying the wares of some bawling prima donna or some bow-legged tenor.

The ideal of opera composers from the beginning has been to make their music fit the text. Naturally, only a few of the sixty thousand operas written in the last three hundred years have achieved that ideal. But the intention, at least, was there. And, always, everywhere, opera was considered a complicated and immensely difficult art form, demanding the collaboration of electricians and stagehands as well as conductors and singers. In the twentieth century that notion, along with others, is old-fashioned. The production of operas has become simplicity itself. All that is needed nowadays is a truckload of box-office names herded together from Oslo, Reading, Dresden, Prague, Savannah, and Winnetka, dumped onto a stage amidst a horde of vagrant street urchins, and left to struggle through *Tristan*, *Turandot*, *Manon*, *Martha*, or whatever the bill may be, as best they can. The costumes, the *mise-en-scène*, the manners, the lighting, are full of those incongruities and absurdities which have made opera as ridiculous as it is. The only art to which opera relates itself today is the art of improvisation.

* * *

During the recent Chicago season, Madame Flagstad made ready to start the first act of *Tristan* without ever having laid eyes on the Brangaene of the evening. King Mark had never seen the opera before, asked to have the part explained to him. Judged by the results, it would have been better if he had decided in advance to skip it.

At a single rehearsal for another production, I heard a Dresden-trained singer inquire of a colleague if the conductor always went so fast. "Oh, no!" was the reply, "Not at the performance! But this opera takes three and a half hours and we have only two for this rehearsal. He has to hurry—now!"

Offstage ensembles were cut in half. Pennies were saved wherever possible. Some operas were put on without a single dress rehearsal. Under such conditions, there is no opportunity to study details, to adjust dynamics or develop a sure sense of dramatic gradation. Sensitive ensemble is impossible. The conductor is lucky if the orchestra is able to read the score. In difficult passages he may as well sit down and leave the musicians to themselves. Struggling to get over the notes, they offer playing which is beyond apology.

With anarchy in the pit, it is too much to expect frail mortals on the boards to give their best. They are busy offering hallelujahs that they and the orchestra succeed in keeping within the same measure. Feeling, sentiment, nuance are impossible.

The stage director, unless he is a magician, is helpless. Without rehearsals, he has no chance to instruct the chorus members unless he shouts at them on the stage. Oftentimes they don't know whether they are in *Lakmé* or *Bohème*. They mumble words that convey no meaning to any man. And, for all the illusion they give, they might as well appear in street clothes. Their stage business resembles blindman's buff. The supers seem bent on nothing so much as getting out of the way of the principals . . . and the principals eye each other with the anxiety of a drowning man, hoping the other fellow will move in the right direction. In six attempts, I didn't see one honest-to-goodness duel. Telramund stole on for his epic combat as though he were in a slow-motion movie, and waited, conveniently, until Elsa could hunt up her husband's sword. Psychological and dramatic climaxes did not exist.

Is it any wonder our audiences get the notion that the whole reputation of Gluck, Wagner, Puccini, *et al.*, rests on a few shop tunes which they accidentally forgot and left in while grinding out interminable recitatives?

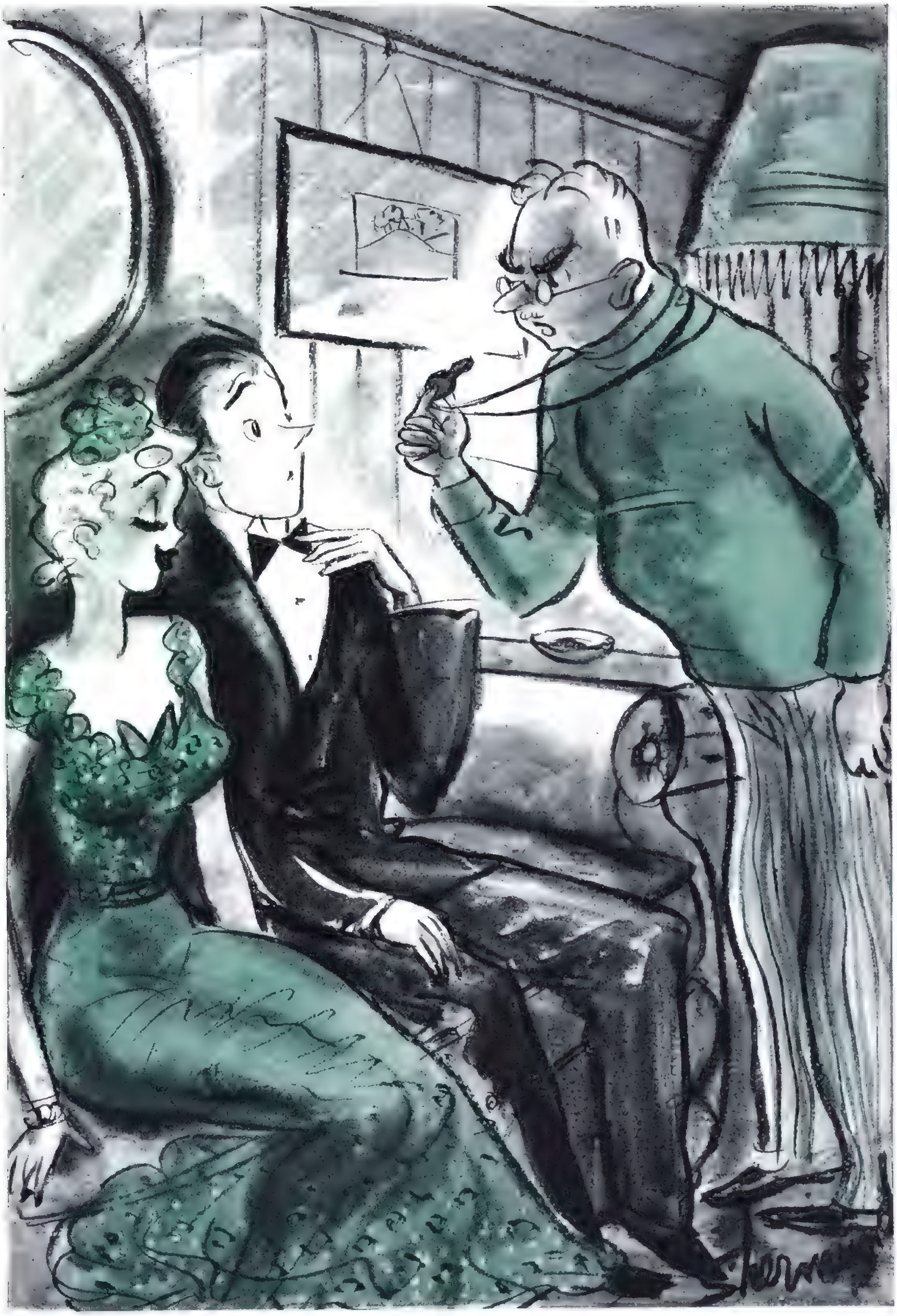
* * *

The reasons operas are shoveled on the stage in our country are many: income from seat sales does not cover the cost of performances, union rates are exorbitant and prevent adequate rehearsal, and, as operas are not sung in a language the public understands, it doesn't give a damn.

Whether you like it or not, the only long-run solution of the operatic mess is the presentation of music-dramas in understandable English. An enterprising and intelligent San Francisco woman, who speaks fluent Italian, French and German, took her husband to the Chinese theatre. After a quarter of an hour she said, "George, we're going home. This is all very well, but I don't understand what they're saying." He told me afterwards: "Think of it! For twenty-eight years I've been sitting through operas I didn't understand and after fifteen minutes she insisted on going home!"

Most opera-goers like the music they hear because it is beautiful and pleasing to their ears. But after four or five years they haven't the vaguest notion of what it's all about. Of

*Continued in center of page 106*



*"Daughter complained about your tactics last night, so I'm refereeing tonight"*

# Smelling Them Out

## Even the tough boys on *Variety*, who call 'em as they see 'em, can't tell what pictures will please the public

### by WOLFE KAUFMAN

• ARTICLE •

Some years ago Grace Moore made a film for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It was made lavishly, but it was not a good picture, and customers of the film houses around the country did not patronize it. Several years later, the same Grace Moore made a film for a smaller company, Columbia. It was an immediate smash and rang up sock grosses from coast to coast.

But in both instances it was the same unknown quality, an opera singer named Grace Moore. The film public had never heard of her. Does that sound like heresy? Just make yourself a mental picture of the film public through all the hamlets, towns and villages of this America. Most of them never even heard of opera, much less an opera singer. They knew nothing about her. But they knew the first picture was bad. They knew the second picture was good. And they knew instinctively. They didn't have to be told.

In the film trade that's called smelling 'em out.

About five years ago, Paramount loaned one of its stars, Claudette Colbert, to Columbia. Film companies do this frequently. They lend each other stars, directors, writers—everything except money. It's not entirely altruistic. They generally get something in return that they want even more. The stars who are lent are generally on their way up or down, or not working at the moment but on contract. At any rate, Paramount wasn't sure of Miss Colbert at the moment and Columbia was satisfied to pay her salary for a while, so it looked like good economics. And it was! The resultant picture was entitled *It Happened One Night* and it rang up b. o. (in show business this is the standard phrase for box office) records everywhere.

Paramount got Miss Colbert back and was very happy indeed. The opposition company, Columbia, had increased the par (no pun) value of Paramount's star by considerable. She was rushed into a picture by the parent company, a picture called *Maid of Salem*, and this picture was hurried out to mop up the juicy gravy which would result from Miss Colbert's newly established pull at the b. o.

But the fans were not fooled. They smelled both pictures out. They still continued going to *It Happened One Night* in fourth or fifth run theatres, or wherever they could find it. They would not go near theatres playing *Maid of Salem*.

Now, why? How did they know? Newspaper criticism? Perhaps. But why, then, in the case of *Maid of Salem*, were there no lines in front of theatres at the opening, before the criticism was published?

The indications are that, quite distinctly, audiences are occasionally swayed by the reviews of their favorite newspaper critics (magazine critics almost always get their opinions printed much too late to affect the b. o.) but, much more frequently, make up their own minds. The why and how of which is one of those permanent puzzles for which show business has never been able to get even the slightest hint of a clue.

Besides which, there just happens to be no way of stacking up reviews vs. public. The word "reviews" is used advisedly in so far as it concerns films. Practically none of the film "critics" go in for criticism. Most of them play with clever phrases for reader amusement, tell a bit of the plot and their personal reaction to the stars or matter involved, but the latter is usually in a decidedly apologetic vein. "I'm sorry I didn't like Shirley Temple this time; perhaps you will."

Which may explain why, when the critics nationally panned *Parnell*, the general public paid its good money to see the picture.

Myrna Loy and Clark Gable were in it. Did that have anything to do with it? Maybe. Yet other pictures with these same stars did not get such prompt and pleasant public reaction.

Adversely, the critics were terrifically excited about how good *Night Must Fall* was. It had Robert Montgomery starring and he is a decidedly popular film actor. There you have two good elements. Good review, good name power. But the public stayed away.

So it isn't stars, and it isn't critics. What is it?

It's pre-release gossip, a lot of people will tell you. Well, to refute this, one has to dig way back, before the days of pre-release gossip, before the era of the daily film "columnist."

Paramount was preparing to release *The Covered Wagon*. There was much secrecy on all sides. No one had seen the picture. No one. No previews. No press showings. No trade showings. Only the director, producer, the cutter and a few of the executives, in a small dark cubbyhole.

The picture was to open at the Criterion Theatre (now vanished) on Broadway for a two-a-day run. No one knew the slightest thing about it and there was some nervous tension in the Paramount executive offices. Shouldn't the public be tipped off about this marvelous, terrific spectacle?

Some executives winked their eye wisely. No tipping off. This is a new approach. Let the public find out for itself.

Two weeks before the opening, John Flinn, the then press agent of Paramount, thought it was time to test the public pulse. He inserted a one-inch ad in all the New York papers saying that tickets for the opening night performance were obtainable at the following theatre ticket agencies, and listing four or five of the best agencies.

The response was instantaneous. All the agencies mentioned were flooded with requests for seats. Flinn had actually to supply them. It was the first time theatre ticket agencies descended to the level of selling movie tickets.

And when the time came, when the reviews and hurrahs and hallelujahs appeared, the public was even more anxious to see the film.

But the question stands. In the first place, before the reviews, before the ads, before the build-up—how did the fans know?

Showmen have only one answer. They shrug their shoulders and say, "They smelled it out."

The same thing, of course, is true of shows. Years ago, William A. Brady, who is and always has been a very shrewd theatrical operator, produced a show and opened it in Chicago. It wasn't much good, Chicago thought, and didn't seem to have much chance. Brady, when he looked at it on the stage, agreed. He called in his two partners, Al H. Woods and Arch Selwyn, and sold out his share of the show for very little money. They kept it on the road a while and tinkered with it.

In the meantime, in New York, a gambler named Rosenthal was killed. It developed into one of the big scandals of the era, with police officials involved and Lt. Becker eventually convicted. It was graft and corruption in high circles and it was a newspaper sensation, at the height of which, Messrs. Selwyn and Woods brought their play into town, the play that Mr. Brady had backed out of. It was a criminal play of graft around the corner, the first of its particular brand, and the analogy stuck in everyone's craw immediately. *Outside the Law*, it was called, and it ran on and on, with something like fifteen companies touring the country at the same time.

In that case, of course, the reason and the background are obvious but, to come down to modern days and omitting, by tacit and mutual agreement, such an obvious or shocking example as *Abie's Irish Rose*, the same thing continues. But sans simple explanation.

Thus *Tobacco Road*. It opened and was greeted by a mutual round of adverse criticism. The drama critics in New York, a much more studious and self-conscious crowd than the harder-working film reviewers, didn't see much excuse for it. They all thought Henry Hull as the star was rather better than the show, and Walter Winchell, who has never walked away from a pun yet, capsuled his criticism into "Henry's the Hull show."

For a while it was nip and tuck. Could the show linger or couldn't it? Should it fold or shouldn't it? And then it caught on, kept growing and growing and, the first thing you knew, it was a full-sized hit.

The public had decided that it liked the show.

And it wasn't Mr. Hull, either. Because

Mr. Hull dropped out of the cast and was followed by Mr. Barton. And Mr. Barton dropped out and was followed by Mr. Bell. And Mr. Bell dropped out and was followed by Mr. Holmes. And some of the first Jeeter Lesters came back. And so forth and so on, until it seemed as though almost anyone could play the part sufficiently well for public acceptance.

And the play will continue to play in New York until after it breaks the *Abie's Irish Rose* record and until after it becomes the new world's champ drama from the standpoint of longevity in the New York theatre. (A safe prediction. You may take bets on it, if you wish.)

Why? People will call you aside and whisper in your ear that it is "dirty." But is that the answer? Anyone who has followed the New York scene can tell you that many rougher, more daring plays have wilted away overnight.

No, it wasn't, and isn't dirt.

It is a combination, a rare combination, of word-of-mouth advertising, plus newspaper build-up (the *New York Daily News*, in the early life of the show, ran two editorials using the subject of the show as a base for clamoring against conditions of the sort described in it), plus what might be called just plain public cussedness.

Thus, *Variety*, after a survey about a year ago, announced that radio "critics" (the quotes are ours, not *Variety's*, since the word "criticism" on radio, in view of the open and admitted sponsorship and censorship, is obviously silly) had practically no effect on film customers. The reason: the "criticism" does not coincide with date of the release of the film, it is generally several weeks ahead.

This is true, but it isn't quite the story. The fact of the matter is that much more frequently the movie fan who is also a radio fan remembers but wants to test. Mr. Radio "Critic" will say, let us presume, that such and such a picture is bad. But his listener will say, "I don't care. I like Bill Powell. I'm going to see it anyway."

Some small part of this being a desire to write a letter to Mr. Radio "Critic" to the effect that "You are certainly right about *Fifty-Second Street*. It sure isn't so very much." Or, "You are certainly wrong about *The Butler and the Lady*. I think it's very good and Annabella is as cute as she can be."

How many times have you heard someone say, "I'm going down to see that new Grace Moore picture. I'm just crazy about Grace Moore and she can't be as bad as they say."?

Which, of course, is a close relative of "They say that new Grace Moore picture is marvelous!"

Word-of-mouth, plus curiosity. Or cussedness, if you want to call it that. Add to this a fillip of shrewd advertising . . . But wait a minute. Advertising? Does that always work?

Greta Garbo completed a new picture not so long ago called *Conquest*. It was an expensive and a magnificent picture, technically. The drums began rolling. It was a four-million-dollar production. It was a five-million-dollar production. It was Greta Garbo at her greatest. It was Charles Boyer at his best. It was Napoleon settings at their finest. And so on and so on *ad infinitum*.

But the public couldn't be bothered. At one preview after another, the reaction was lukewarm. The picture was rushed out and sold down the river. Barely two months after release it was showing around in all the inkpots of the world. It was washed up and out quick.

It may not have lost any money for the producer; films seldom do. (The exhibitor or the distributor may lose money; the producer seldom does.) Its actual production cost was somewhere near two million dollars and the Greta Garbo name is still potent enough to get that much back. But it was most decidedly not a click.

AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

What's that? How can a film which grosses as much as that, two or three million dollars, be a flop? Well, maybe it isn't. But those are the pictures that are supposed to sell a whole list of products. And those are the pictures that are supposed to make money enough to write off the losses of ten or twenty smaller ones.

Well, then, maybe it isn't advertising. Maybe it's publicity.

Publicity, of course, is the fancy name that advertising goes under when it isn't paid for. At least, not directly paid for. Thus, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was making a series of shorts (the trade name for one- or two-reel films) entitled *Crime Doesn't Pay*. One of these shorts did especially well. It got unusually good reactions. There was a young fellow in it who seemed to have the makings of future importance.

Various people went into conferences. Various people went to work. An amazed young man suddenly found himself the cynosure of an astonishingly large and benevolent group of calculating and friendly, but withal shrewd eyes. And Robert Taylor, star, was born.

It was a cinch. It worked much faster and much more easily than a magic potion would have. On all sides the publicity and the build-up flowed. Sugary adverbs followed breathlessly on the heels of honeyed adjectives. As the trade puts it, the femmes went to town. Executives congratulated themselves, publicity men were given raises (or new and grander sounding titles, which is cheaper), and there was no doubt in anyone's mind. A star was born!

The only trouble was that someone forgot to watch the waterline. While the inspired fan magazine articles rolled on, and the hurrahs and huzzahs, and breath-catching of female hearts went on, there began rising somewhere an opposition wave of resentment. And before it could be stopped, the executives and publicity men were huddling again in rush-hush conferences.

There was a foul, proletarian plot on hand. Their star was slipping right through their fingers. Man the pumps, men! All hands astern.

Mr. Taylor's roles were changed. He was now depicted as a hairy-chested he-man, a regular fellow: (*A Yank at Oxford*, *The Crowd Roars*). He became a radio m. c. (master of ceremonies) with implicit instructions to use slang and be "one of the mob." Every mention everywhere of his beauty was quickly but firmly erased.

And a star was saved!

Sometimes the rescue isn't easy. Sometimes the rescue isn't possible. And sometimes it works in reverse.

When Mary Astor got herself and her little diary involved in scandals, there was a hurry call of the front rank militia. Should she be read out of the business? Should she be shunned as a pariah? Before any definite step could be taken one way or another it became apparent that the mysterious public had a will of its own and this will seemed to favor Miss Astor. Miss Astor became a better name at the b. o. than ever before. Wherewith much sighing of relief all around.

And that business of names. Who is a name and who isn't? And when?

Certain people are known in show parlance as chaser-awayers. Certain people are draws. Certain people are just good. Or just bad.

Lawrence Tibbett may be the best news the New York Metropolitan Opera Company ever heard of. He may mean cinch b. o. in every concert hall in the country. In filmdom he is known as a chaser-awayer. And yet Darryl Zanuck took a chance and

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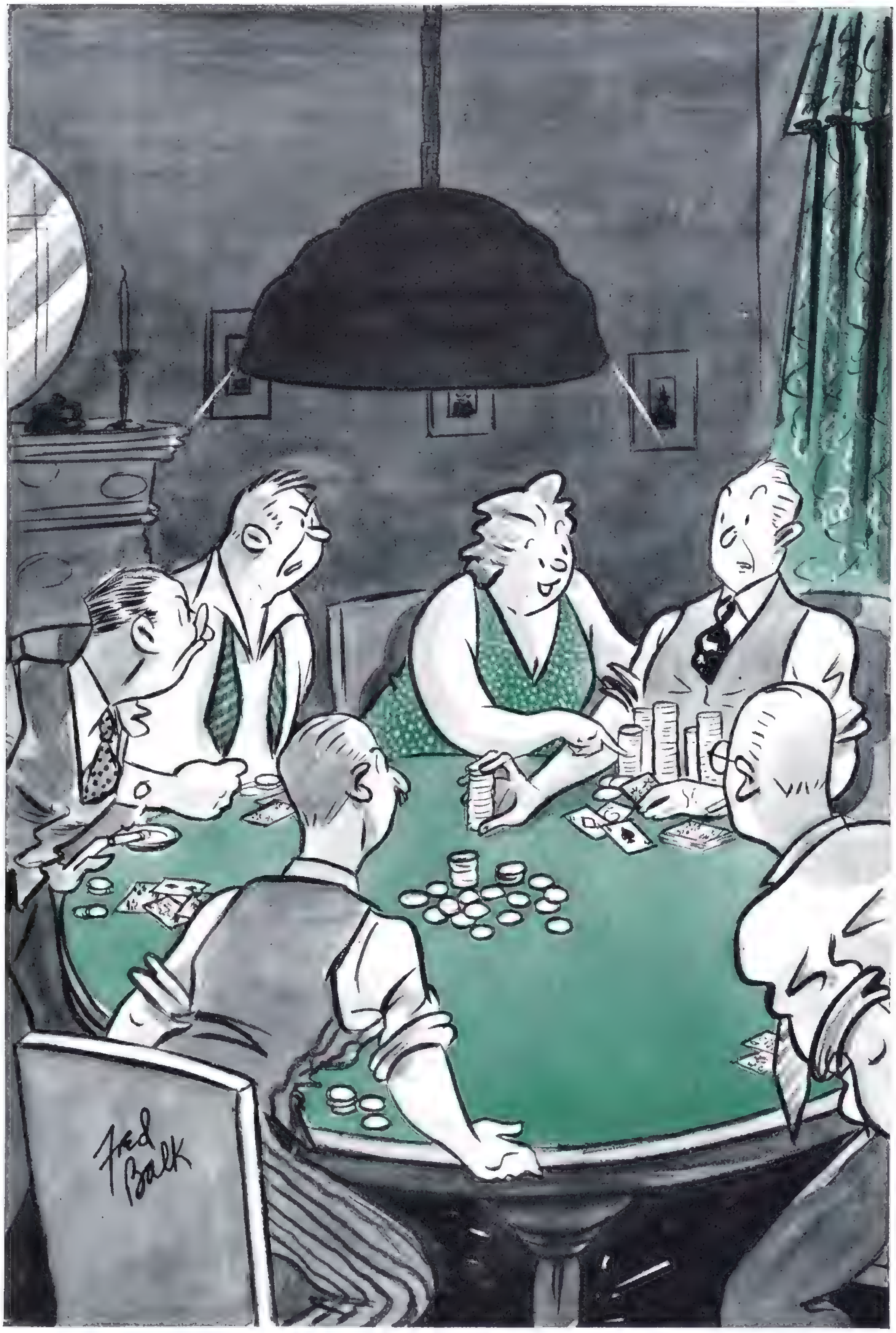

*"Honey, have you noticed that the markings on the backs of our new cards aren't all alike?"*

# The Candid Cameraman

## Hollywood defeats its purpose as usual by making crime so exciting that only a dullard would want to live straight

### by PATTERSON MURPHY

• MOVIES •

*HIPPOCRATES AT HOME AND ABROAD*

The best film play I have witnessed this season is R. K. O. Radio's unpretentious drama called *A Man to Remember*. This simple tale, told so eloquently in photography, is no spectacle to call forth the kind of superlatives inevitably associated with the motion picture epic. Indeed, its homespun story is a not unfamiliar one, the joys and sorrows of a country doctor whose faith in his craft triumphs at last over all petty opposition. Cheaply made on a, for Hollywood, insignificant budget; played by a cast of character actors, written and directed by moderate-salaried members of the R. K. O. staff, yet this movie, in the theatre where I viewed it, met with a sudden and spontaneous applause—always a genuine tribute, evoked as it must be by phantom shadows mechanically reproduced. A cheap picture, and a familiar story. What quality, then, does such a film play possess which strikes so immediate a response?

The reason is not far to seek. Most movies are made by patent formula by people whose imaginations rarely transcend those tenets of commercial success which are applicable equally to soap or to entertainment. I will hardly presume to call these methods unjustifiable; they are nevertheless basic, and account for the trifling number of fine motion pictures. Where sincerity is considered a fault, artistic accomplishment is, as a consequence, negligible. Pictures such as *A Man to Remember* will make money, but the film industry is not so much interested in money as it is interested in big money. Thus we have productions such as, let us say, *Suez*, whose audience appeal is the fascination with which we watch a million dollars magnificently being wasted. By reason of its trivial budget the producers of such a picture as *A Man to Remember* are sometimes permitted to work unhampered; the urge in its makers to create with their integrity becomes undeniable: working away almost surreptitiously with a minor cast and for the moment unobserved by the spectacle creators, the patent formula goes unheeded. And then we see a tiny portion of the cinema's potentialities at last realized.

The relation of so unobtrusive a plot does injustice to its lyric quality. The small town's doctor dies. Already, as the procession passes up the street, the village merchants are appealing to his executor for payment of the physician's debts. His "estate" is contained in a shabby box, which the attorney opens and examines. In it are a stack of notes and due bills. Each of these bills contains a little human drama, which the camera proceeds to unfold. These, seen together in retrospect, constitute the story of a hero. The sheer simplicity of its telling, and its unpretentious sincerity, have a cumulative effect which is the very essence of fine drama. Each of the workmen taking part in the production of *A Man to Remember* may modestly pride himself on having made a contribution to the motion picture art, this with especial reference to its director, Garson Kanin, to Katharine Haviland-Taylor, from whose story Dalton Trumbo evolved his expert screen play; to Robert Sisk, its producer, and his assistant, Lee Marcus, and to Edward Ellis, for his sensitive portrayal of the country doctor.

Now another sort of physician is portrayed in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's picturization of A. J. Cronin's *The Citadel*. The Cronin piece, no such splendid accident as *A Man to Remember*, was the outstanding book success, from the sales point of view, of the current year. Metro bought it with movie money and spared no movie brains to bring the popular story to life. Filmed in England under the direction of King Vidor, excellently acted by the capable and forthright Robert Donat, *The Citadel* becomes the smooth and competent screen play expected of expert movie makers. Except for its wearisome style and pathetic attention to the clichés of popular literature, *The Citadel* in novel form had an interesting story to tell, that of ignorance and prejudice, an inexplicable opposition to the man with ideals whose only selfishness is his determination to better mankind. In this case it was a young doctor whose creative impulses mixed him up with industrial diseases. Batted about, he took the easy course; he became a society doctor. This, however, led to no end of tragedy. A true scientist is fated for hard knocks, apparently. Anyway, *The Citadel* was the story of his adjustment to his environment and ideals.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the colossus of motion picture producers, purchased this appealing best seller, and, as I have said, gave it the works. It is slick, carefully and expensively made; no pains have been spared to bring realism to its narrative. It manages, indeed, to stir to life, characters who, in the book, were marionettes. There is really but one fault to find with *The Citadel*. None of the people engaged in its production has even remotely experienced its emotions. They are craftsmen, and not artists. They are working, competently, for their salaries. They are doing their best, but it is not good enough. You will enjoy, perhaps admire, *The Citadel*, whereas *A Man to Remember* will long haunt your memory. I invite you to make a guess in which one of these medical documents the Hippocratic Oath is recited.

*HOW MUCH FUN CAN A LOUSE HAVE?*

A successful playwright—correct me if I am wrong—is a writer who has more sense than to fool around with new ideas when old ideas will do as well, if not better. *You Can't Take It With You*, in its play form, is a good illustration of my contention. George S. Kaufman, digging back through his musty file of plots, exhumed the one about the rich father who objects to his son marrying a stenographer. With the assistance of Moss Hart and an excellent sense of humor, this hoary idea was revitalized into as pleasant an evening in the theatre as the tiredest businessman could demand. The authors made up the Sycamore family, and the Sycamore family was fun at its best. The boy's father, a munitions tycoon, was automatically, for the sake of comedy, a louse. It was all good honest entertainment, amusing from start to finish, right down to the lousy capitalist and Mrs. Sycamore, she characteristically becoming a playwright because a typewriter had been delivered to her house five years before by mistake. Incidentally, it won the Pulitzer Prize.

A play like this was meat and drink for pictures, so Columbia bought it for Frank Capra and handed its book to Robert Riskin, one of our better scenarists, and now its celluloid version has been loosed upon the populace. Columbia has seen fit to broaden its old-time economic angle, taking some of the comedy out of the grumpy millionaire and making him an honest to goodness louse; but it has left the Sycamore family intact, and the essential theme of the play. The essential theme of the play, you will recall, was that people are much happier when they are doing what they want to do, an idea difficult to debate. Grandpa Vanderhof one day in the past suddenly decided to hell with business, and he quit. This doesn't mean that any of us may pop off and quit our jobs and go out and have as much fun as the Syca-

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# The River of Whales

### No one knew if the sulphur-bottom was bewitched by the painted drum but he played merry Hell with the whalermen

### by RUSSELL ANNABEL

• FICTION •

This is the Captain's story. I disclaim all responsibility for it. Whether the yarn is truth or fiction I cannot say. The Captain told it to me one May evening on the windy beach of Chinitna Bay, in Alaska, and he told it well—so well, indeed, that I was caught in the spell of his eloquence and imagery, and at no time had the slightest doubt that I was listening to anything but gospel truth.

Later, however, certain parts of the narrative seemed to break down under cold-blooded analysis. And yet—well, I couldn't make up my mind. I have not, in fact, reached a conclusion yet. Some day I hope to meet the Captain again. If I do, I'll have plenty of questions to ask him . . .

In one way or another, as we sat there looking out across the glimmering, starlit bay, the subject of whaling came up, and I asked the Captain if he had ever sailed in whaling ships.

"Aye, lad, I have," he replied, "but not in any of these modern gunboats that are miscalled whaling vessels. In the old days you didn't kill whales with cannon and exploding bombs. You went out after them in a pitching dory and harpooned them and then you fought them to a finish. It was the whale's strength and the whim of the sea against your wit and a few hundred fathoms of line. Present day whalermen know nothing of the old daring and skill. They are merely a lot of mechanics and gunners."

"But they get the whales," I argued. "The methods of twenty or thirty years ago may have been picturesque, but you must admit they were far from efficient."

"Oh ho, we weren't efficient, eh? Why, listen, lad, big Lars Gunderson and I once invented the most efficient system for killing whales that the world has ever seen. We'd have made our eternal fortunes with it, too, if it hadn't been for a blasted old Aleut shaman and an overgrown sulphur-bottom whale that he bewitched with a painted drum."

"A bewitched whale!" I smiled. "That's a new one. How could anybody bewitch a whale?"

The Captain was stuffing Navy plug into the bowl of a stubby black briar. He took his time about it, lighting the tobacco carefully, then tamping it down with a horny forefinger.

"That's a question I can't answer," he replied. "I only know what happened. It's possible the whole crazy business came about through coincidence. But whatever the cause, we were wiped out slick and clean. Smack! Just like that. Men and gear and buildings."

If you're interested (he continued) perhaps I'd better tell you the whole story. It happened on the River of Whales. Lars and I discovered the place while we were cruising south from a voyage up Anadir way, on the Siberian side. The stream was narrow but deep, and it flowed down to the ocean through a series of frowning canyons. Probably we were the first white men ever to lay eyes on the spot. The Aleuts knew about it, of course, but they had a reason for keeping the information to themselves.

What set this river apart from all the rivers of the world was the fact that it was full of whales twice a day. Herring were running in the stream, you see, and the little Beluga whales—the sacred white whales of the Aleuts, as they are called in this country—were following them up into fresh water on each flood tide. They'd harry the schools a mile or two upriver, then return to salt water before the turn of the tide left them stranded. Lars and I knew we had stumbled on something better than a gold mine. It would be an easy task to stretch a net of wire cables between two of the cliffs. With the aid of a steam donkey we could raise the net and keep it suspended until the whales had passed upstream. Then we'd drop it, trapping the herd. Low water would leave them helpless in shoal water. It was a fool-proof scheme. Nothing could go wrong with it. We had the world by the tail on a downhill pull, and knew we'd be millionaires within twelve months.

"The Beluga hides are worth money, the oil will bring a lot more, and the teeth are good for trade in the South Pacific Islands," I said.

Gunderson threw back his yellow head with a shout of laughter. "This will be a joke on all the whale ship skippers who ever put out to sea. We'll stand on the bank like a pair of landlubber trout fishermen and kill more whales in a month than any six ships could in a two-year cruise."

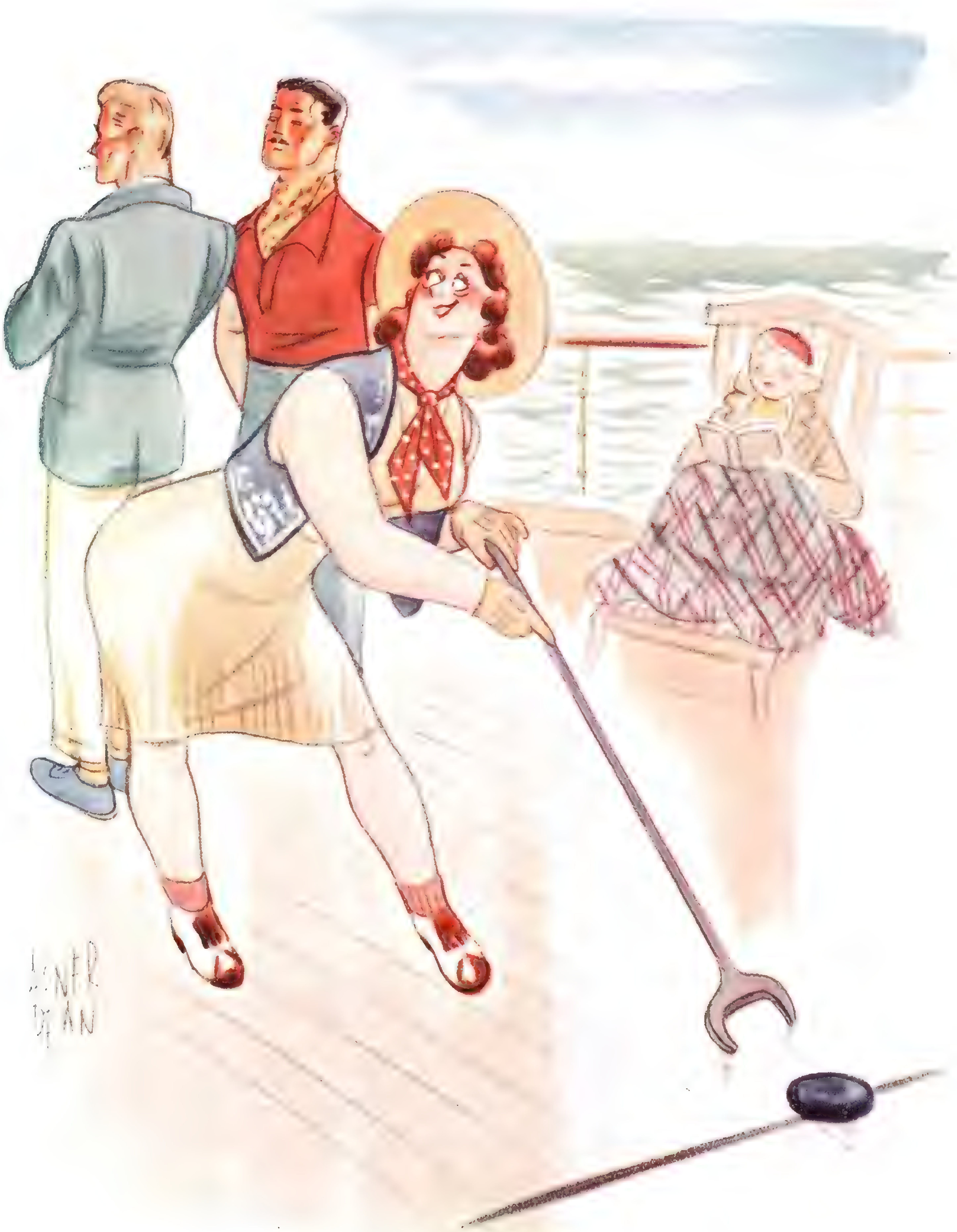
We went down to 'Frisco and bought the necessary gear and equipment. Then, toward the end of May, as the sub-Arctic sun began to swing south again, we slipped out of the Golden Gate one night and set a course for the River of Whales. The herring were running when we arrived, and the water was alive with Belugas. The narrow gap between the first river cliffs fairly boiled as the herds tore upstream. It was a sight to make a man's heart glad, I can tell you—all those whales rolling and playing out there in the channel, with the sun gleaming on their white backs, and a million gulls and kittiwakes wheeling above them, ready to dive for the herring the whales killed but didn't swallow.

Gunderson and I decided to send the schooner down to Juneau for the remainder of the season. We were afraid somebody would notice it lying-to out in the bay, and would put in to find out what we were doing. Competition was the last thing in the world we wanted now. Give us four months alone in this whalerman's paradise, and we'd make our fortunes. But if some other skipper got wise to what we had found, there probably would be a fight, and then nobody would make any money.

A week after the mate and three men had taken the schooner south, we dropped the net across the river. The crew had lined up on the bank, each man with a .30-30 Winchester and a handful of cartridges. Their orders were to shoot as many Belugas as possible before they hit the net. Otherwise the combined strength of the herd might snap the cables. While Belugas do not average more than twelve feet in length, a dozen or so of them can create a lot of havoc in a mighty short time, especially if they are penned up and frightened. We had seen them smash piling when they were caught in fish traps.

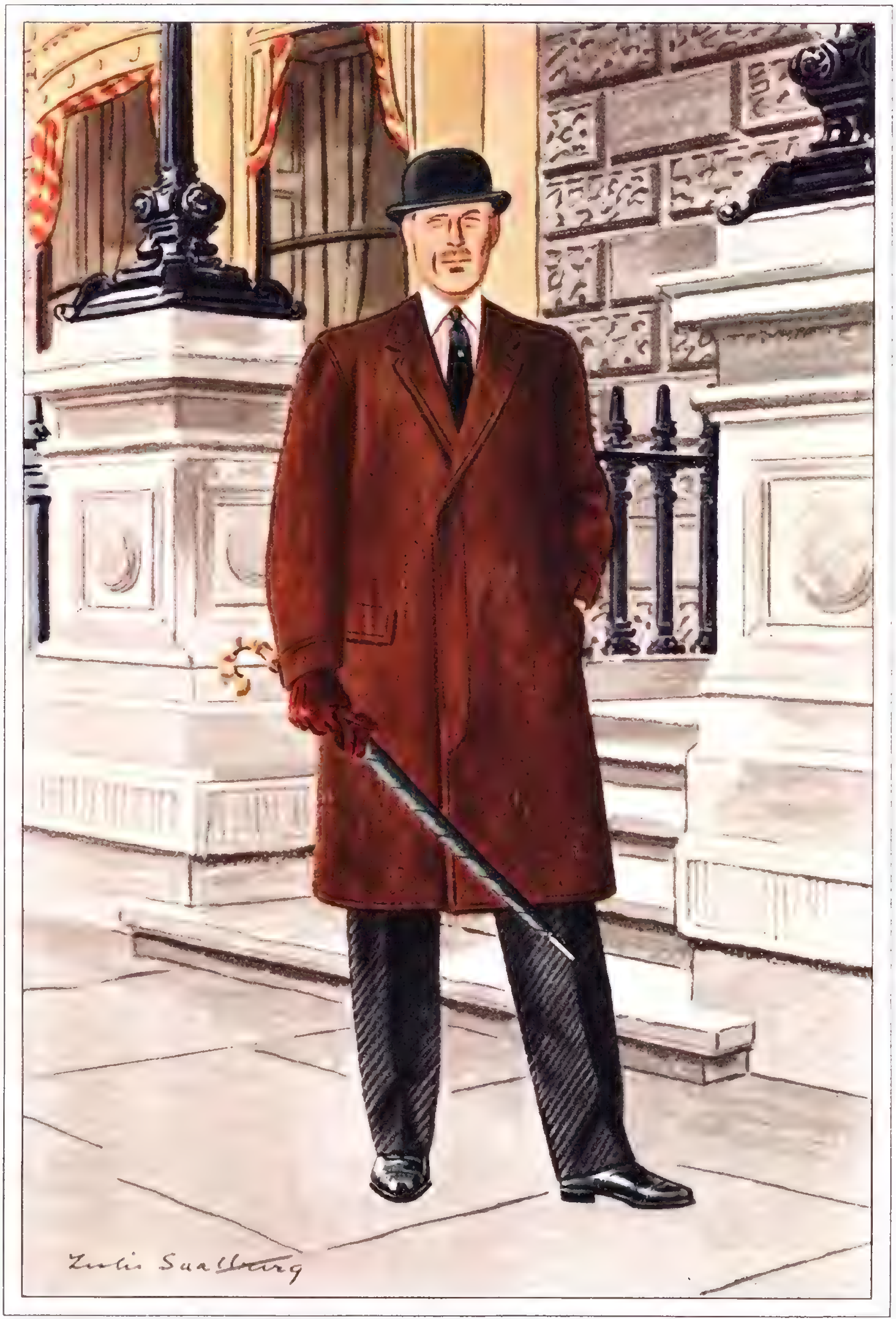
In a little while the tide turned, and here came the first pod of Belugas. They slewed around, frightened, upon seeing the net, and went back upstream a short distance. But presently four or five more came down with

*Continued in center of page 144*



CRUISE CARGO—LAST FLING

*Autumn Fire at Sea*



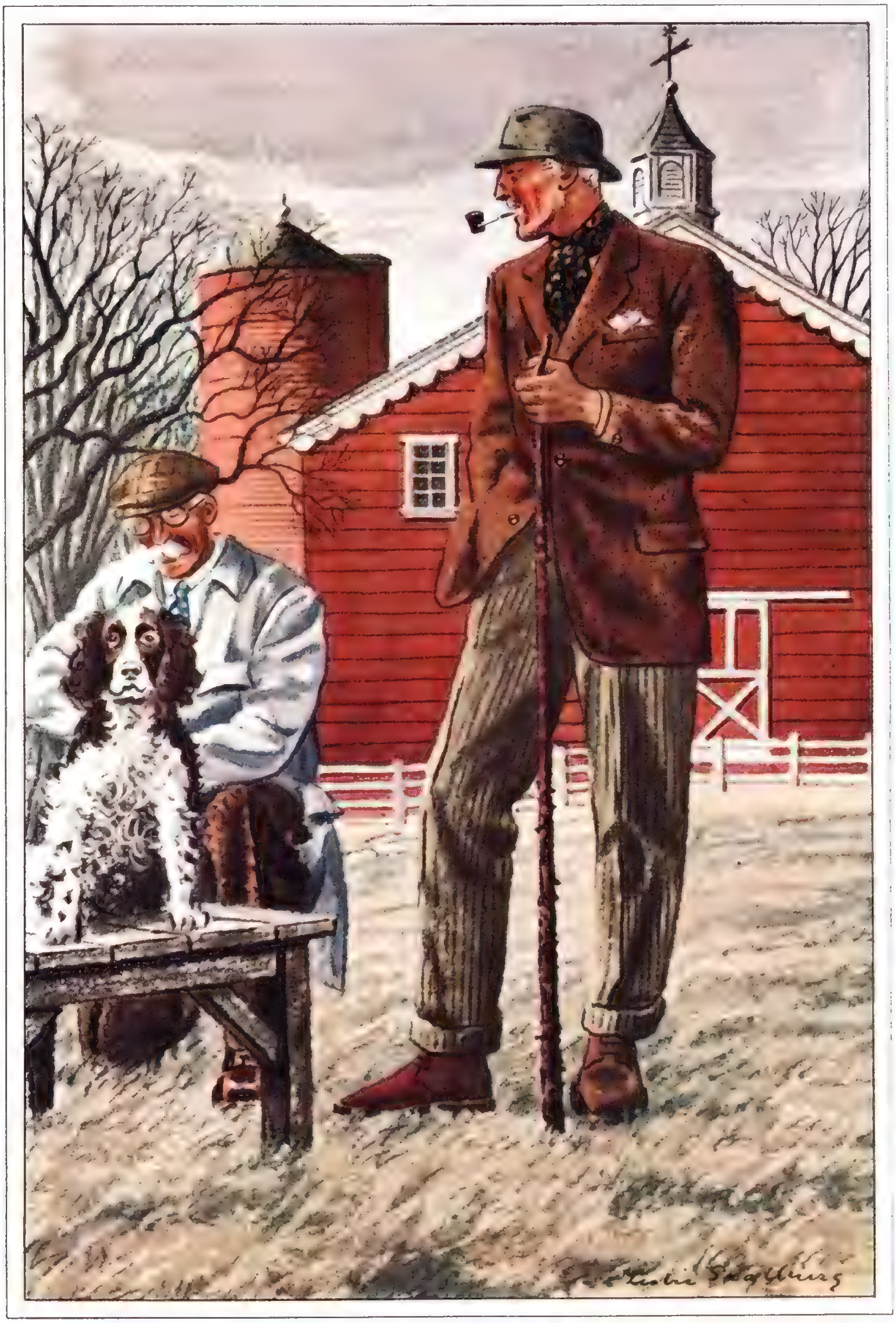
PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN LONDON, ENGLAND, BY LESLIE SAALBURG

*This setting is the famous White's Club on St. James's Street, London—once the favorite haunt of no less a fashion leader than Beau Brummell. During the Regency, the dandies would sit at the bow windows shown here and watch the fashionable world go by.*

# ADDING TO THE VOCABULARY OF YOUR WARDROBE

We've exposed you to the fashionable crotal color before but haven't really inoculated you with it. This color (the word crotal is Scottish, meaning reddish-brown) is one of the natural shades developed by the Scottish and Irish weavers of tweed. You see it here in a loose weave homespun tweed topcoat. This garment, now sanctioned for town wear, is worn harmoniously enough with a rather formal outfit that echoes the latest word for spring. The suit is a grey diagonal pattern worsted with cuffless trousers. The coral shirt with spaced white stripes is set off by a white starched widespread collar and black satin tie in the new long, narrow bar shape. Coral is another shade that is just coming into favor, this tone going especially well with black and grey suits, but we don't want to confuse the issue. Accessories include bowler hat, goatskin gloves, town shoes, and umbrella with whanghee handle.

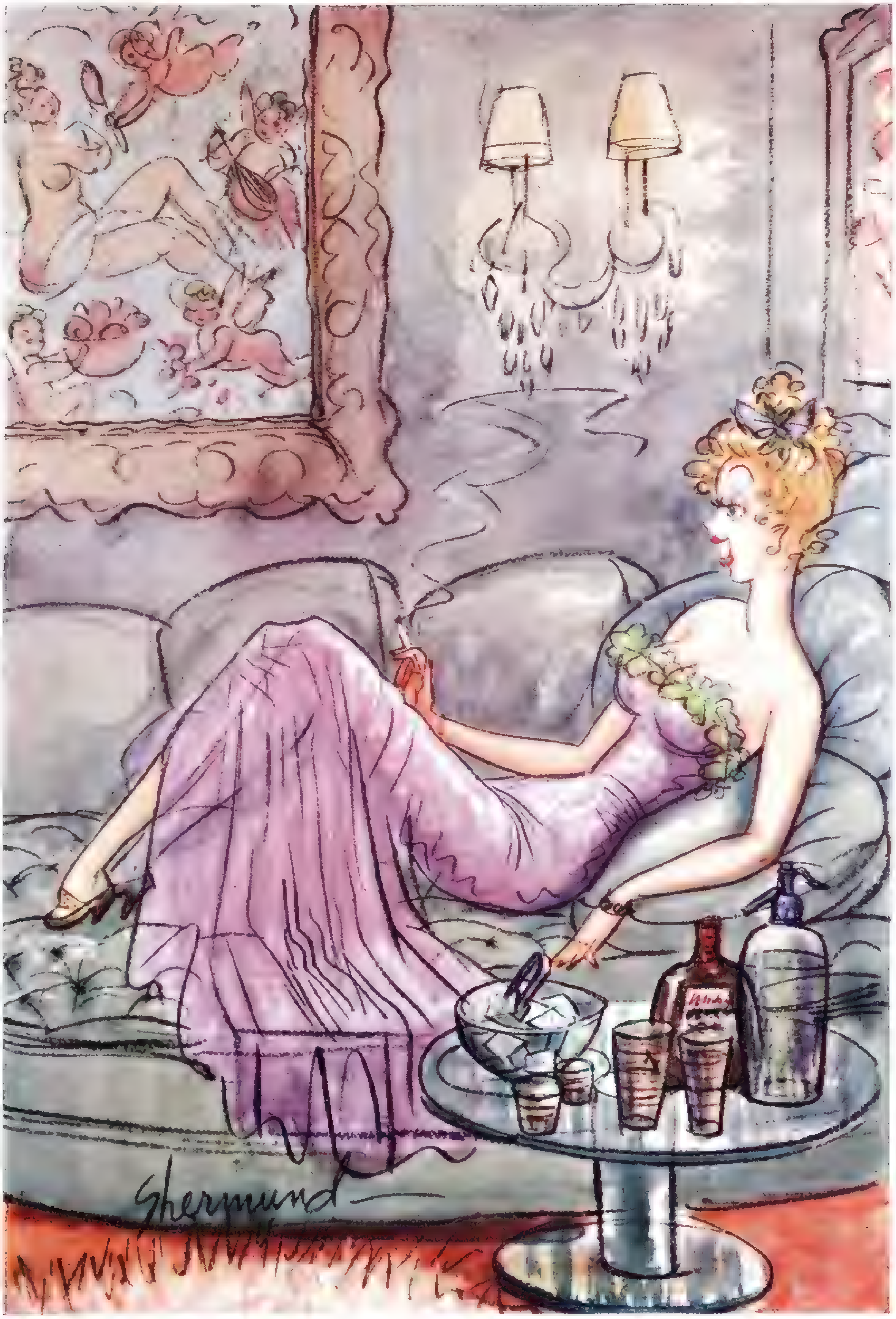
*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*



# COUNTRY BREEKS AND CHUKKAS AND ALL THAT

Everyone has a secret yearning to get back to the land, and some realize that ambition via country estate or farm. When a man indulges in the hobby of farming, dairying or breeding show dogs, cattle or horses, usually the last thing he thinks about is fashion. Comfort and informality are the main idea. And that's where the breeks and chukkas come in. The former are the now popular trousers of velvet cord (a sturdy corduroy) worn by the man at the right. They are as plain as they can be, narrow and short in cut with natural turn up cuffs. The chukkas are the pre-eminently walkworthy ankle high blucher style shoes of reverse calf, unlined, with crepe soles and heels. The rest of the outfit consists of a single breasted Harris tweed jacket with roomy pockets, wool riding shirt, silk riding stock, and antique tone moss colored felt hat. Don't overlook the cherrywood Newmarket pipe with quill stem and the thumbstick.

*For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*



*"Why don't you move over here, Mr. Lowery, where you'll be closer to everything"*

# Here's to Your Health

## Drink as a means, never as an end, find out how much you can enjoy and be guided by your body metabolism

### by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

**▪ POTABLES ▪**

One of the first as well as the best of history's columnists was Cicero. When he wasn't writing news from the far-flung battlefronts or orations to be delivered from the cold floor of the Senate, he was telling about the joys of food and wine. In one of the essays, if my memory is any good, Cicero wrote: "Let us drink for the replenishment of our strength, not for our sorrow." Millions of words have flowed under the *pons* since then but none more wise about the art of drinking.

For it is an art we have concluded from the letters that cross our desk. Gentlemen, of the writer's age, and the generation just beyond that, know enough about the art to need no advice. They learned from their fathers and those who went before them. The post-War generation learned, in a negative and hard way, from the speakeasy era. But the younger generation, knowing neither the joys of the gentle old days nor the agonies of the bathtub era, are sometimes at a loss. From them come the inquiries as to what to drink, how to drink, when to drink and what, oh what, to do about it when they have been indiscreet. Their seeking is serious and their honest earnestness deserves a sensible and mature answer.

So the writer hied himself to the family doctor, just to be sure that the controversial quotient should be negligible, or at least reduced to a minimum. Our wise friend, the Doctor, immediately got a gleam in his eye. He recalled a schoolmate of his college days. The young medical student would never accept the savants' teachings about alcohol and the human system. When prodded by his classmates he admitted to the functions of the heat, blood stream, metabolism in fact everything in the book. But the chapter on alcohol was just a mass of misinformation slipped in somehow to befuddle students. Even when stated chemically as $C_2H_5OH$, and broken down into carbohydrates and water, he was still adamant. He would admit the beneficial use of carbohydrates by the human system, but oh no, not when it came in bottles. He had a prejudice, he finally admitted; and the fellow students and the doctors gave him up.

The moral of that, our Doctor says, is that in the country's population there will always be a certain percentage just like the hard-bitten student. No amount of fact, precept or reasoning will shake a prejudice if it has been firmly enough set in concrete in youth. The effort in education should be to teach all the facts, letting human behavior and conduct in later life fall along individual lines. Seems like a sound theory to those of us who blanch with disgust at the thought of some future eighteenth amendment.

There is an old-fashioned code of ethics that sets a taboo about doctors appearing too often in print. But spoken to privately, most of them see red when you mention the old wives' tales and the nonsense lore that have been used by those who do not themselves like to drink and who therefore think others should be denied the pleasure. The doctor can cite verse and chapter from the account of Noah and the thing that kept the old man hale, hearty and happy on that long ocean voyage, down to the present-day philosophers and psychiatrists. Especially is the doctor articulate about the place alcohol, in its various forms, has played in the science of medicine in its early stages of development. Most of our famous cordials, of course, were liqueurs that were distilled by the monks with various herbs of the countryside and handed out to the ill of the parish. The commercial aspects of these potables were developed much later. Then there is the common knowledge of gin, mixed with certain things, that kept sailors in good trim on long voyages especially to climes where there was doubt about drinking water. Brandy, distilled from wine, was first made as a medicine for the aging. And until a comparatively recent date all surgery was accomplished by the use of alcohol as an anesthetic, there being no other discovered at that time.

If you have traveled abroad you no doubt have run across the patriarch of the village or community sitting in his chair in the sun. He will be from four-score years to one hundred and something, and upon questioning you will learn that he has enjoyed, every morning of his life, a good dose of the potable of the countryside, *schnapps*, *aqua vit*, or *l'eau de vie*. The writer has among his kin one such who drinks a tumbler of Calvados every morning before breakfast. He is one hundred and four. May we all live that long. And if we are ever lost on some snowy ski slope we fervently hope that the rescuing St. Bernard has around his neck the little cask filled, not with lemonade, but brandy.

Going back to the medical men, Karl A. Menninger, one of the current white hopes among the boys who tell you why you do what you do, sums it up nicely in his latest book. He writes: "There is much to indicate that in our civilization alcohol has a very useful function to perform, and may be a source of increased happiness and decreased hostilities."

One can speculate at this point as to what course history might have taken had the sour old gentlemen at Munich gone down into the cellar for a few tankards of the famous brew before ascending those austere steps to "peace in our time." A glance at the account of what happened to a boundary when the Governor of South Carolina met the Governor of North Carolina might have worked for inestimable happiness and decreased hostilities.

In my schooldays there was a psychology teacher who slyly whispered behind his hand that a good book to read was a little tract by Owen Wister called *Philosophy IV*. With knowledge bootlegged that way, we all made haste to search it out. It was, as I recall, an elaboration of the William James theory of the higher elevation that could be reached by the brain by the judicious use of alcohol. In the story some students, faced with an examination for which they were not prepared, went off on a binge, came back and passed the test with flying colors. It was a solace to my youth and stands up well in later years.

The question of how to drink, which arises most frequently in letters to this department, is now before the house. It is no idle fancy phrase, that a gentleman knows how to drink. He knows how because he has learned, has found out by experience just what amount is necessary to that increased happiness and at what point he should desist. The young folks, being smart, want to know without having to go through the unpleasant period of experimentation. When you find a person who drinks beyond his own personal good,

*Continued in center of page 173*

# On the Record

## Though Swing music packs them in at the stadiums, the sweet stuff holds its own with a much larger following

### by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

Though you don't hear much about it, sweet jazz still lives on.

During the last year or two, swing has been the whole noise. Everybody talks about it; praises or swears at it. But not everybody seems to realize that the sweet stuff has the bigger following—even among the youngsters. Middle aged and elderly cronies have always preferred smoother tempos, but many collegians go for "sweeter swing."

Horace Heidt—after a survey of requests in the towns he's played in and his fan mail—estimates that approximately forty-three per cent of his following is made up of young people who prefer sweet jazz because they find it "more danceable." Also, Guy Lombardo and Wayne King still do business at the old stand, and Ray Noble, Ozzie Nelson, Ben Bernie, and George Olsen keep packing them in.

* * *

Final returns may change the rating, but the last issue I read of *Downbeat* rated the most popular half-dozen swing bands as:

1. Benny Goodman; 2. Bob Crosby; 3. Art Shaw; 4. Count Basie; 5. Tommy Dorsey; 6. Duke Ellington.

The sweetest sweet bands as:

1. Tommy Dorsey; 2. Casa Loma; 3. Hal Kemp; 4. Guy Lombardo; 5. Wayne King; 6. Kay Kyser.

Ella Fitzgerald doubled the number of votes awarded Bing Crosby as top vocalist. Mildred Bailey, Martha Tilton, Jack Leonard, Connie Boswell were next in order. Benny Goodman (clarinetist) strutted away out in front as favorite soloist, with Harry James (trumpeter) second, Artie Shaw (clarinetist) third, and Tommy Dorsey (trombonist) coming in fourth.

Fletcher Henderson, Larry Clinton, Edgar Sampson and Duke Ellington are thought by *Downbeat's* readers to be the best arrangers, and 1938's best recordings were voted to be:

Benny Goodman's *Sing, Sing, Sing* (Victor)—actually made in 1937.

Chick Webb's *Tisket a Tasket* (Decca).

Benny Goodman's *Don't Be That Way* (Victor).

Benny Goodman's *One O'Clock Jump* (Victor).

Count Basie's *Every Tub* (Decca).

Benny Goodman's *Wrappin' It Up* (Victor).

Art Shaw's *My Reverie* (Bluebird).

Larry Clinton's *Begin the Beguine* (Victor).

Benny Goodman's *Lullaby in Rhythm* (Victor).

Benny Goodman's *Roll 'Em* (Victor).

#### Trade Notes

When you listen to the new Toscanini recordings with the NBC Symphony, among those present will be three swingsters. The maestro now waves his stick over a former Fred Waring trumpeter, ex-Whiteman and ex-Goodman trombonists.

Nickel phonographs report an increase in nickels . . . Serious music—so-called "classics"—still accounts for eighty per cent of disc sales . . . Record broadcasts are getting more time.

Paul Whiteman is again releasing recordings: this time at thirty-five cents. If you are a Whitemanee, you'll want to own the recently unearthed *In the Dark*—an unfinished tune by Bix Beiderbecke which Decca is releasing. Other tunes from the "Golden Age" of jazz—Bix himself doing the jamming—are Vocalion's re-issue of *Jazz Me Blues*, *Sorry*, *Since My Best Girl Turned Me Down*, and *At the Jazz Band Ball*.

Larry Adler, world's top harmonica player, has been making records with the Hot Club of France . . . Goodman-ites haven't yet tired of *A Swing Lesson with Benny Goodman*, which Victor has prepared (Album P.-3). The eight sides all labeled "Swing Classics" include four with Benny and his orchestra, one of his trio, and three of the Benny Goodman quartet airing, among other things, a pretentiously labeled fox-trot, *Opus ½*.

A New Jersey stockbroker, onetime president of the state Bach Society, protested the "swinging" of Bach's Toccata in D minor. He requested the Federal Communications Commission to make the jazzing of masterpieces a misdemeanor punishable by suspension of license on the first offense and revocation of license on the second.

Claude Debussy currently tops Tin Pan Alley hit-tunesters with eight measures of *My Reverie*. To date there have been eight recordings of it . . . The "union of two souls" in ¾ time is on the up and up. Harry Horlick's two albums, *Johann Strauss Waltzes for Dancing* (Decca Set No. 5) and *Waltzes by Emil Waldteufel* (Decca Set No. 13) are o.k. for home dancing. More showy and smacking of *Alt Wein* are the discs Victor has assembled as *Valses de Vienna* (Victor S-12).

So you won't be a tenderfoot when you get to the range, Decca hired Frank Luther and the Luther Trio to take you up the trail to Wyoming. *Home on the Range* (Decca 1427-28-29) lacks the smell of the dogies and the big corral. The patronizing explanation and singing would never convince anyone from the West. Luther, assisted by Zora Layman and the Century Quartet, do little better with *The Gay Nineties* (Decca 1625-6-7). If you're hunting the real thing lay off *The Gay Nineties*. If you're content to hear the old tunes and don't mind having them "interpreted" they're all there: *Little Annie Rooney*, *Sweet Genevieve*, *The Sidewalks of New York*, *Kentucky Babe*, *Silver Threads Among the Gold*, *The Pardon That Came Too Late*, *Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight*, and *On the Banks of the Wabash*.

* * *

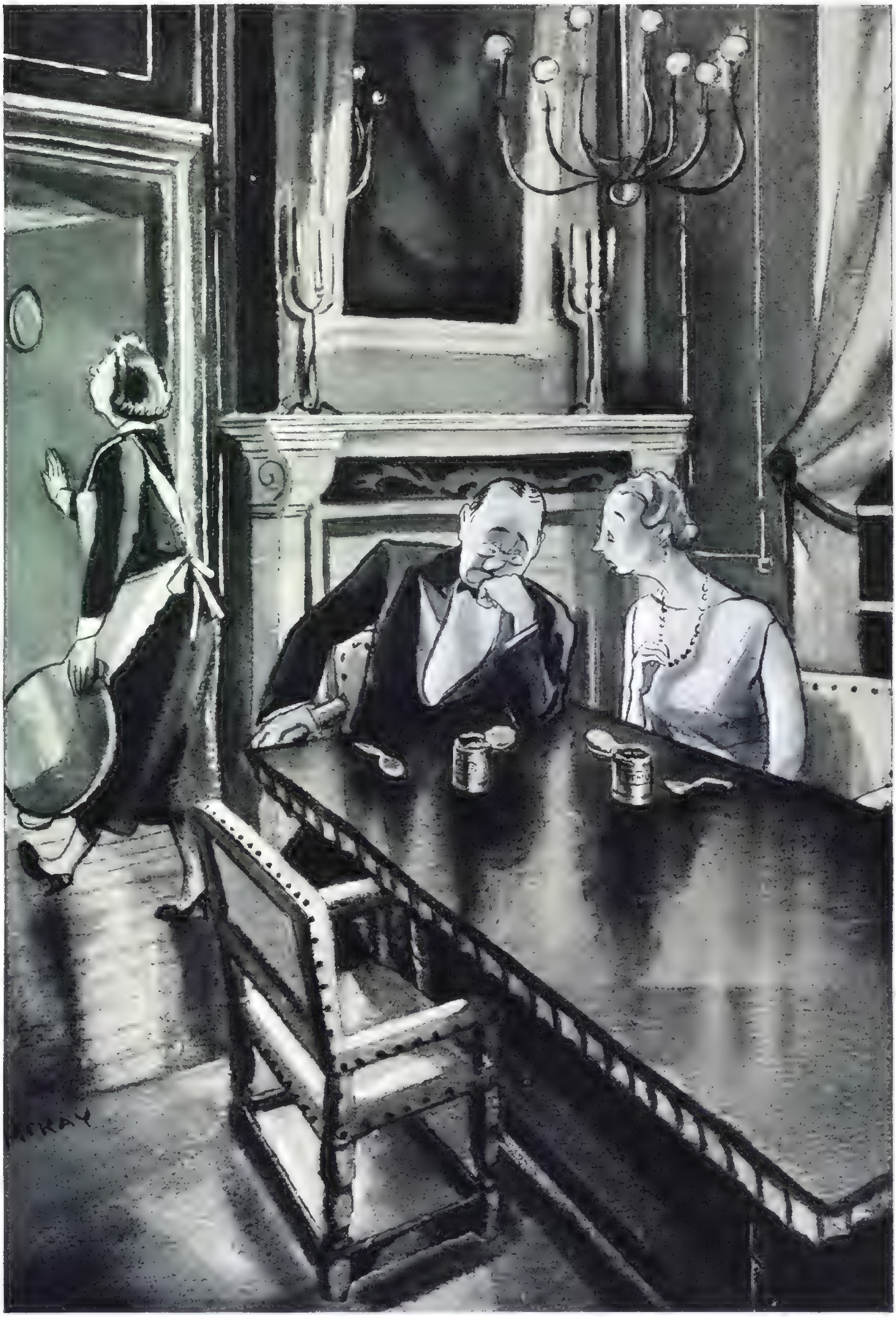
Should you feel the urge to read the latest record news, subscribe to *The American Music Lover*, edited by Peter Hugh Reed. On this side of the Atlantic, it's the outstanding magazine devoted exclusively to records . . . Most comprehensive and, to my mind, most discriminating reviews are to be found in the Gramophone Shop's monthly *Record Supplement* prepared by Robert Darrell . . . *The Victor Record Review*, edited by Richard Gilbert of Scribner's, now almost a year old, is worth every buyer's time. Its informative and timely articles deserve to be expanded, and there should be more essays and profound discussions of recorded music and recorders.

Favorite pastime in these magazines is to have contests in which readers select the ten best *lieder* discs, the ten best operatic discs, the ten best children's records, the ten best dance releases, etc. When you have nothing better to do, make one up for yourself and send it to me.

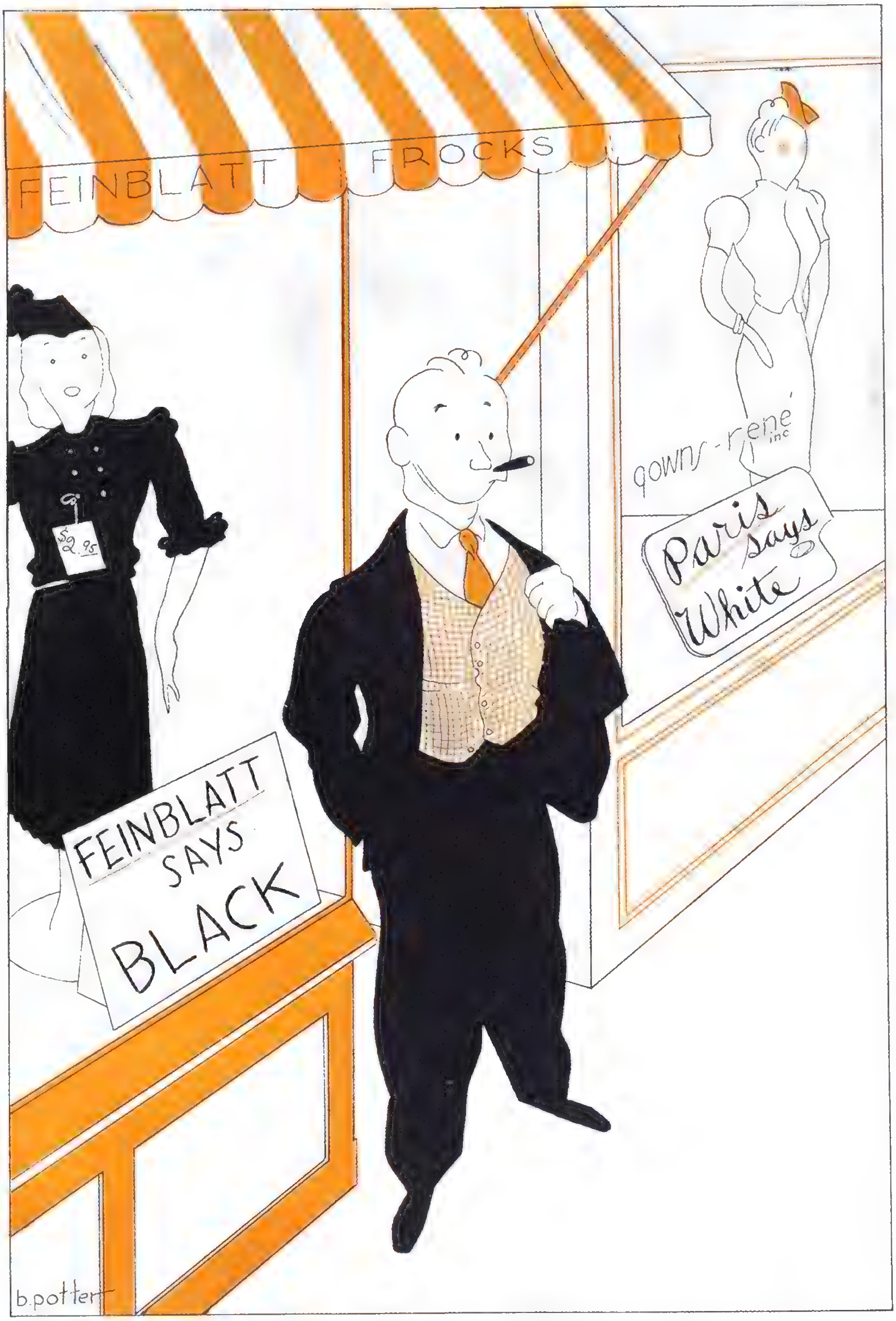
* * *

Ella Fitzgerald's got good news for you in

*Continued in center of page 131*



*"Do you suppose it would do any good to speak to her union again?"*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# Soothsayers, Forsooth!

### Their props are tea dregs, numbers, crystals, palm lines and the stars, and America's their willing oyster

### by BRUCE HENRY

• ARTICLE •

When civil war breaks out in bankrupt America in 1943, and Edward, once King of England, occupies the German throne by grace of Mussolini; when the whole civilized world is wallowing in strife and horror, and epidemics of fearsome diseases sweep from sea to sea . . . .

You won't be able to say you weren't warned. The soothsayers are doing their best.

Once there was a time when the mere mention in intelligent society of prognosis by tea leaves, crystal gazing, astrology, Rosicrucianism, pyramidology or palmistry brought derisive snorts and Bronxian cheers. Such Delphian twaddle, most of us opined, went out with Merlin, Comus and Cagliostro. That it was possible to divine the future by runes, cantrap, phylactery or any other kind of abracadabra, was as doubtful, we believed, as the never-proved ability of Spiritists to communicate with the dead. It was not tenable to anticipate anything in this unpredictable vale except the rising of the sun in the morning, and we'd hate to make book on even that.

Arguments advanced by perfervid believers in occult fee-faw-fum that practically everything from the World War to the New Deal had been anticipated by their favorite prognosticator (at one buck per anticipation) left us cold. If these infallible geomancers were so good, why weren't they simply raising hell on Wall Street instead of fooling around with chicken feed?

But that was long ago. Today, as never before, it's considered smart to accept as gospel the prophetic announcements of stars, tea dregs, astral shades, crystal balls or handlines. In these enlightened United States there is a new, astonishing tendency toward belief in divination, well-fostered by the more than ten thousand professional astrologers, twice as many "readers" of tea, cards, glass balls and other assorted gadgets, and by such no-doubt estimable organizations as the Ancient Mystical Order of Rosae Crucis which alone spends $50,000 annually for postage to gain new adherents. It would indeed appear that soon everyone must give in to this strange tide of belief in premonstration.

Soothsaying, of course, is as old as man. The Cro-Magnon, no doubt, tried to sneak a peek into his future hunting luck by slitting the abdomen of an enemy and studying the entrails—anthropomancy. Divination by smoke, capnomancy; by water, hydromancy; by birds, orniscopy; and by winds, austromancy; are mentioned in the earliest records of mankind's foibles.

The all-compelling desire to obtain advance information has made soothsaying, in fact, an extremely important influence on the social and political history of the world. From Amenhotep IV, Egyptian king, who in 1355 B.C. set up the first commercially successful soothsaying school, to the highly respected oracles of Greece and Rome, the demonologists of the Middle Ages, the witches of early America and the modern "scientific" forecasters, those who claimed to be able to rend the veil have been held in esteem, their adyta a magnet for all who were not content to let the future take care of itself. "Coming events cast their shadows before" might well have been adopted as the basic tenet for poor, uncertain homo sapiens, for he has unfailingly paid costly tribute to any and all who could promise him a glimpse ahead.

It is interesting to realize that not even the advent of Christianity made any appreciable dent in the activities of soothsayers. If anything, it helped them, for from it they evolved bibliomancy, using the Bible itself as their instrument of forecast. For that matter, most of the outstanding characters in the Bible are prophets, and the gift of prognostication is held up as one possessed only by exemplary men—another evidence of the repute in which it always has been regarded.

Opposition by hard-headed unbelievers, even through such discouraging methods as burning alive—vide: Salem's witches—apparently only made soothsaying hardier. And its universal appeal has inculcated its teachings into man's simplest acts. When a girl looks into a mirror while walking backward down steps on Halloween, she is practicing catoptromancy in hope of seeing the face of her future husband. When she puts a piece of wedding cake under her pillow, for the same reason, she is being a crithomancer. When a schoolboy crosses out corresponding letters in his and his gal friend's name, he is an onomancer, and the next time you shake up a set of dice for a game of craps you'll be using the forecasting instrument employed by cleromancers.

In his passion for prediction, man has from time to time adopted everything from mice to fountains as *dei ex machina* for annihilating the time element. There are more than sixty such known including divination by hair, by red hot irons, by sand, by a balanced hatchet, by ashes, by currents, ventriloquism and by laughing, all considered sure-fire in their day, and many—such as crystallomancy and genethlialogy, persisting to the present.

Most of these esoteric methods were evolved by soothsayers during periods in history when forecasters enjoyed the greatest popularity, namely times of fear and doubt. A contented man has little desire to see ahead; it is the frightened, discontented fellow who is willing to pay in order to learn whether fate is going to treat him better or worse in future. Thus soothsaying has flourished most when famine, pestilence, panic and war have destroyed all sounder bases for hope. The whole history of prognostication, in fact, has a growth record which closely follows in inverse ratio the low points in mankind's tawdry doings.

Because the brave new world and its lusty inhabitants represented high self-confidence and arrogant disregard of tomorrow, soothsaying did none too well here in the Republic's formative years. In Europe, Africa, the East and practically everywhere else on the globe it already had a firm foothold, easily maintained, but getting a wedge in among people who cared more about liberty than security was difficult. Even the Revolutionary and Civil Wars did little to advance the popularization of prognostication—although war hysteria and dread is food and drink to augurers—and it was not until the birth of the hectic 20th century that American oracles began to come into their own.

No doubt the panic of '98 and the financial debacles of the early 1900's had much to do with more general acceptance of the Pythian art. Yet even then it remained a tea-party amusement, a diversion for not-too-bright ladies over a long period. No sane business man, for example, would have seriously considered for a moment consulting some seer on matters of buying and selling.

Yet by using a boring-from-within attack, soothsaying gradually pulled itself out of the drawing room. Then along came a most remarkable woman named Evangeline Adams, and it quite suddenly got under way with a rush toward national acceptance, a rush which has carried it to its present rather frightening position as a powerful influence on American thinking.

The late Miss Adams has been written up, down, around and through so often that only slight mention of her is needed. Her accom-

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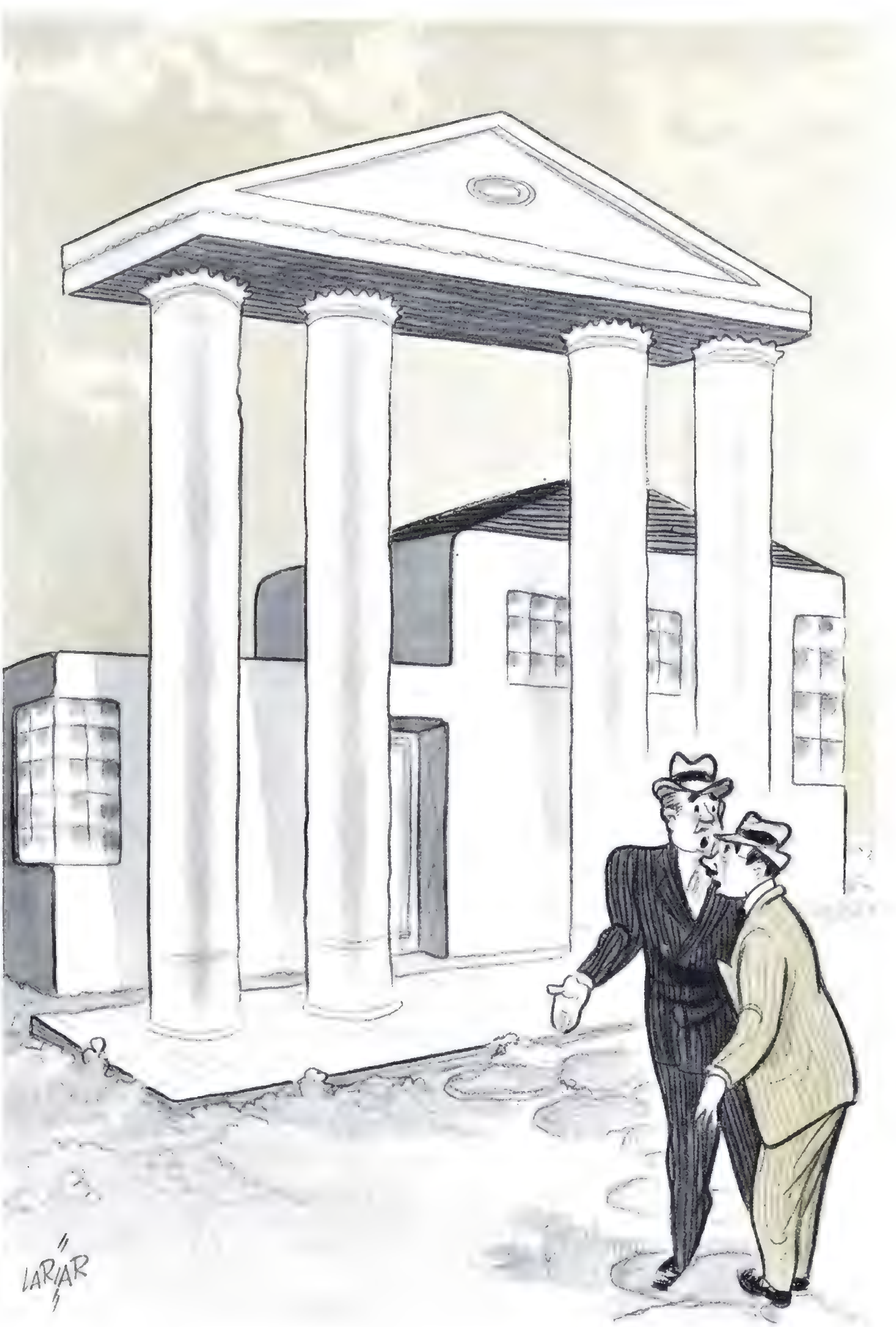


*"Just then, the market went down!"*

## Soothsayers, Forsooth!

*Continued from page 95*

plishments may be summed up by saying she took a pseudo science founded in 1700 B.C. and made men like J. P. Morgan, John Burroughs, Semour Cromwell and a great horde of lesser folk run their lives according to its laws. She was, without question, the princess of modern soothsayers—though astrologers will swear their art goes beyond mere prophecy—and she rose to the top on the up beat of national prosperity, then rose higher on the down beat of the worst depression in history.

Whatever her record, Evangeline Adams gave soothsaying its greatest impetus in this country, and it was largely on the tail of her comet that the vast multitude of modern Zadkiels and Tiresias rode.

All prognostication falls into two loose categories: scientific and psychic. In the first come astrologers, the Rosicrucians, the Pyramidologists, the Palmists and such. Their forecasts are predicated on certain fixed rules, adopted as the result of years—sometimes centuries—of experience and study. Astrologers, for example, claim their "science" to be as nearly exact as any known, including medicine and mathematics, although it presupposes that all life is subject to influences of the stars and planets just as medicine presupposes all life is a matter of chemistry. Proponents of "scientific" forecasting therefore usually consider themselves definitely superior to soothsayers of the second group.

The psychic diviners are the clairvoyants, the tea leaf readers, the card readers, the trance throwers, the crystal gazers, and the communicants with the dead. All depend on an alleged sixth sense which enables them to "see" ahead. The teacup, the cards and the crystal are pure stage props, as almost any psychic will admit, used more to give the customer a show than as aids in prognosis.

Both categories have their camps of followers, more adherents than ever before.

"I believe over a third of the adult population of the United States today either secretly or openly believes in divination," a reputable psychologist said recently, adding, off the record, he regards the tendency as "one hell of a commentary on the American mentality." On the other hand, Robert Steele, special investigator for the Psychic Research Society, places the number of premonstration addicts at twenty million, or about sixteen per cent of the total population of the United States, spending more than ninety million dollars annually with their favorite soothsayers.

In the case of top-notch "scientific" seers, such as Nona Howard, astrological writer; George Jordan, husband of the late Miss Adams; L. Edward Johndro, Ellen McCaffery and the leaders of the Rosicrucian cult, there can be little doubt that they are sincere in motive at least. Paradoxically, it is usually such Simon-pures who make the least out of the soothsaying business, for their reputations depend entirely on the accuracy of their widely publicized predictions and they cannot afford to prophesy willy-nilly. It is, rather the cheap-john wizards, the tearoom cup readers, the fake Swamis and Professors who reap the harvest. One such, who operates in a gaudy tent in Atlantic City during the summer and Miami during the winter, hawks "personal horoscopes" at one dollar each so successfully that he has been able to build several hotels, apartment houses and stores, travel around the world several times and establish a reputation as an art collector of importance. A pariah among astrologers, he's the wealthiest of them all.

Belief in the soothsaying ability of astrologers, of course, is probably the fastest growing division of the current tendency, as witness the popularity of so-called astrological journals, a phenomenon unknown until a few years ago. There were, at the last count, eight major publications of that type, all flourishing on the dimes and quarters of folk who believe that the relation of Uranus to the Sun, the aspect of Saturn to Jupiter, or Neptune rising will influence their every act.

1938-43
War and Rebellion!

The Rosicrucians come next in importance, it would seem, for their organization—with eleven branches in foreign countries and a costly and magnificent college at San Jose, California—has adherents drawn from the ranks of the high and mighty as well as the low and lowly.

Claiming to trace its history to Thutmose III, in 1500 B.C., the order claims its aim is to "unite into one livable philosophy, metaphysical idealism and such practical sciences as physics, chemistry, biology, psychology and physiology." It furthermore denies it is a religion, a commercial enterprise or fosters superstition of any kind.

For that matter, all the upper-crust soothsaying groups lay stress on the fact that what they have to offer is in no sense superstition. "Believing what we say," they aver, "is not superstition, it is science."

Both the astrologers and the Rosicrucians have in the past batted rather well in the game of prognostication. Both, naturally, claim the best record, saying they forecast everything from the Fall of Rome to the Rise of Hitler, years before those cataclysmic events occurred. Records, on the other hand, indicate their averages are about even on a fifty per cent basis. Michel Nostradamus was the most accurate of the astrologers. A French Jew born about 1503, he anticipated in rhyme the Banishment of Charles II, the rise of Cromwell, the burning of London, the French Revolution, Napoleon's meteoric career, and—shooting past our own day—prophesied that Paris would be destroyed in 1999 by an Asiatic ruler, and that in 7000 a catastrophe would shake the world. Stick around.

Miss Adams' feats of prospicience were the most startling of modern times, due perhaps to her uncanny ability to make page one news. She forecast the World War, defeat of the Central Powers, prohibition, Wilson's death, post-war prosperity and the outcome of every presidential election in her time. To boot, she had a huge personal following of business men who depended heavily upon her translation of the stars' omens for guidance in stock market transactions, and she died a wealthy woman as the result of monetary tributes to her accuracy.

Psychics, for the most part, stick to divination for individuals, although you can find dozens who will eagerly confess they foretold the San Francisco earthquake, the Tennessee Valley floods, the burning of the Hindenburg, the Spanish civil fracas and the Sino-Japanese business, among others. Only, they complain, their amazing conjurations were never properly publicized, hence the world was not forewarned. This is known in sporting circles as second-guessing and should not be taken too seriously.

Even the best of the modern oracles go sour on occasion, of course, as in the case of the president of the newly-founded American Astrological Society, who was baited into forecasting a devastating hurricane which would wipe out Southern Florida in the Fall of 1936. The gods of the upper air, unfortunately, seemed not to have been consulted and the year went down in history as one of the few which did not produce a single major meteorological disturbance likely to endanger the state. The same gentleman, on the other hand, has a widespread reputation for accuracy in mundane forecasting and is ranked among the country's top star readers.

As to what we may expect for the early part of 1939, both the scientific bunch and the psychics have agreed that the prospect is rough, tough and unpleasant.

War for the United States, probably in some foreign country, and epidemics of disease that will scare everyone silly, is the Rosicrucian prediction, backed up by astrologers who say the stars have decided we'll come to grips with Japan, to Japan's sorrow and defeat.

Civil strife of some magnitude is likewise in store for our harassed citizenry, the seers believe, with one leading astrologer, Nona Howard, saying national unrest will reach its peak in 1944 when we'll all be toting guns and shooting down our neighbors.

Yet a certain amount of prosperity is indicated by all the known signs governing 1939. The stock market will be jittery but generally healthy, and there will be a boom in industrials effected by the war. Traders, says Elizabeth Aldrich, astrologer, must keep on their toes and watch for sudden reversals of trend.

FDR is in for a general kicking around by the public, say the Rosicrucians, and will lose votes right and left. He probably will run for a third term, however, and may win. The astrologers, who love the New Deal, take issue with their Rosy Cross confreres by forecasting that Roosevelt will remain enormously popular, will balance the budget (what star said that?) and will appoint another Supreme Court justice, no less. The zodiac appears to be silent on the third term question.

Germany is in for bad times, according to the Rosicrucians, and Russia and Italy will continue to run amok on racial and religious persecution. A gigantic "scandal" will come out of the Spanish civil war, in which it will be revealed that many other countries were doing behind-the-gun shenanigans.

If you're in the airplane, food, women's clothing, furniture, dry goods, building material, auto or steel business, your fortune is assured, if you don't catch infantile paralysis, get killed in an anarchist riot or die in one of the many fires, tornadoes, floods and whatnot scheduled to appear on the American scene.

And if you want to look a little farther into the future, the seers will show you how Mussolini and Hitler will unite forces in an attempt to conquer the world, with Hitler getting it right in the mustache and Edward mounting a revived German throne under the Fascist egis of Il Duce. That will be in 1942, just before the second American Civil War.

After that, well, if you're still alive and healthy, you can always look up another soothsayer. There'll be lots of them around in the ruins. More than ever, probably. ##

## A Friend of the Family

*Continued from page 51*

street. He sprinted for an approaching streetcar and stood contentedly in the vestibule of the crowded car when it continued.

This place, he saw when he descended, was not so pretentious as the other, but cars were stopping, people were going through the doorway.

He waited on the sidewalk until a man and two ladies advanced, and as though it was the most natural thing in the world he fell in behind them.

There were not quite so many flowers this time, and the family sat in a little group by themselves, but in the same room with the others.

The organ played a hymn Mr. Rudd did not recognize. But the atmosphere was the same. Mr. Rudd felt a kinship for these people who surrounded him. Quite unintentionally he found himself using his handkerchief to blow his nose when there had been really no need of it.

He listened attentively to the words of the minister: ". . . In my Father's house are many mansions . . ." The service was really over too soon, he thought. The organ began again, people shook hands with one another. Mr. Rudd regretted that they had not been allowed to view the body, for today he had decided he would not close his eyes, he would suffer as completely as possible the loss of this "dear one."

He stood on the sidewalk and watched the hearse and the other cars in the procession go up the street and turn a corner.

This, he thought, as he started homeward, is life. Someone to love, someone to mourn you when you are gone. His landlady awaited him in the hallway as he entered. "I don't like to be buttin' in, Mr. Rudd, but I saw you going into that funeral place a while ago."

"Ah . . . yes." Mr. Rudd's sad face lightened. " 'In the midst of life we are in death.' "

"Not someone very near, I hope." The landlady's face clouded in sympathy.

"A friend," Mr. Rudd hesitated, and concluded, "a very dear friend."

It was in the week that followed that Mr. Rudd developed his system.

It was very simple; he was surprised that he had not thought of it before. It entailed buying Friday's or Saturday morning's paper and studying that section of it devoted to funeral arrangements.

He found it interesting, instructive, and a much more satisfying method. There were so many good places that he could go when he knew about them. If he felt in the mood for a big, impressive display, he could choose one of the fashionable, pretentious establishments, where he was certain to find no end of flowers, and all the grandeur that unstinted spending can produce. Sometimes, though rarely, he would choose a church funeral. He rather avoided them on the whole; too public he thought, too many people that crowded and pushed. He was not able to get that feeling of intimacy, of belonging, that the services in the smaller chapels gave him.

He preferred, though he knew it was just a whim on his part, the place on Fourteenth Street where he had first gone that rainy Saturday afternoon. He tried not to go too often, for always in the back of his mind was the fear that sometime he would be detected as an interloper and ordered out. He didn't really know that anything so drastic would take place, but it seemed better to be on the safe side.

Twice in one month he absented himself from work for an hour or two in the morning in order to attend a particular service that had taken his fancy. He was really surprised to find that when the people in the office knew about it, he enjoyed a certain prestige that was far from disagreeable.

Always now, when the opportunity was given, he approached the casket and stood with bowed head for a moment as he gazed upon the features of the deceased. There was something uplifting, inspiring, in having even in this remote way a kinship with both the living and the dead.

It was in January that he came late to the morning service of an elderly man; eighty-two, the papers had said. It was his favorite establishment on Fourteenth Street.

The attendant gave him a smile of recognition and led him without question to the little room of the chapel where the family was secluded from the eyes of the larger gathering.

For an instant he hesitated; then someone had provided a chair and he was shaking hands silently with those seated about him. He allowed himself to be caught up and merged into the spell of the music, the flowers, the vague indirect lighting. The minister stood just beyond his range of vision and started to speak as the organ music died away.

The deceased's name, he remembered, was Barnes Elderson. An odd name, he had thought, when he saw it in the paper. The minister talked at great length of the long and useful life Mr. Elderson had led. Mr. Rudd's head bowed into his hands as he felt a sudden sense of loss because of the old man's death.

There were left, the minister pointed out, a brother, a sister, three children; and Mr. Rudd experienced the poignant loss of both a father and a brother as he listened.

The services completed, he was ushered to a car, and almost before he realized what had taken place he was on his way to the cemetery. The car in which he rode had other passengers: nieces, nephews, one old man, a cousin of the deceased. Mr. Rudd told his name when he was questioned, and was introduced to the others. Everyone was so kind, so considerate. Mr. Rudd thought: These are my people; I really belong here.

He was gone three hours from the office that morning, and when he returned the chief clerk delivered a mild reprimand.

"Some day," Mr. Rudd said solemnly, "someone will have to lose a day's work to put you in the ground. You should not begrudge time so used."

Mr. Rudd had not known, until word got around the office that he had attended Barnes Elderson's funeral, just how important a man the late Mr. Elderson had been. One of the owners of the firm stopped by his high stool later that afternoon and, for the first time in his eighteen long years of work there, offered Mr. Rudd a cigar.

"Hear you went to old Elderson's funeral, Rudd."

"Yes, sir." Mr. Rudd's voice was properly subdued as befitting a member of the family.

"Great old character, great old character. Didn't know you knew him, Rudd."

"There was a time when we were very close," Mr. Rudd said.

"H-m-m-m." Mr. Rudd felt the line of the other's thought, so that he was not unprepared the first of the month to be given a desk to himself and a swivel chair that was a thousand times more comfortable than the high stool he had sat on so long; and what was even more important, a ten-dollar raise which made it no longer necessary for him to ride on the streetcars unless he actually wanted to.

"I declare, Mr. Rudd," his landlady informed him one bright spring day in late March, "you seem to get younger every time I see you."

"My health is excellent," Mr. Rudd said. "In fact, everything seems to be going along very satisfactorily."

"It does beat all. There was a time when you looked sour enough to bite yourself."

"I hope you don't really mean that." Mr. Rudd's tone was concerned.

"Well, you weren't very happy, that's a fact."

Mr. Rudd had always before taken his vacation as early in the year as possible, but he was feeling so well and life was so interesting and satisfactory, even when it terminated, he could not draw himself away long enough to take any sort of trip.

In October the two partners called him into their private office. "See here, Rudd, what's this Carpentar tells about your not taking a vacation?"

"Don't give it a thought, sir." He looked from one to the other of the men. "I'm feeling so well and the work is so much more interesting than formerly. Frankly, I don't like to take such a long time off."

"We just wanted to hear it from your own lips, Rudd. We need someone like you to carry on. Starting the first of the year, you'll have a desk in here with us and you'll have a ten per cent interest in the business. It isn't only your industry, Rudd. You seem to know the right people."

"I get around," Mr. Rudd said modestly.

Friday he combed the paper with the eye of a connoisseur, and saw that an elderly lady was to be buried from the most exclusive and highest-priced place in the city.

He had never been there before, had never dared, but he would try it just this once.

At lunch time he went to a florist's near the office and ordered a spray of pink roses. Very carefully he wrote "Sympathy" on one of the white cards furnished by the florist, and signed his name.

He got off from work the next day an hour early and went home and dressed in a new suit he had never before worn, an oxford gray; the very thing, he thought, for an elderly woman's funeral.

There was no hesitation this time; he indicated by a gesture that he belonged with the family, and the man who escorted him ushered him into the room reserved for the nearest of kin.

It was a long service, an impressive one. He saw, as he stood looking down upon the aged face, that his flowers had been placed in a conspicuous position as befitted an expensive spray from a member of the family.

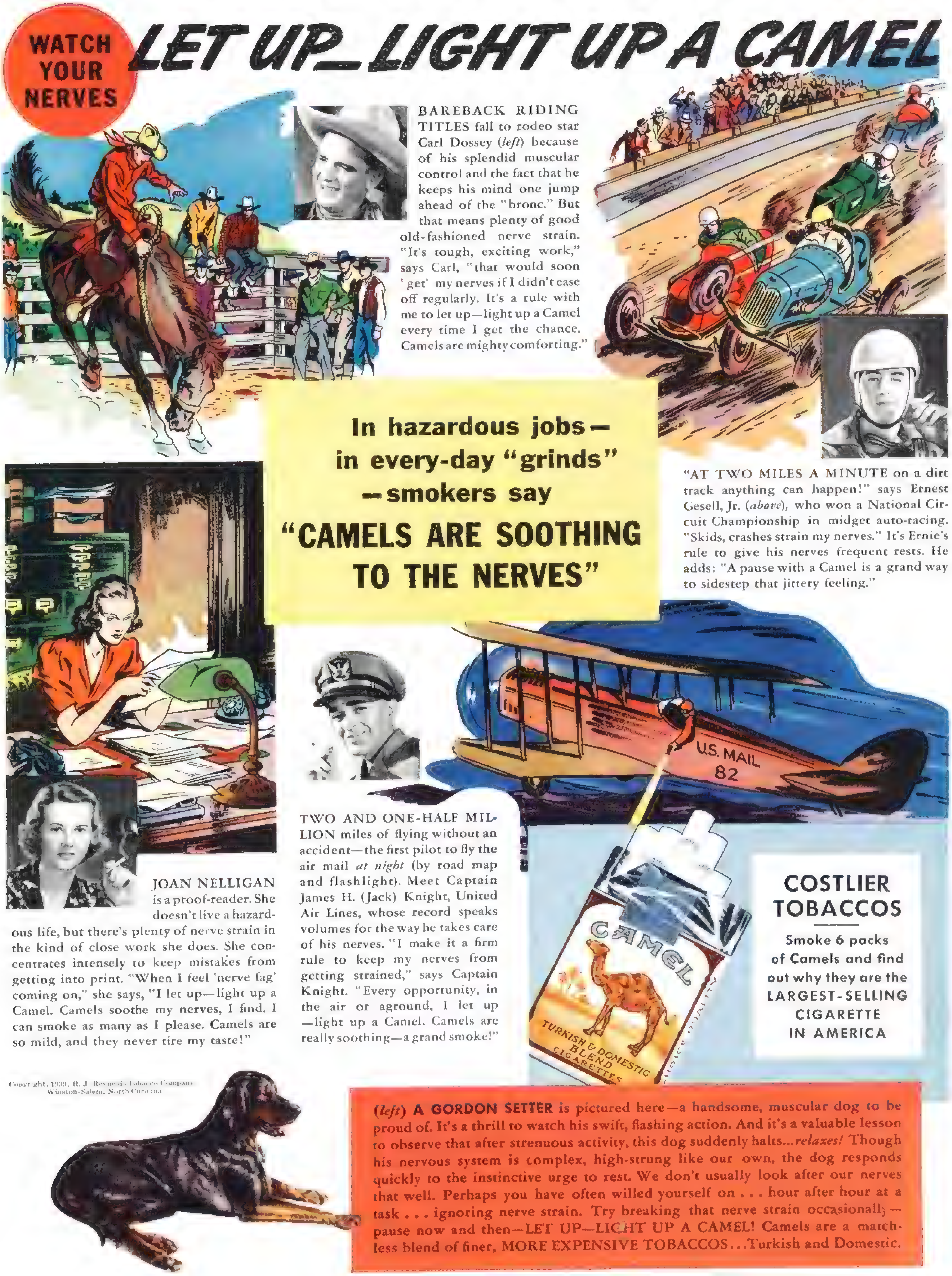
Without knowing exactly how it came about, he found himself with sons of the deceased acting as pallbearer. He walked with downcast eyes and solemn tread through the long passageway to where the hearse stood at the door. No one questioned his right to ride in one of the cars with the immediate family, and he stood with bowed head at the open grave and heard the final words, ". . . ashes to ashes, dust to dust. . . ." Quite without thought, he dabbed a tear from his eyes with a spotless handkerchief.

During the return ride he talked with one of the sons and realized from the other's conversation that he was not experiencing a loss equal to that which Mr. Rudd himself felt.

He was out of the car at last, a little anxious to be able to hide his grief from the world. It was a long ride across town in a taxi to his room.

He was almost there when a printer's sign in a window caused him to stop the cab.

"I'll be right out," he said. And the taxi waited while Mr. Rudd went into the print shop and placed an order for a thousand cards engraved with Oliver J. Rudd. #



**WATCH YOUR NERVES**

# LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL

BAREBACK RIDING TITLES fall to rodeo star Carl Dossey (*left*) because of his splendid muscular control and the fact that he keeps his mind one jump ahead of the "bronc." But that means plenty of good old-fashioned nerve strain. "It's tough, exciting work," says Carl, "that would soon 'get' my nerves if I didn't ease off regularly. It's a rule with me to let up—light up a Camel every time I get the chance. Camels are mighty comforting."

"AT TWO MILES A MINUTE on a dirt track anything can happen!" says Ernest Gesell, Jr. (*above*), who won a National Circuit Championship in midget auto-racing. "Skids, crashes strain my nerves." It's Ernie's rule to give his nerves frequent rests. He adds: "A pause with a Camel is a grand way to sidestep that jittery feeling."

## In hazardous jobs—in every-day "grinds"—smokers say "CAMELS ARE SOOTHING TO THE NERVES"

JOAN NELLIGAN is a proof-reader. She doesn't live a hazardous life, but there's plenty of nerve strain in the kind of close work she does. She concentrates intensely to keep mistakes from getting into print. "When I feel 'nerve fag' coming on," she says, "I let up—light up a Camel. Camels soothe my nerves, I find. I can smoke as many as I please. Camels are so mild, and they never tire my taste!"

TWO AND ONE-HALF MILLION miles of flying without an accident—the first pilot to fly the air mail *at night* (by road map and flashlight). Meet Captain James H. (Jack) Knight, United Air Lines, whose record speaks volumes for the way he takes care of his nerves. "I make it a firm rule to keep my nerves from getting strained," says Captain Knight. "Every opportunity, in the air or aground, I let up—light up a Camel. Camels are really soothing—a grand smoke!"

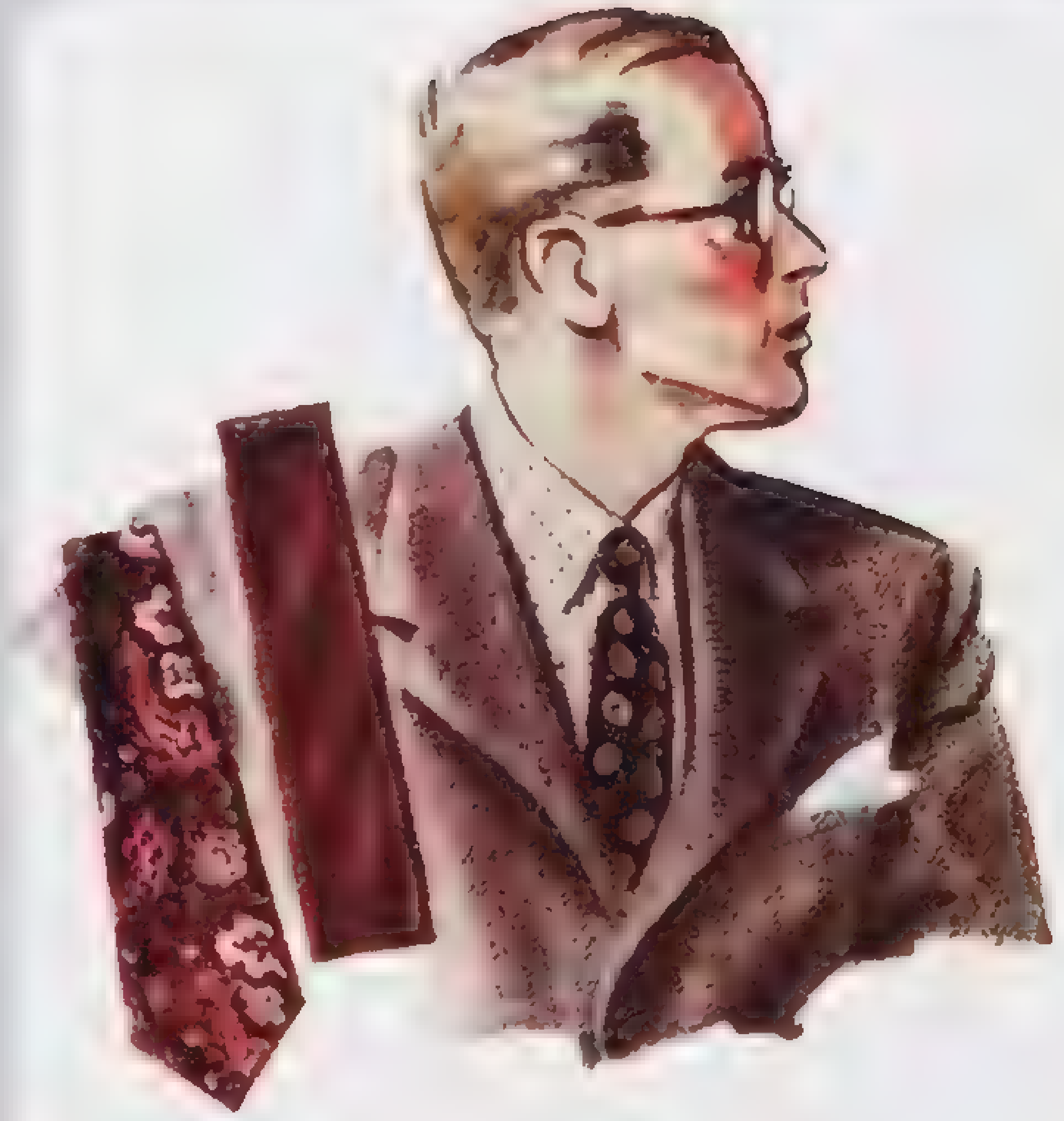
**COSTLIER TOBACCOS**

Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

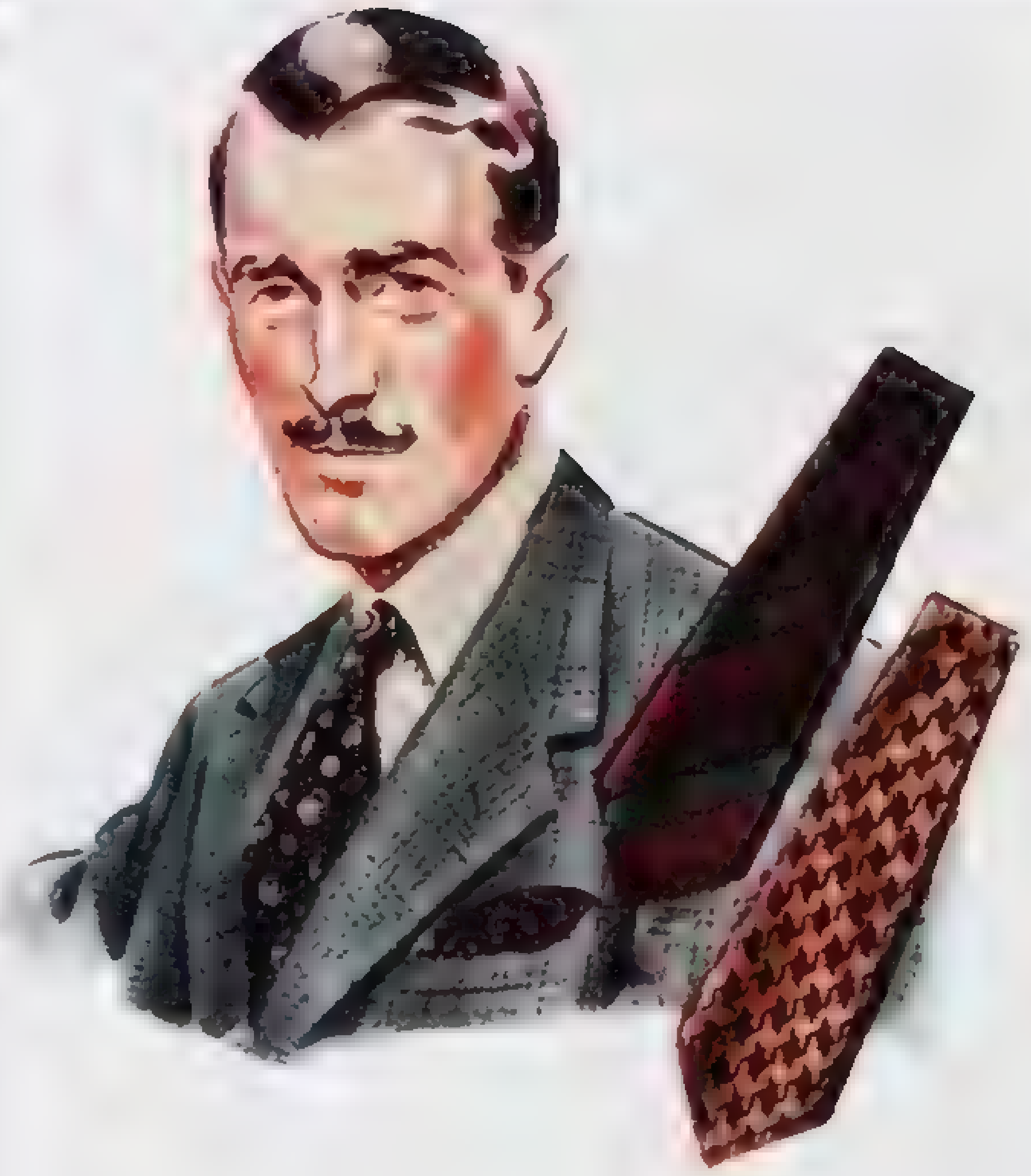
Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

(*left*) **A GORDON SETTER** is pictured here—a handsome, muscular dog to be proud of. It's a thrill to watch his swift, flashing action. And it's a valuable lesson to observe that after strenuous activity, this dog suddenly halts...*relaxes!* Though his nervous system is complex, high-strung like our own, the dog responds quickly to the instinctive urge to rest. We don't usually look after our nerves that well. Perhaps you have often willed yourself on . . . hour after hour at a task . . . ignoring nerve strain. Try breaking that nerve strain occasionally—pause now and then—LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL! Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...Turkish and Domestic.

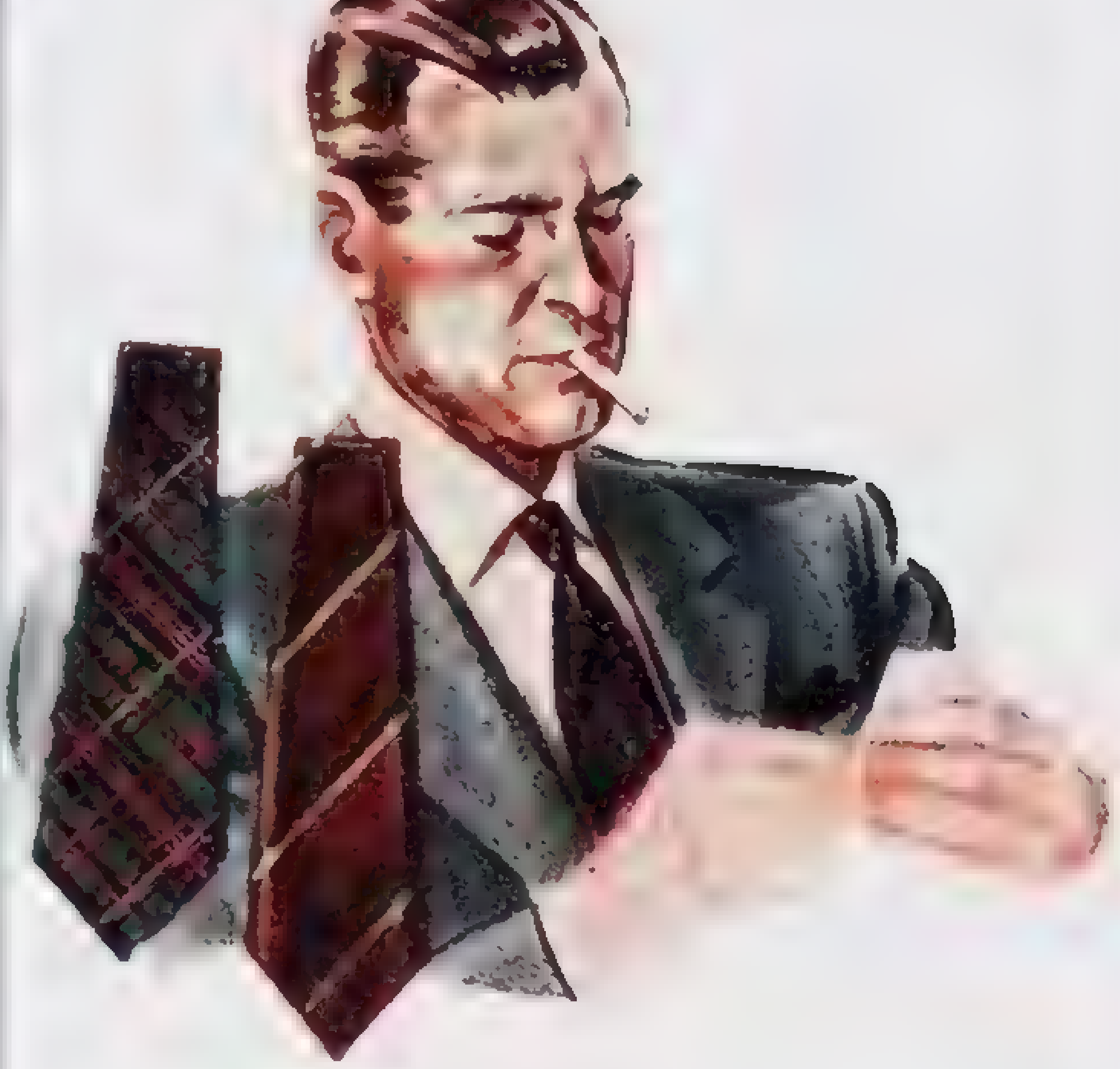
# Taste in Ties



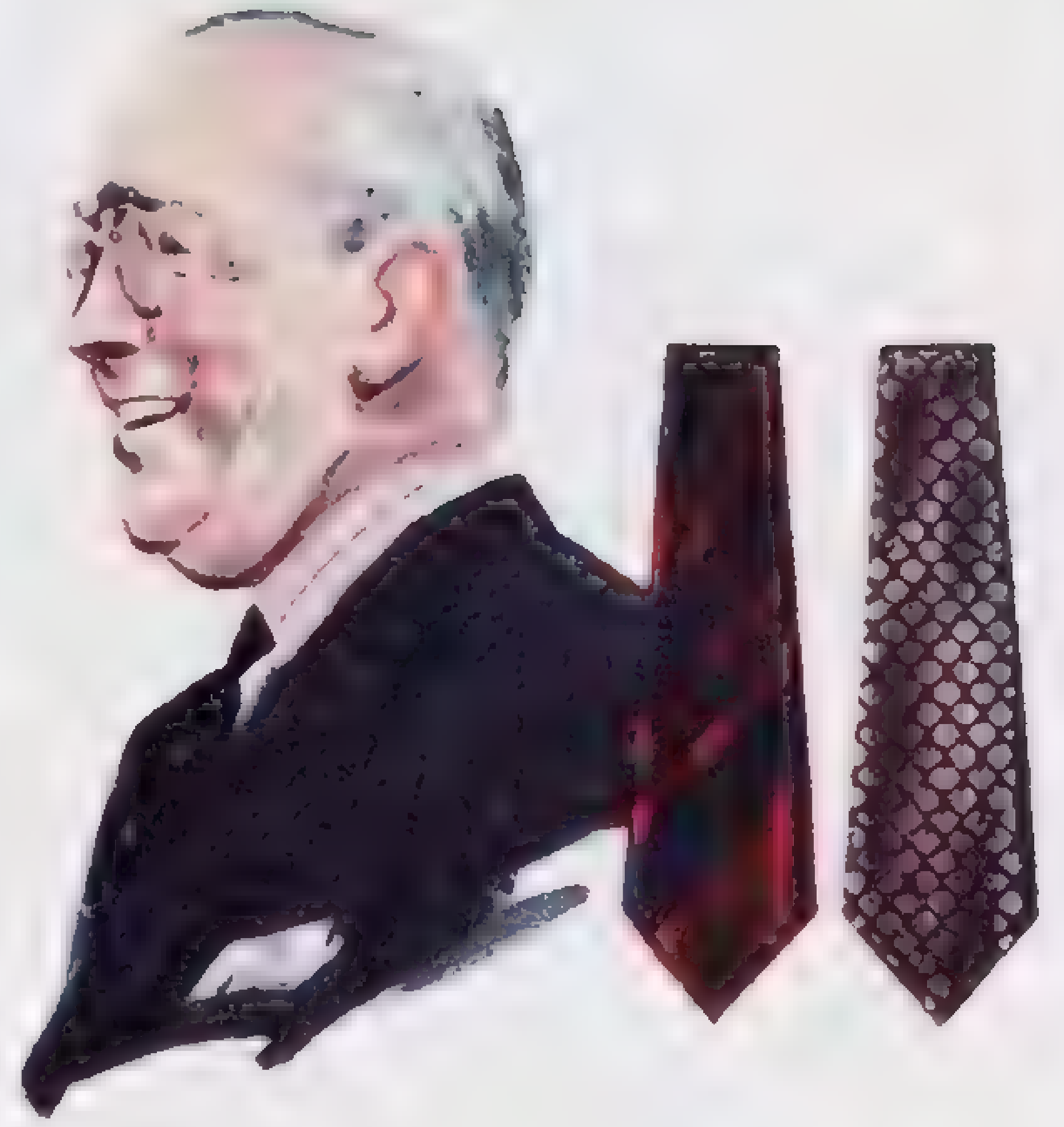
Blond, pale complexion, brown eyes, 20 years old. His brown tweed suit and tan check shirt harmonize with yellow geometric figured brown tie. *Alternates:* Brown and orange Paisley or rust solid color knit tie.



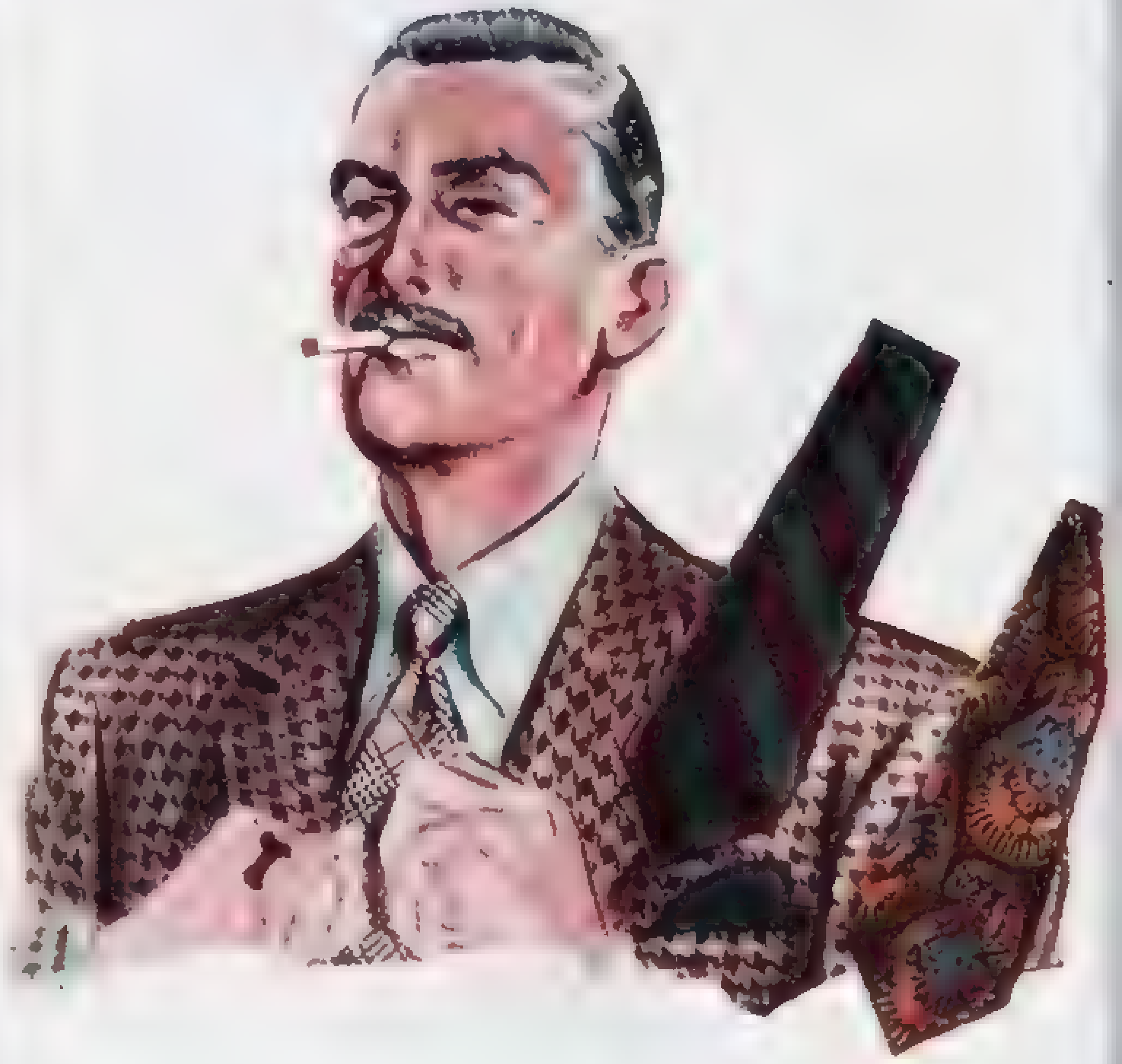
Brunet, dark complexion, brown eyes, about 40. Lovat plaid suit with brown-striped cream shirt, wearing red figured dark green tie. *Alternates:* Brown, red and green stripe tie, or two-tone brown check tie.



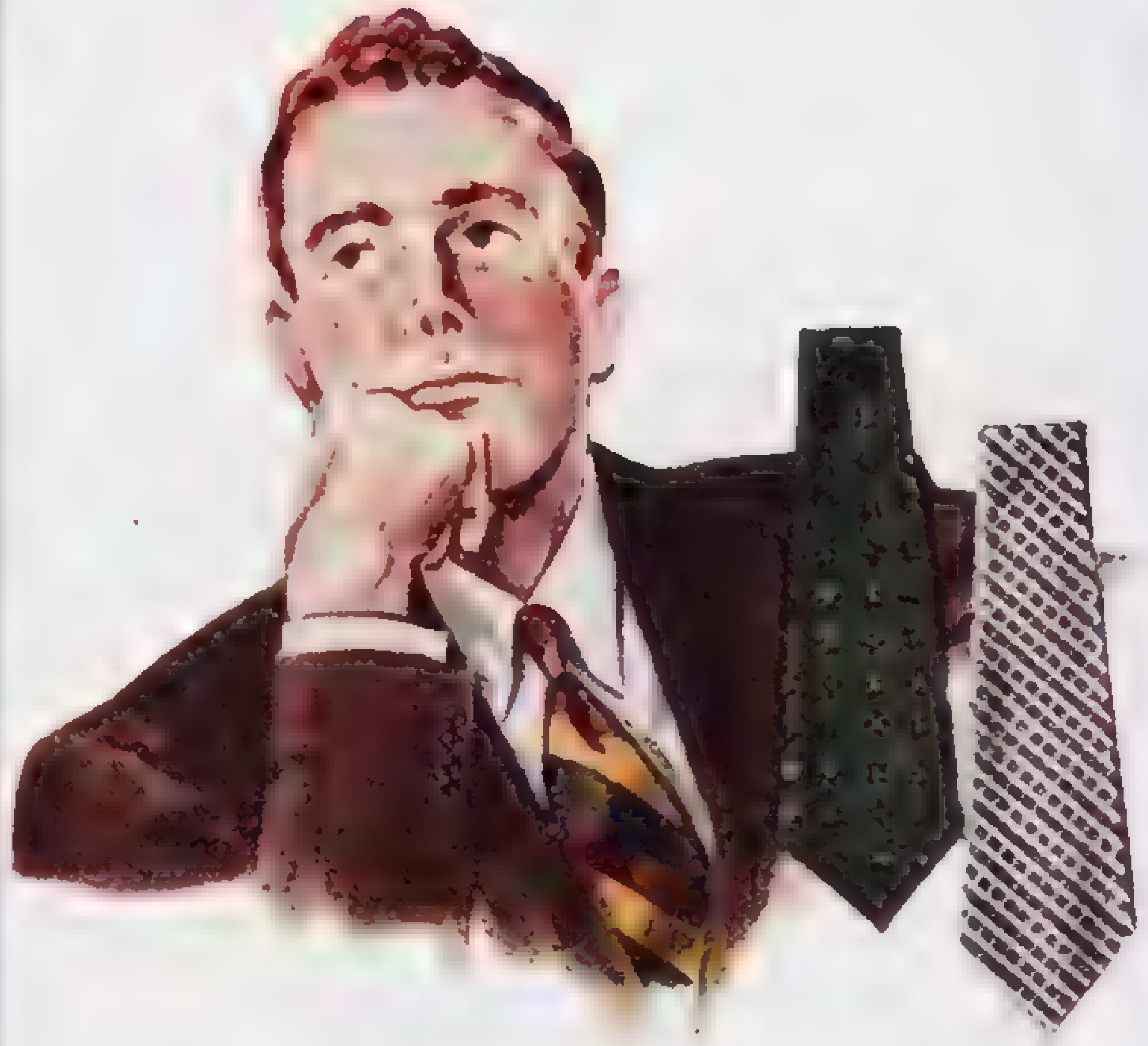
Auburn hair, fair complexion, brown eyes, about 30. For contrast with Lovat tweed suit and ivory shirt, a red and green Paisley tie. *Alternates:* Red, green, blue and yellow plaid, or green and gold stripes on brown.



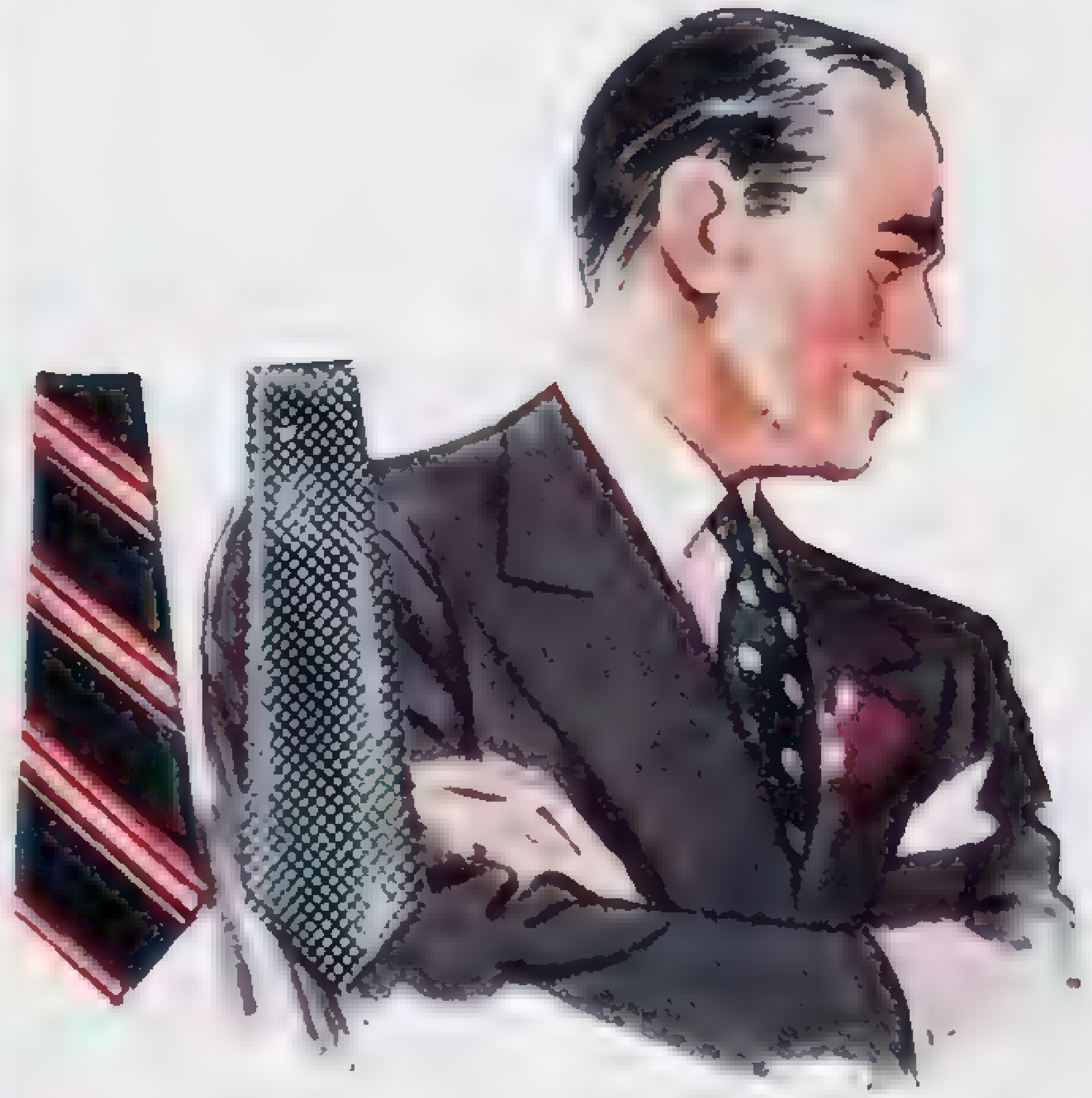
Grey hair, fair complexion, blue eyes, about 50. Red and blue stripe blue suit with harmonizing stripe shirt. Dark blue tie with red and blue figures. *Alternates:* Red and blue stripe tie, or dark red with blue and grey figures.



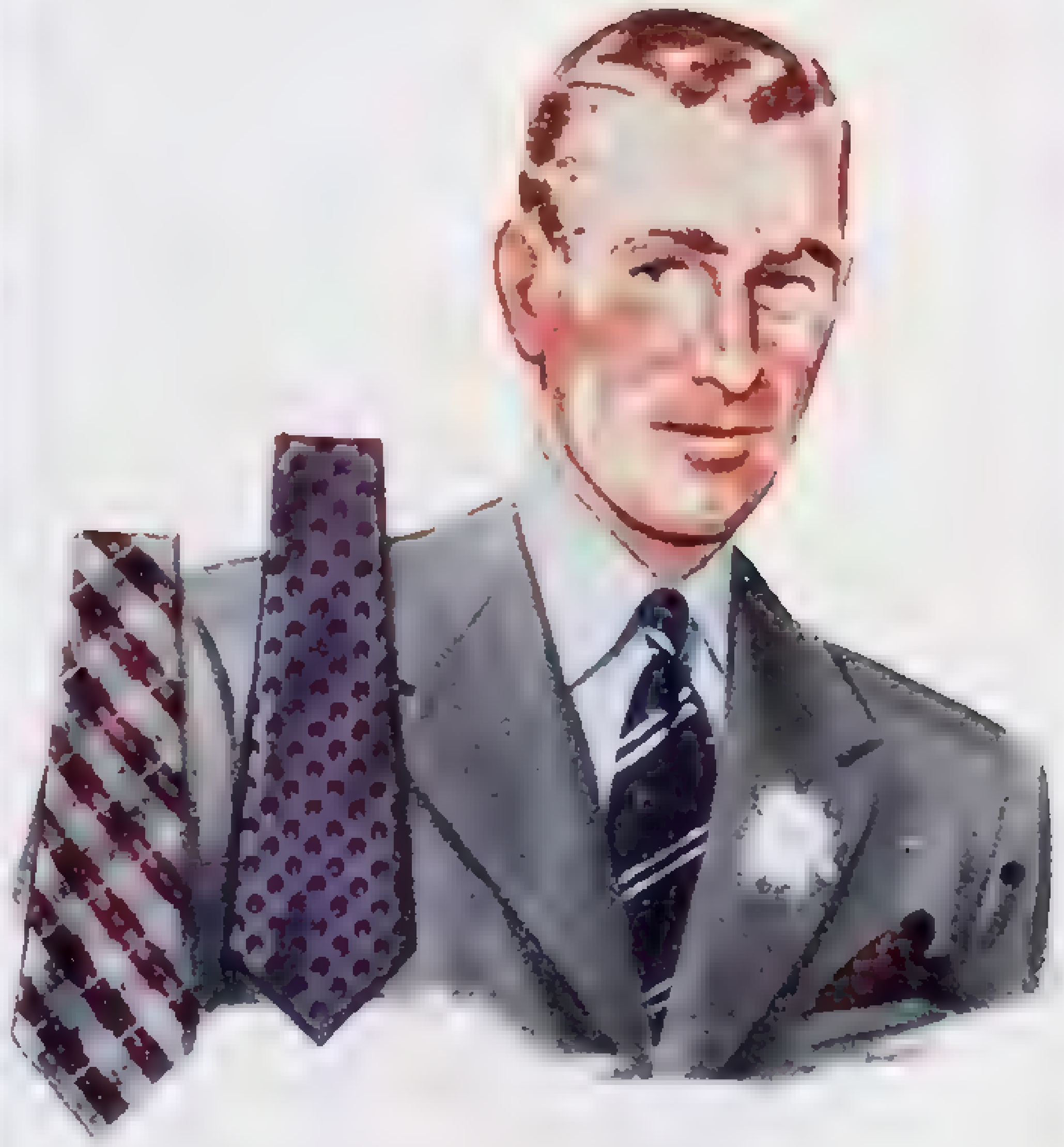
Slightly grey, ruddy complexion, brown eyes, about 40. With brown check tweed coat and pale green shirt a brown plaid tie is worn. *Alternates:* Red and green striped tie, or red, brown, green and yellow Paisley pattern.



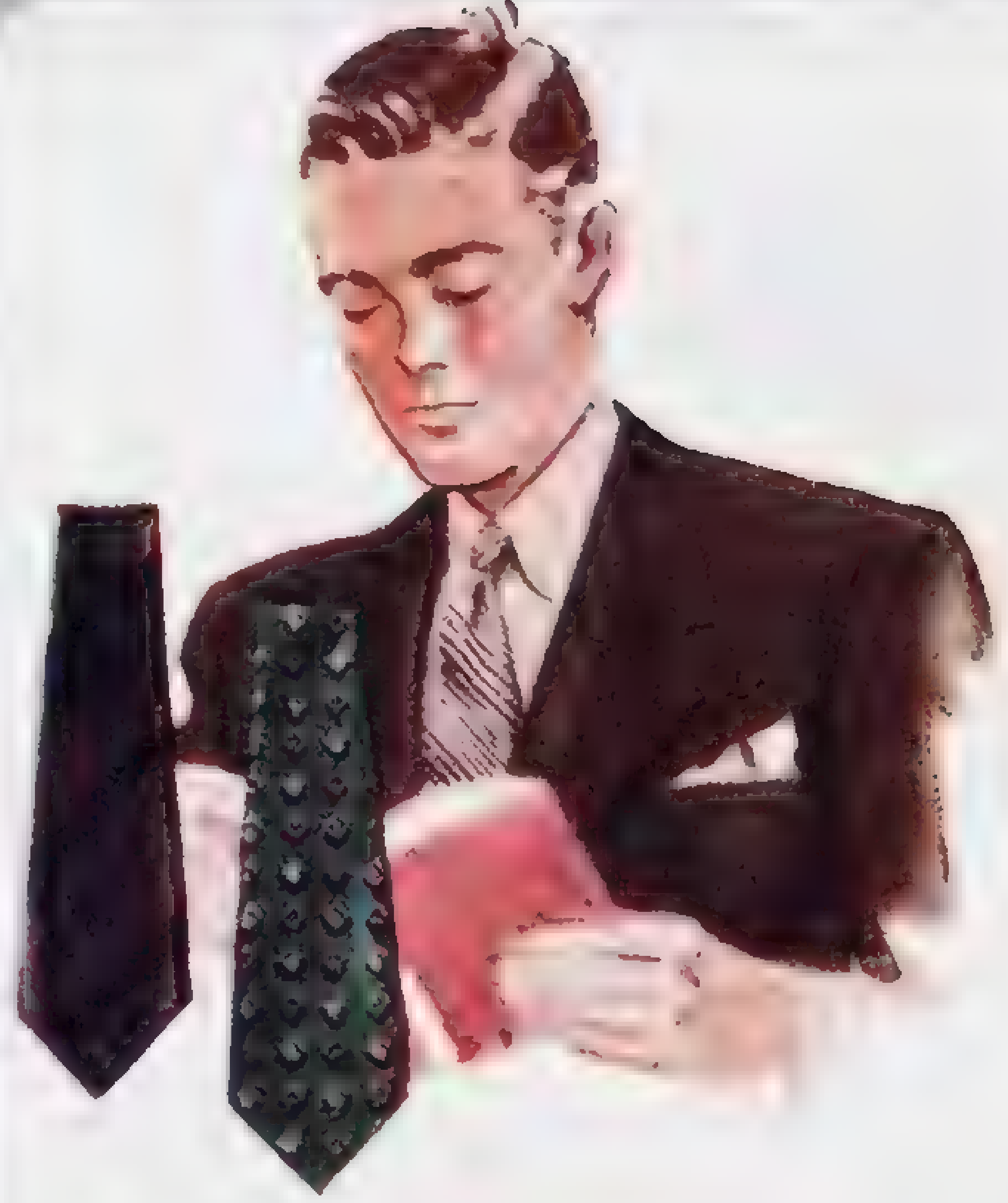
Red hair, fair complexion, green eyes, about 25. Brown self herringbone suit with fine grey striped shirt. Black, red and gold stripe tie. *Alternates:* Red and white figures on dark green, or two-tone brown check tie.



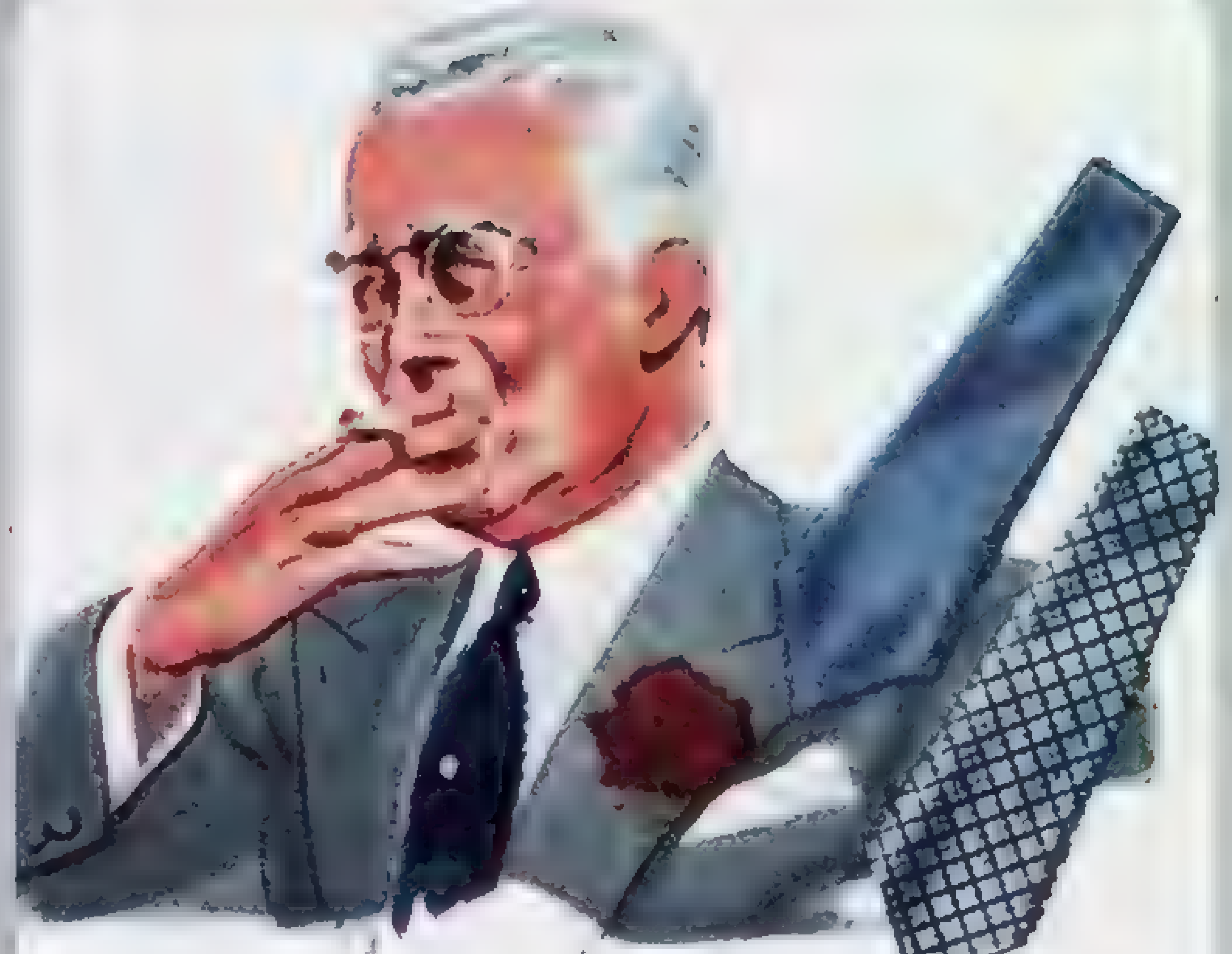
Black hair, fair complexion, blue eyes, about 35. Black suit with white stripes. Pale pink fine stripe shirt. Black tie with white spaced figures. *Alternate:* Black with red and white stripe, or black and white check tie.



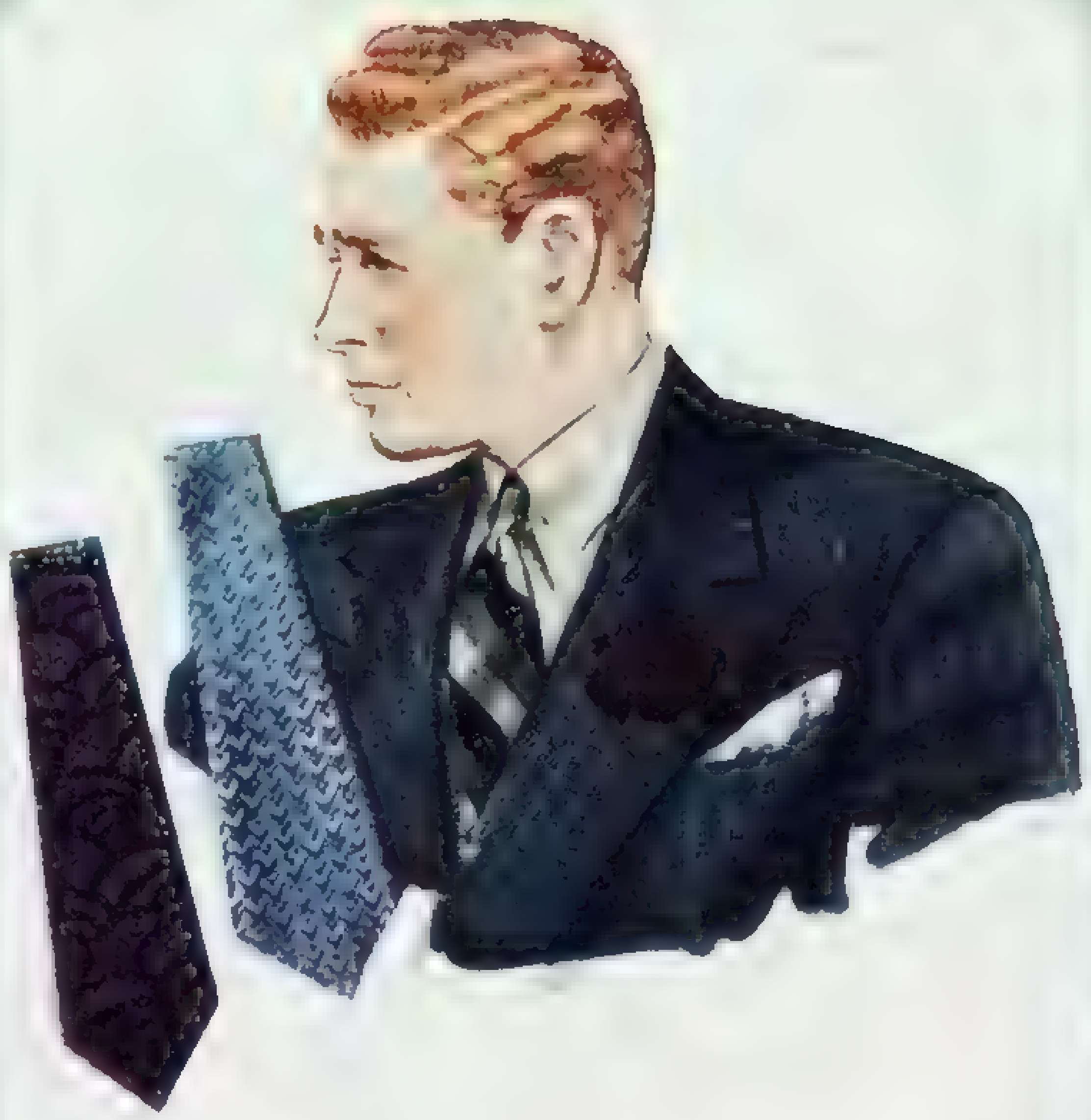
Brunet, fair complexion, blue eyes, about 30. Grey flannel suit, light blue shirt with double white stripe on navy blue tie. *Alternates:* Grey and white plaid, or red and navy spaced figure on light blue tie.



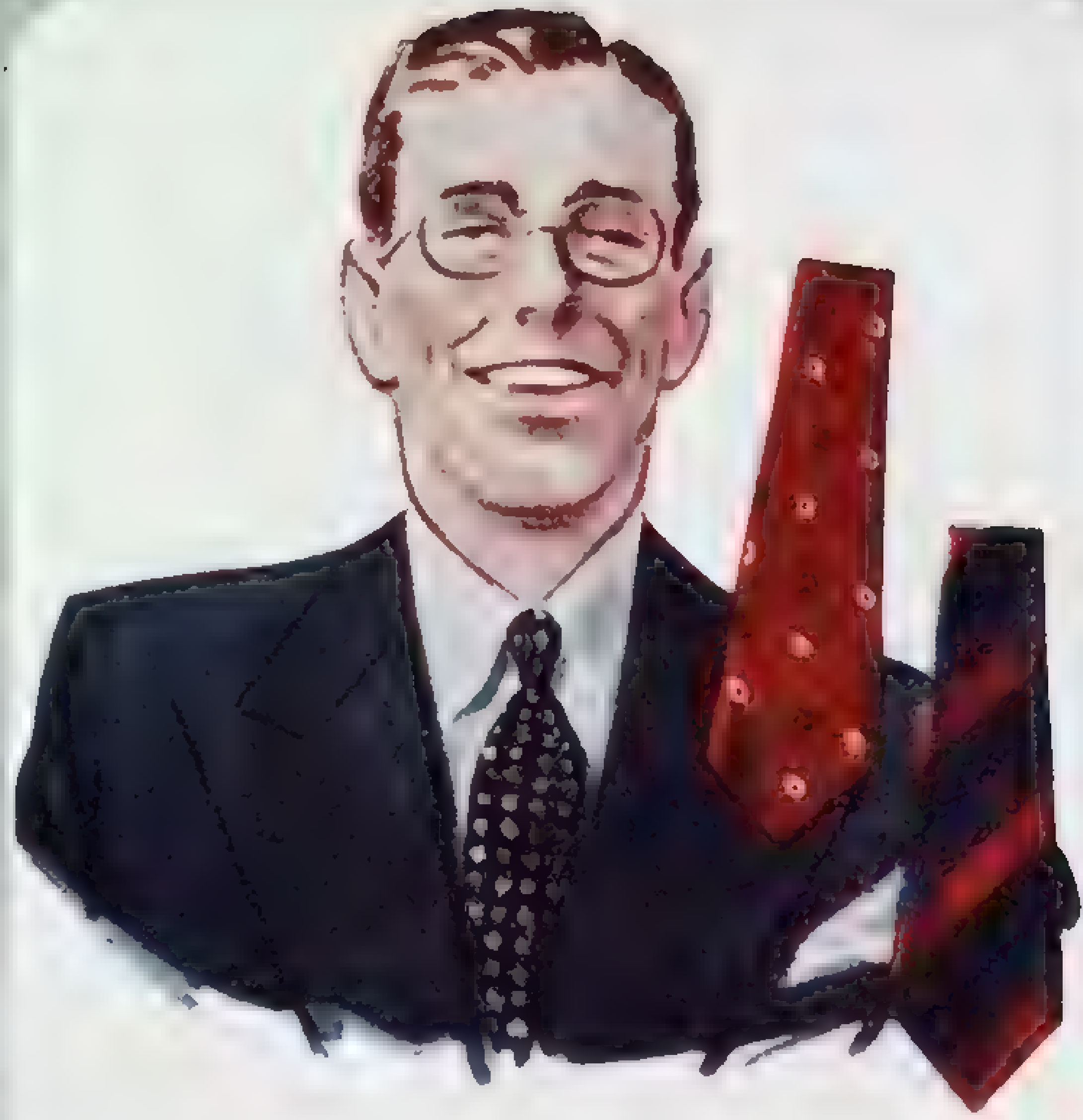
Brunet, ruddy complexion, brown eyes, about 30. With brown diagonal pattern suit and tan pin-stripe shirt, a brown and red check tie. *Alternates:* Red and blue stripes on brown, or red and yellow figures on green.



White hair, ruddy complexion, blue eyes, about 60. Grey suit with blue stripe dean boson shirt and white collar. Conservative dark blue tie. *Alternates:* All-over blue and grey spot tie, or black, blue and white check.

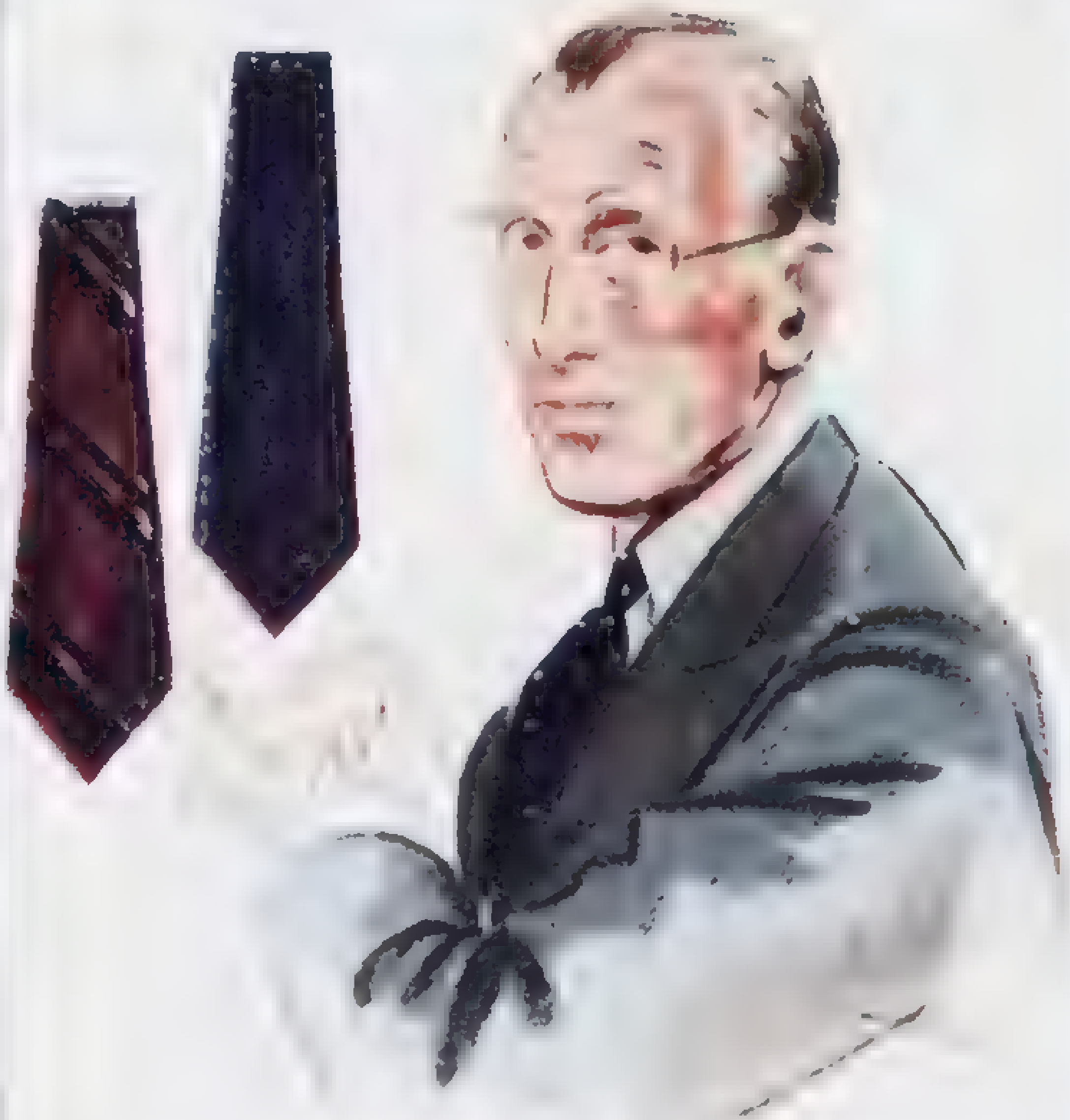


Sandy hair, pale complexion, green eyes, about 35. Chalk striped marine blue suit with grey shirt. Grey and green striped tie. *Alternates:* Red and white pattern on blue, or blue and white geometric all over design tie.

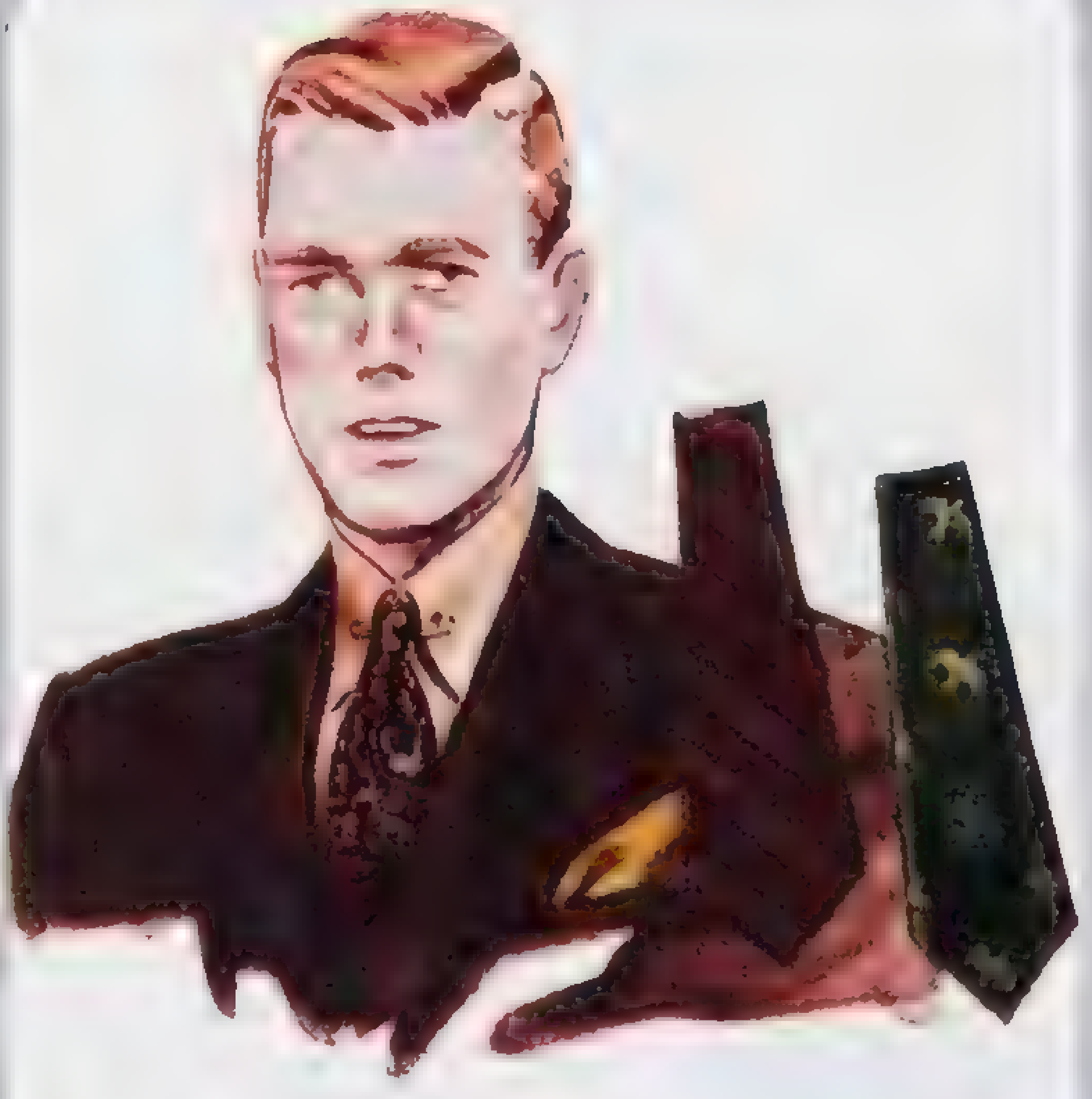


Brunet, pale complexion, grey eyes, about 22. Pin-stripe blue suit with grey pincheck shirt. Blue tie with grey, red and white geometric figures. *Alternates:* Black and white figures on red, or black, blue and red stripe.

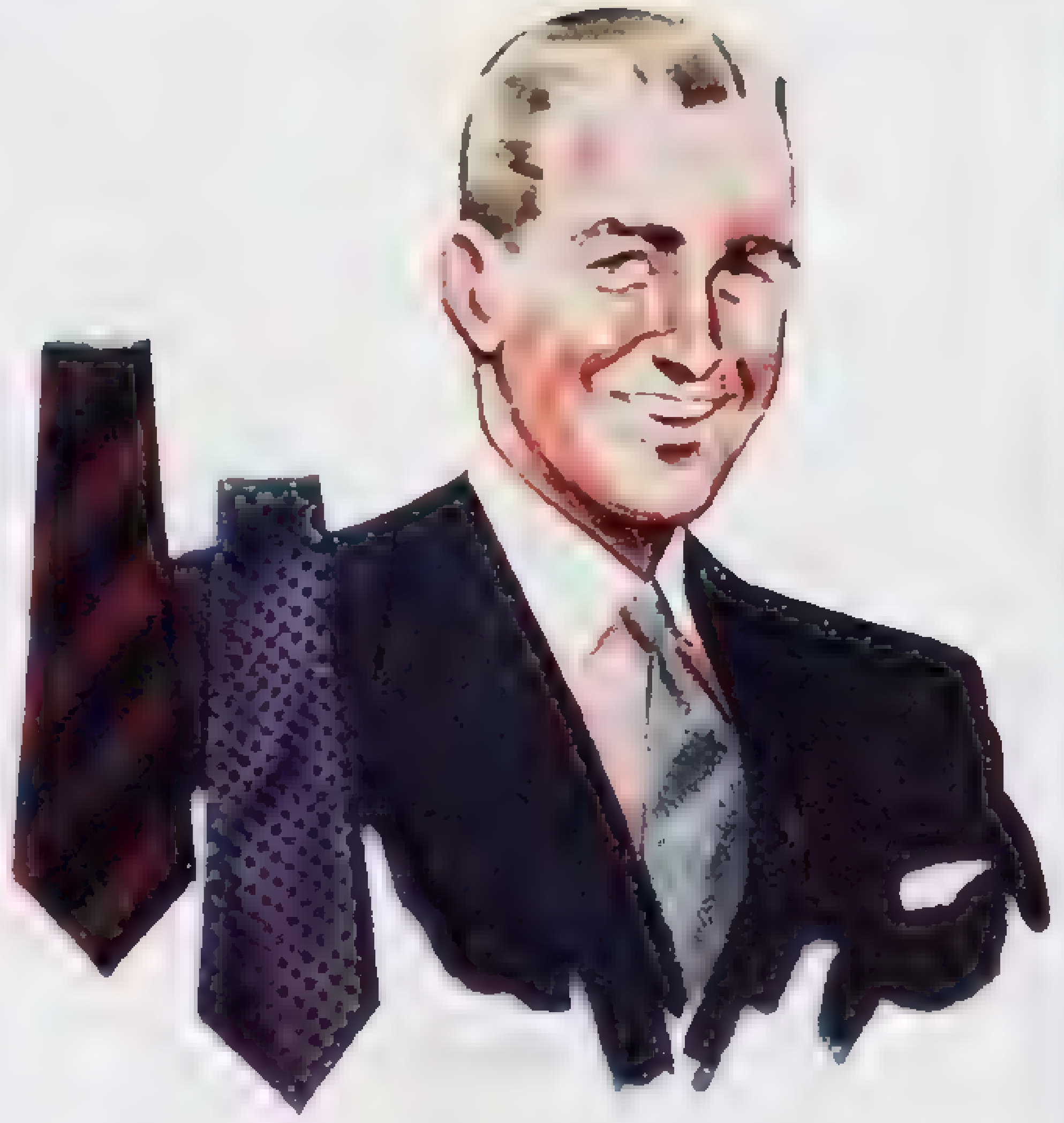
# For Every Type



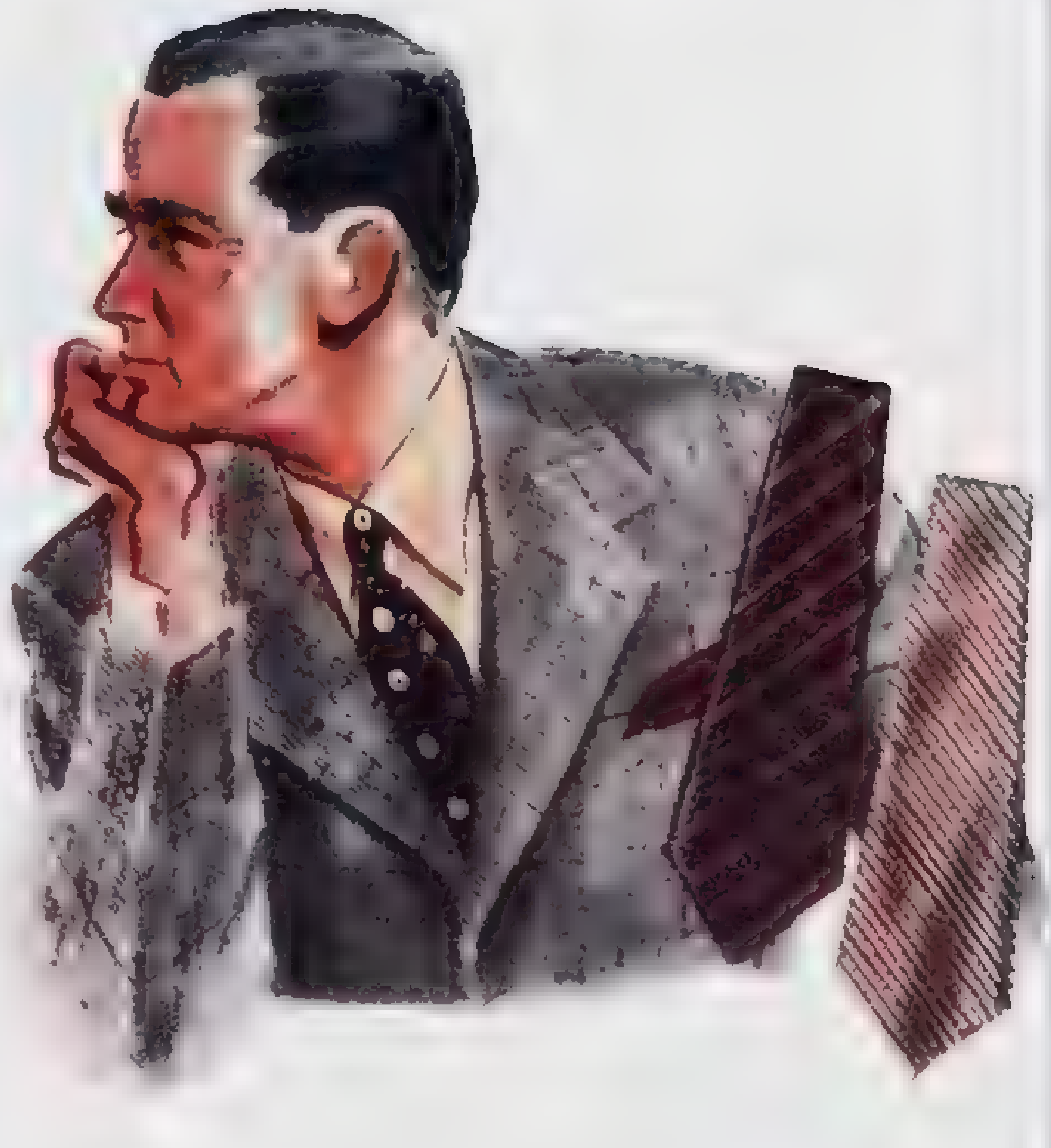
Slightly grey brunet, dark complexion, grey eyes, about 50. Silver blue suit with blue stripe shirt. Red figured dark blue tie. *Alternates:* Red with blue and white stripes, or navy blue with grey and white geometric figures.



Sandy hair, fair complexion, brown eyes, in early 20's. With rich brown herringbone suit and yellowish tan shirt, a Paisley patterned brown tie. *Alternates:* Brown and red-stripe tie, or yellow figures on dark green.

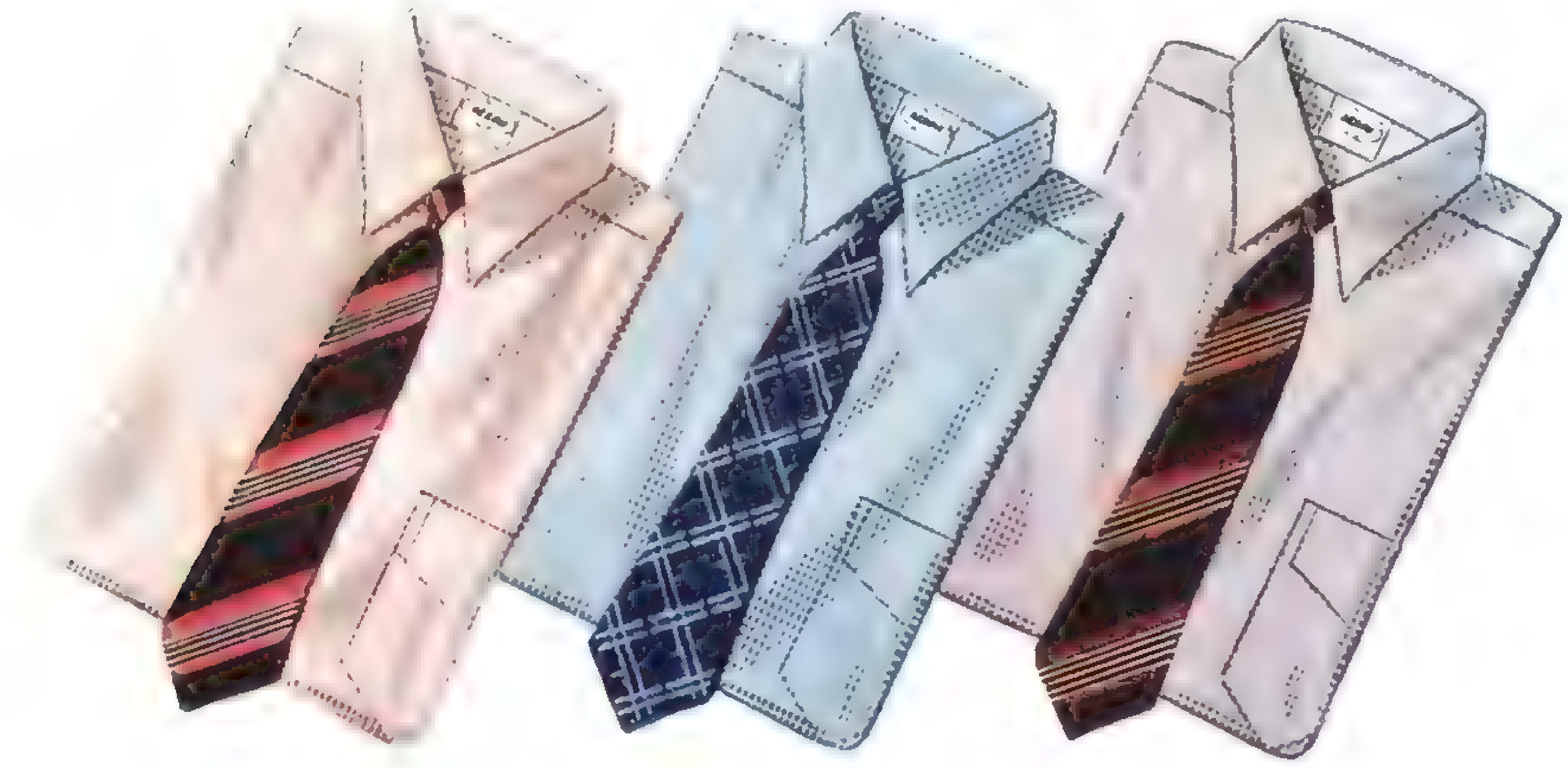


Light blond, fair complexion, blue eyes, about 30. Brown shirt with navy blue suit. Chevron pattern necktie blends with blue suit. *Alternates:* Blue and brown stripe or geometric brown, blue and white figured tie.



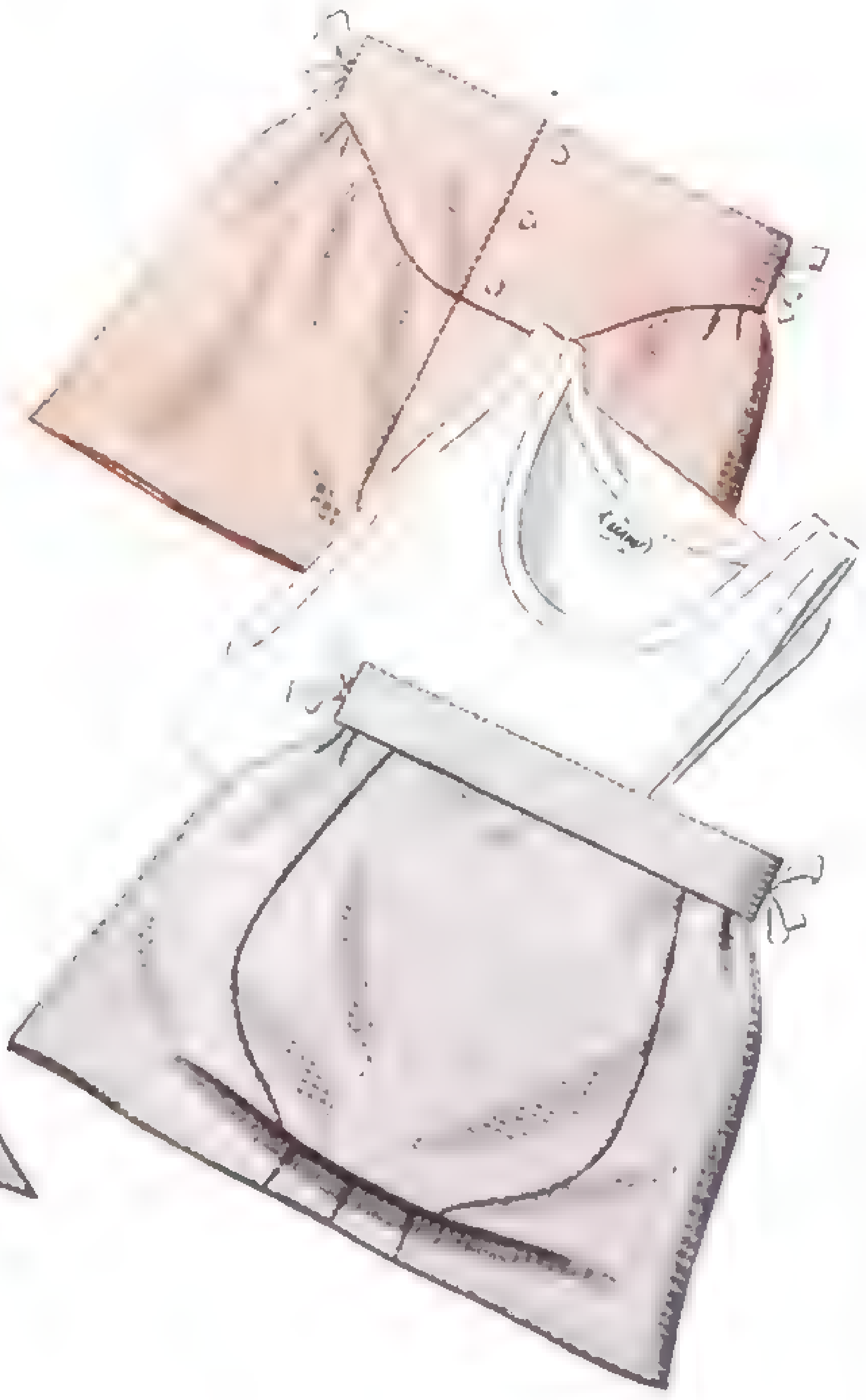
Black hair, dark complexion, brown eyes, about 25. Grey glen plaid suit with tan shirt. Black tie with red and white spaced figures. *Alternates:* Black with spaced stripes of red and gold, or brown, red and white check tie.

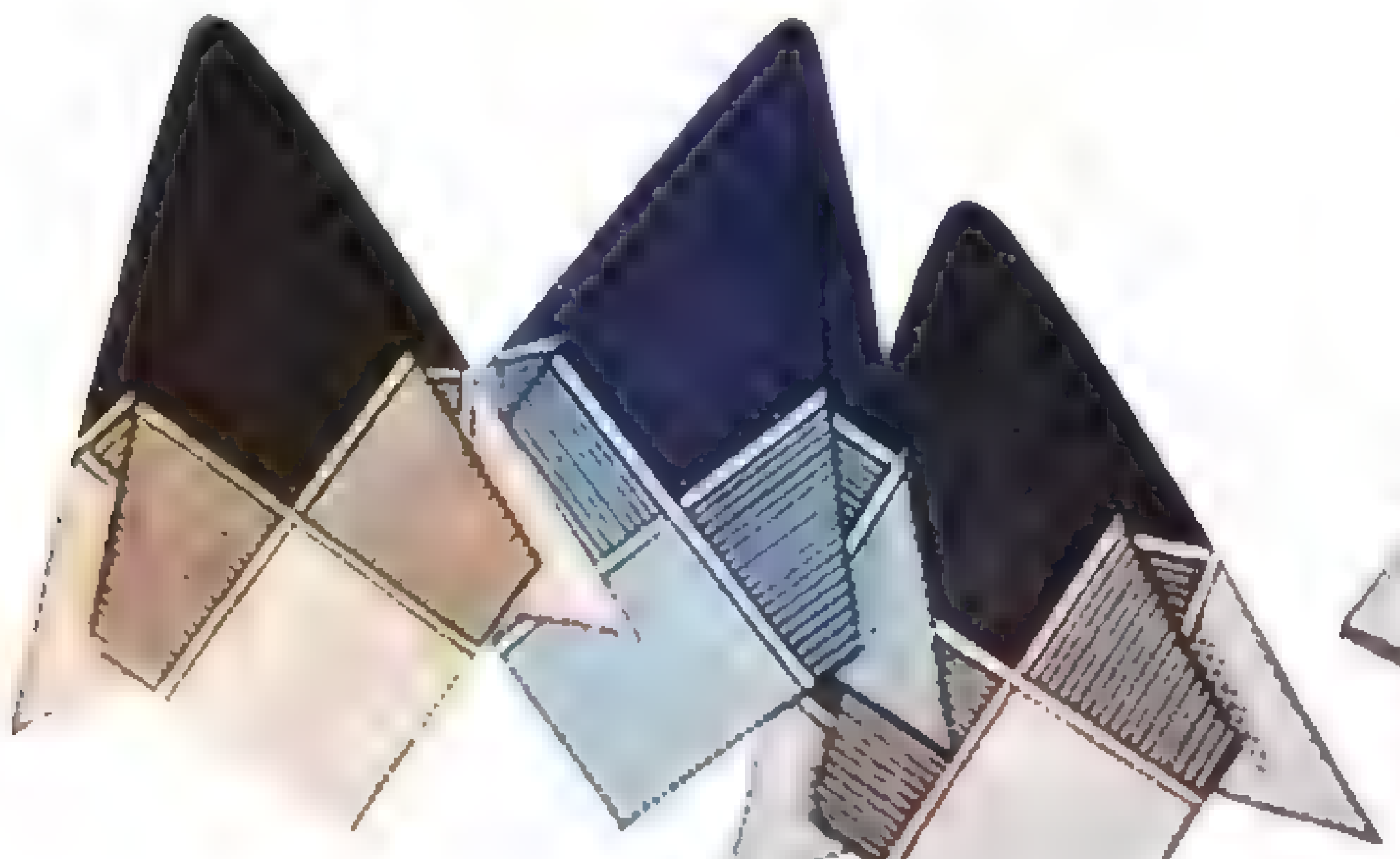
# Arrow's Choice for this Month: Chatham Checks



For your striped or plain suits, nothing's neater than Arrow's new Chatham Check Shirts. Soft in color and simple—as all good checks should be. $2.25. Ties at $1, designed as mates for the Chatham Check shirts.

Shorts with seams at seat and crotch chafe and annoy you. Arrow Shorts don't have such seams—are far more comfortable to wear. In Chatham Check fabric, 65¢. Tops, 50¢ up.



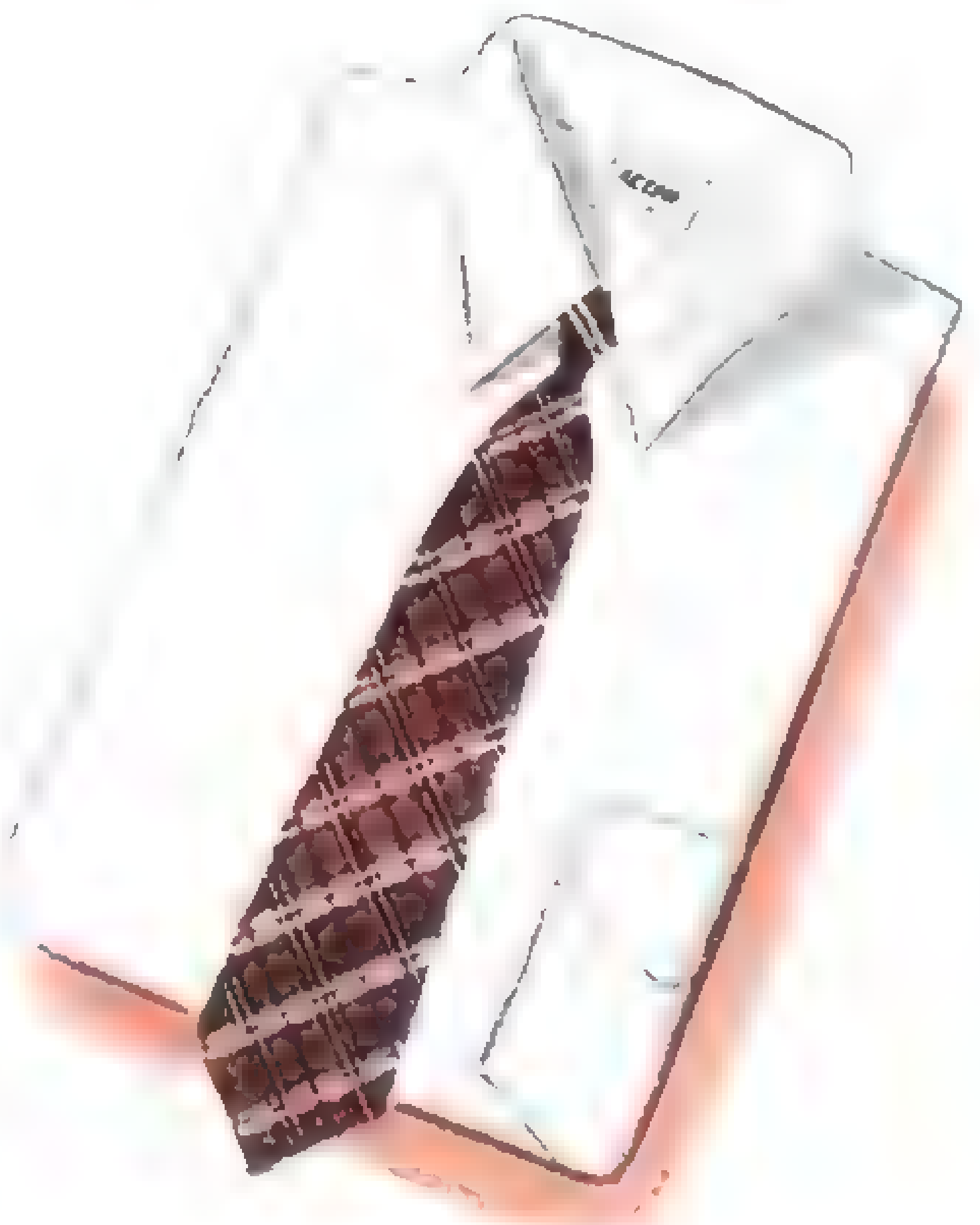


Round out your Chatham Checks with a Chatham handkerchief—specially patterned to team with the shirts. Just 35¢.

ARROW
SANFORIZED

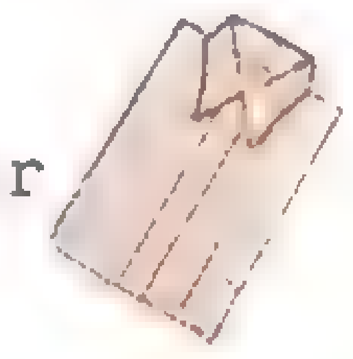
If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow

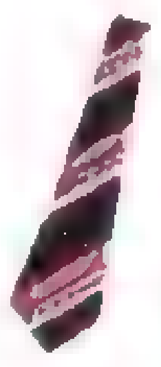
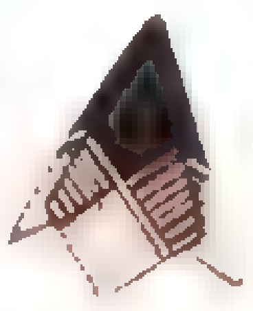
All Arrow shirts and shorts are Sanforized-Shrunk (fabric shrinkage less than 1%). Permanent fit guaranteed.



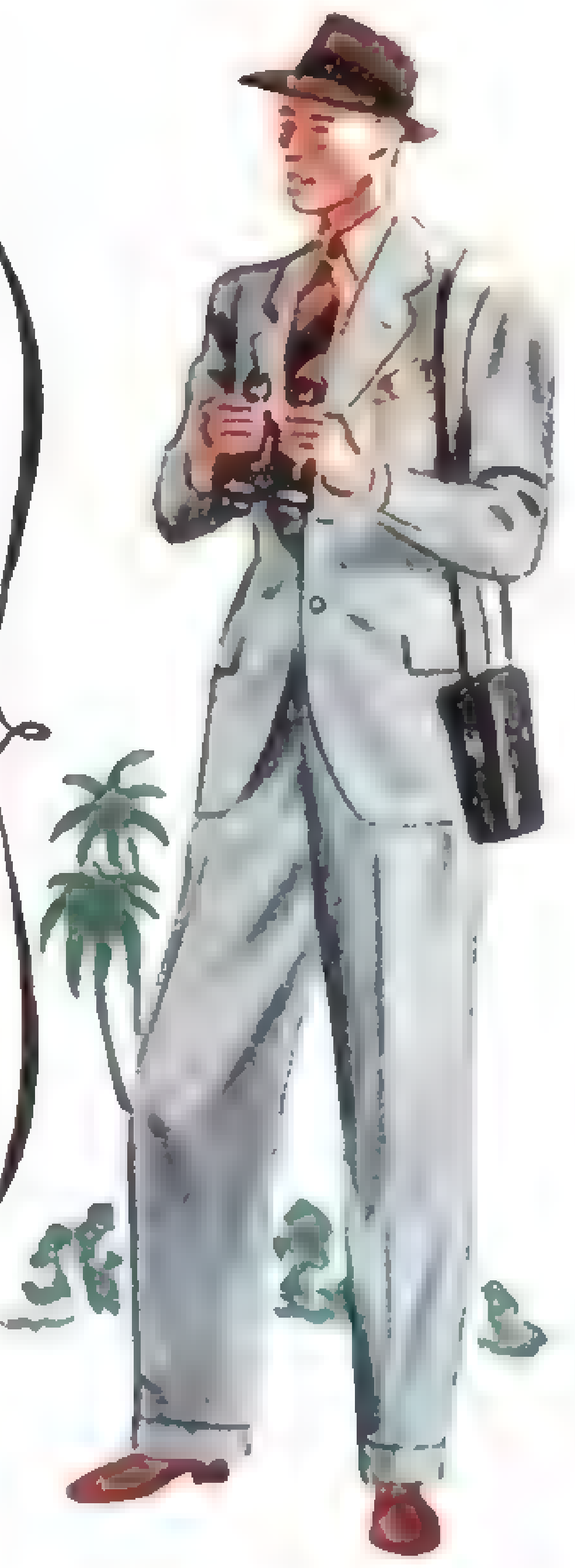
The non-wilt collar on Arrow's Dart shirt will give you more wear than any other non-wilt collar you can buy. $2.25.

With gray suit

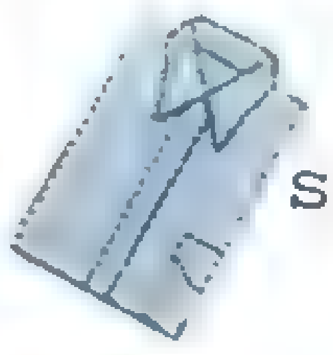
wear  shirt,

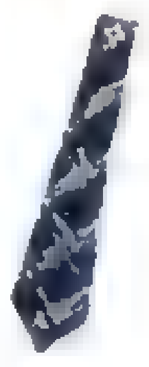
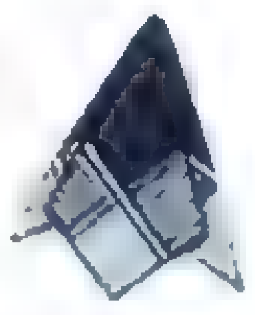
 tie, and 

handkerchief.

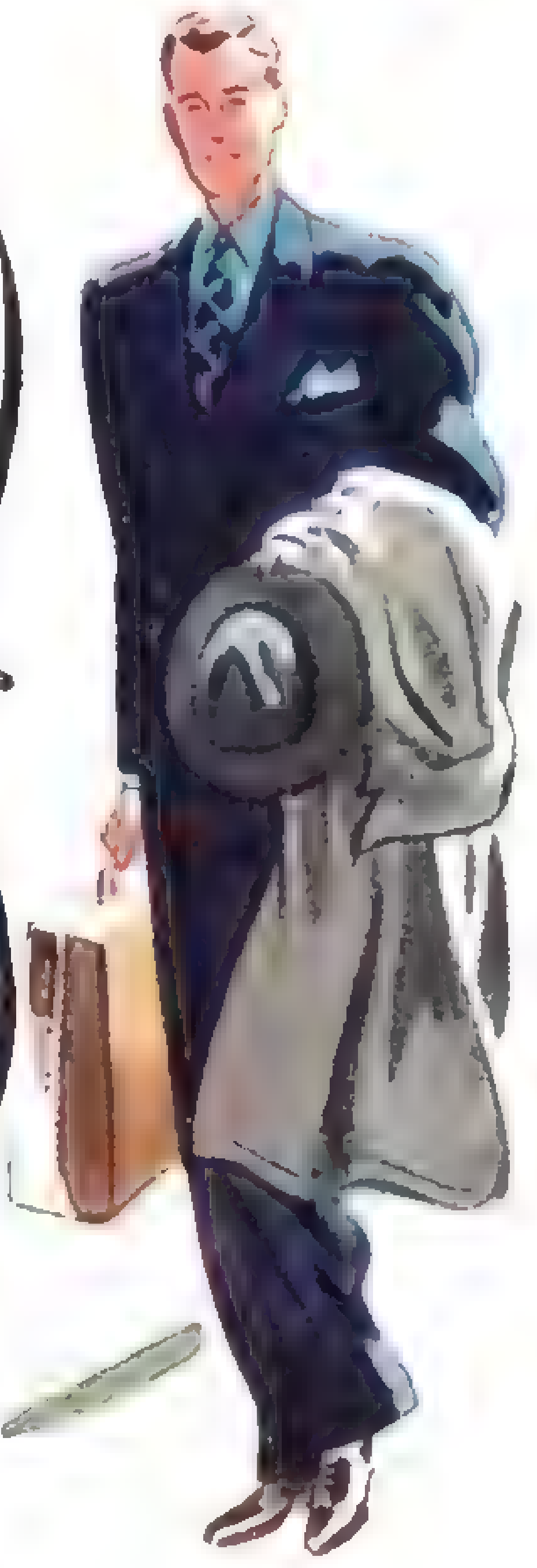


With blue outfit

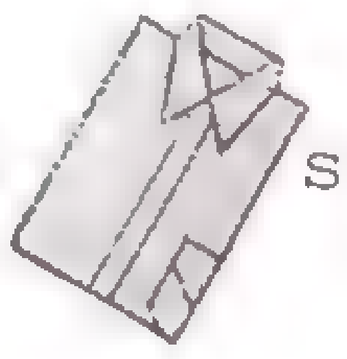
wear  shirt,

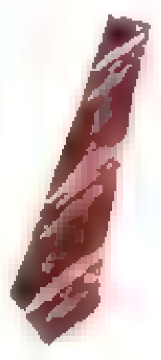
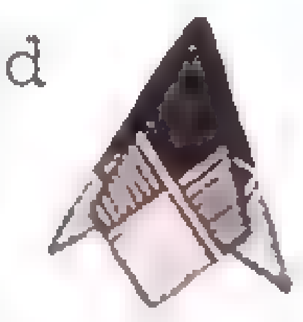
 tie, and 

handkerchief.



With brown suit

wear  shirt,

 tie, and 

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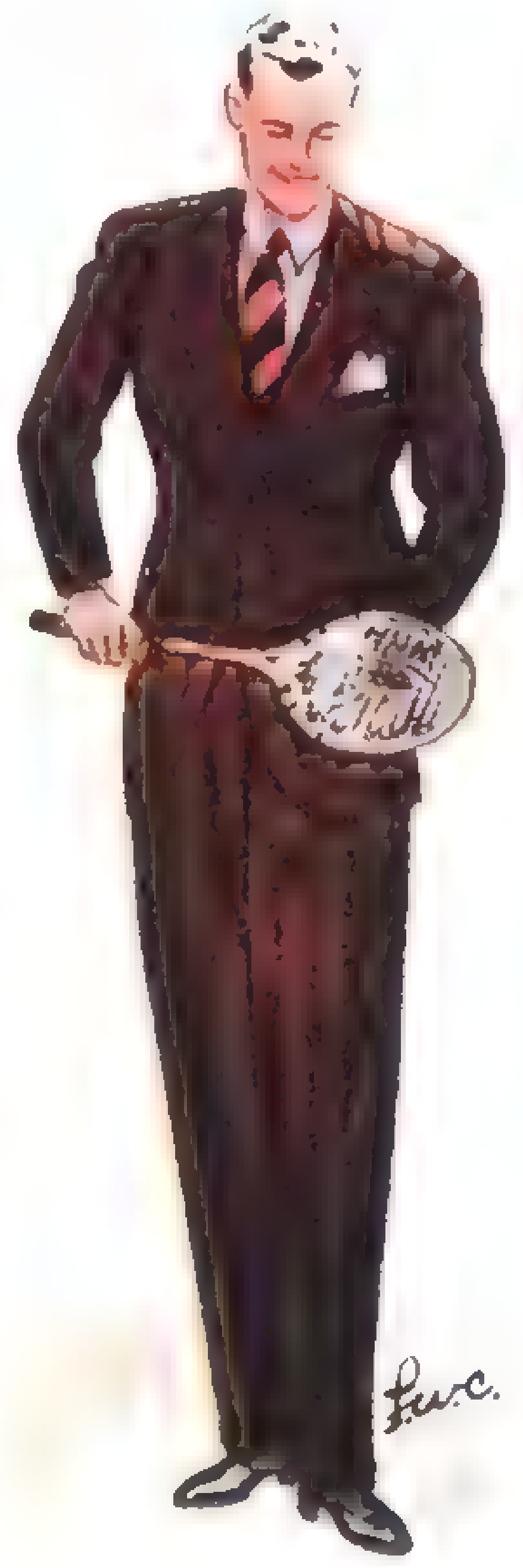


The suggestions above aren't hard and fast rules. Go to your Arrow dealer—tomorrow—and work out the combinations you like best.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

# A Crumb of Cheese

Continued from page 44

until every hole is drenched with this snappy dressing. The Swiss invented it as a specific for morning-afters, so when taken with a hair of the dog that bit you it will change your whole day from blue to that rosy hue of sunrise clouds over Rigi Kulm.

And if there's a chafing dish around the house, a Sautéed Swiss Sandwich makes a swell nightcap with a nip of almost anything. It's called "Pleasant Dreams"—never "Nightmares." You make a hefty sandwich of thickly buttered bread with a slab of Sweitzer tucked between, trim off crusts, cut sandwich in two, wrap a well-beaten egg around it, slide it into sizzling butter and fry on both sides. A blush of paprika over the yellow of the egg makes this into a Spanish Blood-and-Sand Sandwich, and since the cheese melts to the creamy consistency of Welsh rabbit, it's almost as much fun as dunking fingers of toast in old man Savarin's famous fondu.

August Zimmerman, chef of the New York Athletic Club, improves on this by first sandwiching the Swiss between a slice of ham and a slice of chicken breast, then beating up a brace of eggs with a jigger of heavy sweet cream and soaking his sandwich in this until it's sopped up every drop. A final frying in sweet butter makes strong men cry lustily for it.

But there's a whole lot more to this savory subject than just Edam and Emmentaler, and indeed than English Stilton, Cheddar and Cheshire (the Cheddar being our century-old pattern for store cheese); Belgian Limburger; Munster, both German and French; and all those other classic whiffs designed to set off French wines—Brie, Camembert, Petit Suisse, Pont l'Eveque, Port du Salud, Roquefort and the Fromage of Monsieur Fromage. For increasingly we've taken on the cheeses of all nations, from Swiss Sap Sago and Vacherin to the Scandinavian Blues and Brown Gjetost, but especially Italian Bel Paese, Gorgonzola, Parmesan and Provolone (from water buffalo milk). And not only that, we've been perfecting cheeses of our own, beginning a century ago with the Pineapple, named after its shape, not its flavor, followed by one hundred per cent American Neufchatel; New York State Cheddar; the Liederkranz which was invented in Ohio to give Limburger a blow, and is now copyrighted against imitators; Vermont Sage, Old Wisconsin, California Jack, Gold-N-Rich, Philadelphia Cream and a bouquet of others.

A little while ago, all of our amateur chasing after exotic cheeses came to a climax at the Waldorf when a lot of literary lights got together to sample a dozen goat-milk specialties in celebration of the annual Cheese Week. But we're not nearly so fromage-foolish as the French, in spite of the fact that we've now out-gourmeted them, according to J. George Frederick, President of the Gourmet Society who announced at a recent revel in the Hotel Astor: "With the passing of Foyot's in Paris and other great restaurants there, I do not think that it is any longer disputable that New York offers both the highest standards and the greatest variety of dining delight and culinary skill that is to be found in any city in the world." (And the same might have been said of Chicago, Boston, and Hollywood, with Cleveland, Reno, Detroit, Milwaukee and other runners-up.) Yet, to our everlasting shame, be it noted that we haven't even got a Club of Cheese-lovers, although the French have had one in Paris that's been growing stronger and stronger down the years.

To qualify for membership in that exacting aggregation of *hommes de bouche* the neophyte is blindfolded, as in most initiations, and told to nibble his way around all two hundred of the basic cheeses that have passed the critical noses of the Paris Cheese Club's censorship committee. And mind you, each and every one of these is a he-man, yea-bo cheese different in manufacture, texture, smell and taste—indeed, no two are much more alike than Holsteiner, that hearty number called "Leather Cheese" in its Schleswig homeland, and Traz os Montes, the yellow, mellow mountain sheep leader of all Portugal (it's great with the port after dinner, in place of Stilton). None of the entire two hundred is a mere variation of the same old Cheddar or a processed paste, as too many of our modern inventions are, but each and every one a rugged individualist—the kind cheese tasters call "a natural cheese." The Parisian candidates are put to work on prime products only, using just three of their senses for identification—touch, smell and taste alone, for they're deprived of sight and you can't hear many cheeses—except the singing Liederkranz. If the neophyte misses out in naming a single one of the chosen Käse, back he goes to the booby hatch and he can't try again until tongue, fingertips and nostrils co-ordinate perfectly.

In this amiable orgy of tasting, which consumes several hours per candidate, a fair poundage of fromage is actually swallowed, even as wine tasters let quite a bit of their specialty leak down the esophagus in spite of sworn oaths to the contrary; so by the time the candidate has moused his way into the Inner Circle he's almost certain to be eligible for the Cent Kilo Club, too. That's yet another clique of painstaking eaters and to belong to it the chief requisite, besides ineffable taste in everything edible and potable, is that the fledgling gourmand must tip the bathroom scales at two hundred twenty pounds (one hundred kilos) right out in public. Obviously, it's the very antithesis of a Reducing Club and instead of Badminton its membership keeps fit by knocking over bottles of Anjou and Beaune with "crumbs" of cheese ranging from a quarter-pound Bondon to a "Baby" Gouda weighing in at just over a pound.

But we could never get away with a club of two-hundred-twenty-pound palookas here, on account of critical wives and girl friends. A cheese club is more feasible and there must be thousands who pride themselves, as I do, on having a nose for Nagelkäse, though few of us feel sufficiently Camembert-conscious or foolhardy enough to send in an application to the Paris Cheese Club and attempt such an ordeal by taste. But I'm getting along very nicely in my amateur way, for within the past year I've scoured New York, Brooklyn, Yonkers, Staten Island and Hoboken for nuggets and sampled nearly two hundred in person. Even so, they order these things better in France, for try as I could, I ran only one hundred eighty-six different species to earth.

In collaborating on a book containing ten thousand snacks I began sampling at the fancy grocers in mid-town Manhattan, Charles, Park and Tilford, the Vendome, and on to Macy's who brag of the biggest assortment in the Americas and actually set out eighty different varieties in full snacking season. Having sampled my first hundred of more or less conventional varieties I felt strong enough to tackle the pot and schmierkäses of our international East Side and then ended up in Hoboken with a cheese-miser who'd buried a vintage brick of Limburger, wrapped in a wine-soaked napkin, to ripen in his back yard, but so long ago he'd almost forgotten where to dig.

For months I kept eyes and ears as wide open as my nostrils and finally, both from fact and smell-say, set down an alphabet of some four hundred sibilant varieties, but this collection had to be drastically edited, for it would have made a whole book in itself and since Clifton Fadiman announced about that time that he was doing a tome on the subject so close to the heart of many of us, I resigned, with the job half done.

Appropriately, I began with A as in Apple Pie, for a hunk of cheese and a slab of apple pie have been affinities since long before Brillat-Savarin remarked: "Dessert without cheese is like a pretty girl with only one eye." And in further proof, out in Wisconsin, our leading Cheese State, there's what's called "The La Follette Law" which specifies that a crumb of that State's finest must accompany every cut of pie served in a public place.

In my alphabet I noted down the names and outstanding characteristics like this:

ABERTHAN—Bohemian sheep.

ALBULA—rich with herbs from a Swiss valley.

ALEMTEJO—Portuguese, flavored with thistles, made from all kinds of milk, without separating the sheep from the goats.

ALDERNEY—from the Channel Islands. The French like it much and call it Fromage d'Aurigny.

ALGÄUER—caraway-seeded and slippery, from Bavarian Tyrol.

ALPESTRA—Austrian smoked process cheese, not so hot.

ALPINE—very French and fragrant from the herbs of the French Alps on which the cattle graze.

ALTENBURG—strong German goat cheese—Ziegenkäse.

ALTSOHL—Hungarian ewe cheese.

AMBERT—cow's milk imitation of the goaty Roquefort which is supposed to be made of sheep's milk, although both cow and goat milk seep into it.

AMERICAN—enough said.

AMERICAN CLUB—a good brand used to be put up in Cleveland, maybe still is. It's an Americanization of the Canadian Imperial that comes in pots of creamed spreads, variously called Club House, Calumet Club; different brands, some of wine-mellowed Cheddar and Stilton. Too fancy for most fanciers of "natural" cheeses.

ANCIEN IMPERIAL—same size and taste as Neufchatel. The French have two different names for this Ancient Imperial, when fresh it's Petit Carré, when mellow, Carré Affiné.

ANCONA—Italian sheep.

ANGELOT—small savory cheese from Normandy.

ANNIVIERS—a Swiss Gruyère.

APPENZELLER—skimmed milk Swiss cartwheel. It's left soaking in salt brine for a whole year and then pepped up in a bath of both wine and brine, with pepper and white wine lees added. When made of whole milk it's a more festive, frolicsome snack and just the thing to dice into that Swiss Cheese Salad.

APPETITE—Danish sour-milker, must be eaten fresh, so it's too perishable to export.

ARGENTINE—Goya and Sbrinz are commonest kinds exported, but they're not one whit better than our own rubbery "mouse cheese."

ARMAVIR—resembling hand cheese, Caucasian sheep sour-milker.

AUSTRIAN—all sorts of Austrian atrocities are sold in the delicatessens, processed or too highly smoked, like Alpestra, or over-salted. Not nearly as tasty as the natural Landlkäse at home or the delicate Viennese Lady Cheese.

AURILLAC or AUVERGNE—so-called "blue" cheeses. Auvergne Bleu and Cantal are much the same—all of them hard and not nearly so fine as their better known creamy French brothers.

Without going into the B's and C's, here we have a springboard from which to leap onward and upward with this lively art—all the way to the Saint Cheeses: Saint Benoit, Saint Claude, Saint Flour, Saint Laurent, Saint Marcellin, Saint Nectaire, Saint Remy, Saint Wel; on to the Sir, or shall we say Esquire, cheeses of Montenegro—Sir Iz Mjesine, Sir Mastny, Sir Posny and Twdr Sir; and then finish off with the zippy Ziegels, Zigers and sheep's milk Zips. So, with daily application, anyone can become an amateur cheese taster right at home, without taking his legs from under the mahogany, and there's no cheaper, more stimulating indoor sport. ###

## The Basket Dinner

*Continued from page 49*

married a Bridgewater. They were buried side by side. Trouble started again and the Dinguses dug their kinsman up and took him over on his own side of the lot and left him among the dead who bore his name!

Not many names at this basket dinner. Each family brings its own dinner. Down over the hill is the MacGuires. They have their dinner spread on the ground now and are eating. The Blairs are on the far corner of the churchyard. They have their dinner spread out and are eating now. The Crumps are near the Bridgewaters. They have their dinner spread out and are eating. The Scotts are up near the churchhouse door. They have their dinner spread out and are eating. The Tizzels are to the left of the Scotts, facing the churchhouse and they are eating now. The churchhouse looks at these families. The Dingus family is eating now. It is the smallest family. Just across from them is the Bridgewater family. It is the second smallest family there. There is a little patch of sassafras sprouts, thick as the hair on a dog's back behind the Dingus family. The sprouts are higher than Sweet William Hawthorne's head. The churchhouse sees them all eating now.

"Look at the grub on this ground, won't you," says Bill Dingus. "Ma, jist to tell the truth I believe you have fixed the finest dinner here. Lord look at this turkey. Great big brown drumstick don't go half bad! Dumplings, pickles, cake, pie, ham, fried chicken, apple preserves, plum preserves, apricots, apples, cornbread, biscuits, light-bread, jelly, Irish taters, sweet taters, squirrel, soup beans, green beans, leather-britches beans, blackberry cobbler, raspberries, dewberries, strawberries, wild-plum jelly, wild-grape jelly . . . ah, Ma . . . you're the best cook in the world. None to beat you!"

"Who said so," says Boliver Bridgewater across from the other table. "That's what you think!"

"I said so," says Sweet William, pulling the fried brown crisp meat from a young fried-chicken's leg.

"You big son o' Satan," says Boliver Bridgewater, "when I want a dog to bark I allus pulls on his chain! What air you doin' with the damn Dinguses nohow!"

"Quiet children," says Murt. "Let's have no talkin' across the tables now!"

"Quiet boys," says Flora Bridgewater. "We don't want no trouble now."

The people at the other tables listen. They stop eating and listen. There are four hundred people or more on the ground.

"Hit ain't none of your business what I'm doin' with the Dinguses," says Sweet William Hawthorne. "If you could see a little better out'n them ferret eyes of yourn you could see what I'm doin' with all o' the Dinguses!"

"I told you, Ma," says Harry Dingus, "he'd bring us bad luck sometime or another. Hit's goin' to be a fight sure as God made little green apples!"

"The only reason you air talkin' like that," says Bill Dingus, "is because you got us out-numbered two to one. You know hit. I'd like to take a corn-cuttin' knife and go among you. I'd like to mow you like cornstalks."

"The only reason Bill Dingus you talk like that is because you know you ain't allowed to use knives. Damn your soul to hell nohow! You, the likeness and the name of the man who put Pap over there under that oak!"

"You ain't said nothin' about Pa over there," says George Dingus, "under a oak, have you? No you air very careful not to mention that, damn you to hell nohow!"

Brother Ward Scott stands up and says: "Boys let there be peace. This is the Day of the Lord. Let's stop talkin' about the Brothers done departed! Let's make this a day of Glory!"

"Wow!"

"Look Ma," says George Dingus, "look on Sweet William's pretty coat! Boliver Bridgewater hit 'im with a biled egg! Look at the yaller on his coat! Do we have to take that Ma?"

"I ain't goin' to take hit," says Sweet William Hawthorne. "I ain't goin' to take hit!" He jumps up, the yellow fluid streaming down the front of his clean coat. He runs the other way. He runs to the patch of sassafras sprouts.

"The dirty coward," says Bill Dingus, "a-runnin' from a Bridgewater! Can't run me to no sprouts! Damn their dirty hearts nohow! What do you say Ma? Must we take 'em? Can't defile Pa's name. Pa over there in his grave!"

"You have to take hit," says Boliver Bridgewater, "the whole dirty low-down pack has to take hit!"

"Go atter 'em boys," says Murt Dingus. "One for two men! Git 'em boys! And you come over here, old Flora Bridgewater, I'll give hit to you!"

The boys meet between the two dinners-on-the-ground. Plates are flying! Fists are flying. Men and women are running and screaming! Men are hitting the earth. Men are getting up and falling again. Blood is spurting from the noses. The other families are standing up now. Brother Scott is crying: "Peace, Brothers, peace! Peace, Brothers, peace. Let there be peace!"

"Git that big thing in the bushes," says Boliver Bridgewater. "You take keer of that big capon, brother Tim!" Tim Bridgewater runs in the sassafras sprouts to get Sweet William. Little Rilda stands and screams! "He's comin' atter you Sweet William! Watch 'im Sweet William."

He runs into the bushes but then he doesn't come out again.

"Tear off the damn Dingus silk shirts," says Boliver Bridgewater, "strip off all their fine terbacker clothes for to make skeery-crows out'n for the pea patch! Tom you run up there and see what's happened to brother Tim!" Tom Bridgewater runs in the sassafras bushes. The tops of the bushes shake, there is a scream and he doesn't come out again!

The mules sniff the scent of blood and snort and heave at the halters! The Dingus brothers don't have coats on now. The Bridgewaters are ripping off their silk shirts!

"See what the hell's happened to Brother Tom, Lum," says Boliver Bridgewater, giving orders for his brothers. "He ain't come out'n the bushes yet!" Lum Bridgewater runs to the patch of sprouts and dives headlong into them and is hidden from the crowd.

There is a scream. The top of the sprouts shake. He doesn't come out again!

"He must a-got Brother Lum," says Boliver. "Must be a knifin'. Don't know the Law of this family! Damn that big capon to hell nohow, he won't git old Boliver." Boliver Bridgewater picks up a stick and runs for the sprouts.

"Watch 'im if you are alive Sweet William . . ." says Little Rilda, "he's a-comin' with a club atter you Honey!" And above the sprouts two big hands are seen to rise up and fall again . . . then there is a shrill scream and Boliver Bridgewater doesn't return. "Got Brother Boliver," says Young Silas. "I got Pap's name. I'll fight 'im till I die. He won't git me." He grabs a rock and runs for the sassafras sprouts. "Watch 'im Honey," says Little Rilda, "if you are still alive. He's got a rock comin' atter you Honey."

Two big hands are above the sprouts in a different location this time. Silas Bridgewater runs in. There is a loud shrill scream when the big hands fall. He does not come out again. "Man fer man now," says a voice from the sprouts. "Stay with 'em Dingus Brothers."

The Dingus boys don't have a shirt on their backs. Their noses are broken, eyes are closed, people are screaming. The Bridgewater boys are trying to tear their pants off. Got George Dingus' pants torn off. The women are running from the hill screaming. The men are staying out of the family fight.

"Let hit be fair," says Brother Scott, "if they have to fight hit out. Let hit be over and done with. . . . stay out Brethren! Stay out! Hit's the Dingus Brothers and the Bridgewaters! The Bridgewaters started the fight. I saw hit and heard hit from the start! Now the tide has turned! Hit's man for man!"

"Hit's that pretty little doll-baby over there tellin'," says Flora Bridgewater. "That pretty little Rilda. I'll glomb them wax eyes from her pullet head." She runs over the broken plates on the ground. "Watch her Ma," says Bill Dingus. "She's goin' atter Rilda!"

"She won't git to 'er," says Murt, as she comes over Flora's head with a big platter of turkey. The dish flies into a hundred pieces and Flora hits the ground a-moaning! The turkey meat and gravy is strewn on the ground. There's not a dish left now. Murt runs in to help the boys. "Stay out'n this Ma," says Bill as Lonnie Bridgewater floors him with a short stick over the head. He starts to hit George and Murt catches his lick in time. Sweet William runs out of the sprouts. He waddles like a big turkey gobbler! "Stick, boys, till I come," he says. He runs down and Lonnie has wrenched the club from Murt's hand. She cries: "Oh my Lord . . . hit's another sled standard." Sweet William just in time, slings one of his big open hands like a fence-post maul and hits Lonnie on the side of the head. He falls like a rifle-shot fattening-hog.

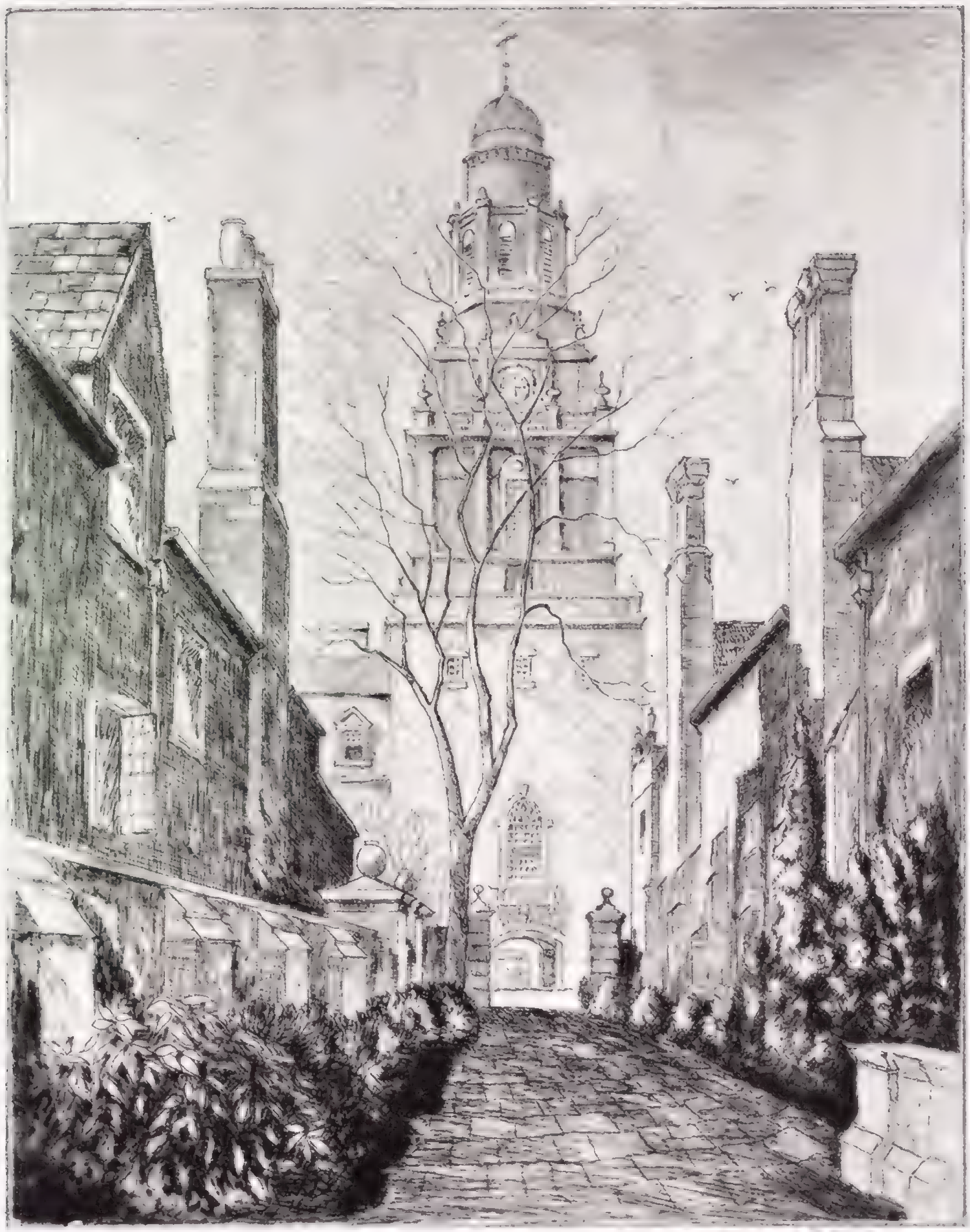
Then he grabs Mort Bridgewater by the neck as he knocks Harry Dingus cold as a cucumber. He gives him one big choke and throws him down, wilted like a new-mown weed in the July sun. One lick to Pert Bridgewater and he curls up like a dog . . . Deb Bridgewater takes to the bushes screaming!

"Let's git the mules in the wagon," says Sweet William, "and git back home. Come on Honey. Help unhitch the mules and be puttin' 'em in the wagon. Help Eif there." Eif just has on his underwear. He can barely walk. He is so weak, bloody and bruised. He unhitches the mules, they snort and caper. Sweet William picks up Bill Dingus and carries him like he would ten pounds of sugar and throws him in the wagon bed. Murt is climbing in the wagon bed without help. She lights her pipe. Sweet William goes back and gets George Dingus and carries him to the wagon bed and throws him in beside of Bill. Harry Dingus climbs in the wagon bed and lies down. He says: "I'm hurt on the insides." Murt spreads her shawl over Harry in the wagon bed.

Dingus boys got all their clothes torn off. Tombstones in the graveyard are turned over where they fought. The ground is littered with broken dishes and blood. The weeds are tramped down flat on the earth!

Murt smokes her pipe and drives the mules away. The Bridgewaters are lying all over the earth. The other families rush out to them now that the fight is over. She says: "What I hate about hit all the boys' clothes air gone. Will take all this terbacker crop to git 'em new clothes and terbacker for our own use. All my dishes broke

*Continued at top of page 106*



ORIGINAL ETCHING FOR ESQUIRE BY FREDERICK POLLEY

# THE TOWER OF PIERSON COLLEGE, YALE

The beautiful Georgian tower of Pierson College dominates the cluster of fraternity houses on the campus of the new Yale. Pierson College was designed by the late James Gamble Rogers, and erected in 1932. It is the college home of two hundred upperclassmen. The building contains four suites for resident Fellows—members of the faculty attached to the College, offices for the non-resident Fellows, and the house of the Master. There is a library in the tower. The view chosen for this original etching is most appropriate because it glimpses the tower from the memorial gateway to the court, a focal point in perspective that gives zest to the esthetic proportions of the tower, and because it is the intimate entranceway for the upperclassmen who live in Pierson College. Pierson College honors the name and the memory of Abraham Pierson, the first Rector of the Collegiate School, which later expanded into Yale University. Pierson and the other eight Colleges now in operation at Yale University were the gift of Mr. Edward L. Harkness and were formally opened as colleges in the Fall of 1933. The appellation "College" is taken over directly from the English university system.

*(Address inquiries concerning prints of this original etching to Esquire Art Dept., 919 N. Michigan, Chicago)*

## The Basket Dinner

Continued from pages 49-104

to little pieces. But we winned that fight. We cleaned 'em with Sweet William!"

"They won't git out'n them sprouts," says Sweet William, "until they air carried out. I seed to that. When I rech over and got a neck I pinched hit, Honey, like you would a gapy chicken's neck! Them Bridgewaters that I fit with won't come to fer some time! They'll sleep a long time! That's th' way I fight, Ma Dingus. That's the way Pa and all his people allus fit. Run to the sprouts air the dark woods and bushwhacked their men! I pinch their necks with my big hands!"

"What happened," says Bill Dingus. "Who winned the fight?"

"Who winned hell," says Eif, "Sweet William winned the fight hisself. He's got a new way o' fightin'. Runs to the bushes and fights. He's our new-found Brother. He ain't goin' no further than our house tonight. He aims to stay right there!" Murt smokes her pipe and drives the mules over the rough rutty road back home. The sun is high in the sky. The wilted pennyroyal is smelly. The hawks fly high above the wilted hills and circle in the bright-blue air.

George and Harry are lying on the bottom of the wagon bed groaning. There is a shawl spread over George. His clothes are torn in shreds, too fine to build a scarecrow with.

Sweet William has Little Rilda in the loop of his big fence-post arm. She never got a scratch. Neither did Sweet William Hawthorne.

Sweet William says: "Ma Dingus, I'd drive the mules but I'm busy. None o' your boys able to drive them. I think your boys got good pluck. I used to think they's a bunch o' soft hands and didn't know whether I wanted Rilda 'r not because o' 'em! Now I know they got good stuff in 'em atter I saw 'em fight the way they did today. I jist don't like the way they fight 's all! That's all that's held back me astin' fer Rilda. Atter today I'm astin' to jine your family. I want to be a part of the Dingus family!"

"We'll have to make a bigger bed fer you or put you on the floor and let you sleep until the boys can make a big bed to hold you!"

"Th' floor'll suit us won't hit, Honey," says Sweet William, "until the boys can make us a bigger bed!"

The mules sweat at the load. The wagon creaks over the deep brown crab-grassed ruts beneath the crows, hawks, hot sun and leaves. #

## Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 80

course, many people have gone to opera in English and not been aware of the fact until they read it in the paper next morning. The difficulties in getting suitable operatic translations seem insurmountable: a glossary is necessary to understand those we have, and translators invariably show a total disregard for the musical values of words and syllables. Also, geniuses like Wagner and Verdi used German and Italian in a way that makes translation impossible without irreparable damage.

Nevertheless, until listeners get an immediate and direct reaction to both the words and music, they will not understand opera. For in every opera worthy of the name, the music is a commentary on the text.

The ideal solution, of course, would be not to translate German and Italian museum pieces but to create the conditions out of which a living American school of opera would be born. That, as yet, is only a dream. It requires, among other things, a public interested enough in contemporary expressions to welcome frequent experiments, and numerous enough to make it possible for opera companies to repeat them indefinitely. With such a demand, a genius will appear to do the trick.

No one contends that when the great American opera is written, hockey and baseball fans will desert their gods and come a-running. But, more of them will clamor to hear it than now clamor to hear *Il Trovatore*. Until opera becomes a thing of the people in our own language, it will remain a freak . . . at the mercy and whim of *dilettanti* and snobs.

* * *

The local Chicago situation, where lack of money and rehearsal are the immediate problems, is explained by Robert Pollak in the *Sunday Times* thus:

"Paul Longone trims and compromises and cancels for one reason only. He must. He and Mr. Whitney are always short of cash. If you gave Paul Longone one-fourth of the ordinary annual budget of the gilded Insull days he could put on the best opera in the country and draw a ninety per cent average attendance. As an impresario he has the ability to do just this. . . .

"Both Longone and Whitney have been the victims of unfair criticism and a particular brand of snobbism. The criticism of the location and character of the house should evaporate when it becomes clearly understood that unless the company dwells at 20 Wacker Drive (the old Insull house), there can't be any company at all.

"The opera also is adversely affected by certain local people of means who do not like the position of the boxes or the folks they meet in the foyer. These people have a large advertising value to any local institution. They are genuinely fond of grand opera and they sell it to their friends. I believe most of them want the city to have a resident company. If so, they should forget their petty objections and get in and pitch."

The truth is that the people of Chicago have not placed the institution of opera above their own individual vanity. If they didn't get their names in the society column in bigger letters than their neighbors, they wouldn't have anything to do with the opera. Those who run down the present Chicago opera management as either dishonest or incompetent haven't offered anything better. Without the efforts of Messrs. Longone and Whitney, the second largest city of the richest country in the world probably would be without opera.

Whatever his faults, there is no disputing Mr. Longone's talent as an impresario. He has a natural flair for casting and an ability to get artists for the minimum fees, but even he cannot produce first-class opera without a maintenance fund.

Mr. Longone may by accident or foresight select two such suave, polished and consummate French singing actors as Ellen Dosia and André Burdino, who are better than their counterparts at the Metropolitan. His stage may be graced by a young woman like Helen Jepson, with unlimited natural talent, who grows by leaps and bounds and who doesn't look dropsical as Mimi or Violetta. He may have the good fortune to present a tenor like Galliano Masini . . . a fine musician like Eva Turner as Turandot. He may start off successfully a young American conductor like Edwin McArthur, who demonstrates that he has the score in his head instead of his head in the score. He may use stage sets the like of which are not to be found elsewhere in America (which are an everlasting tribute to the memory of Samuel Insull). He may engender a spirit of camaraderie and helpfulness behind the scenes, collect a ballet that will pay its own way, induce a Flagstad, a Pons, a Tibbett to work under the conditions which must necessarily prevail in Chicago. He may even get his performances over with the public, but he has not succeeded in giving first-class opera productions—and he would be the first to admit it.

The principle is wrong. First-class opera never has been and can not today be put on without a subsidy . . . on a "shoestring." It must be rehearsed, not dumped upon the stage. I assure you that people who do not know intimately the great operatic scores have not the slightest idea of the mutilated state in which they reach the public, not only in Chicago but at our first opera house.

As this is written, I have so far this season heard from the Metropolitan only a part of *Orfeo* on the radio. This was a highly touted revival, yet, aside from the splendid singing of Kerstin Thorborg, the performance was not more than routine. At times Mr. Bodanzky seemed to be conducting with a baseball bat and his chief service of the afternoon, so far as I was concerned, was to drown out a lady named Marisa Morel. The orchestral attack was firm and secure, but shades and lights were missing, and the tone often was neither mystical nor noble . . . but perhaps that is too much to get over the radio, especially as I was listening in a taproom. Next month, when I have seen the performance and my impression is first-hand, I can be more definite.

* * *

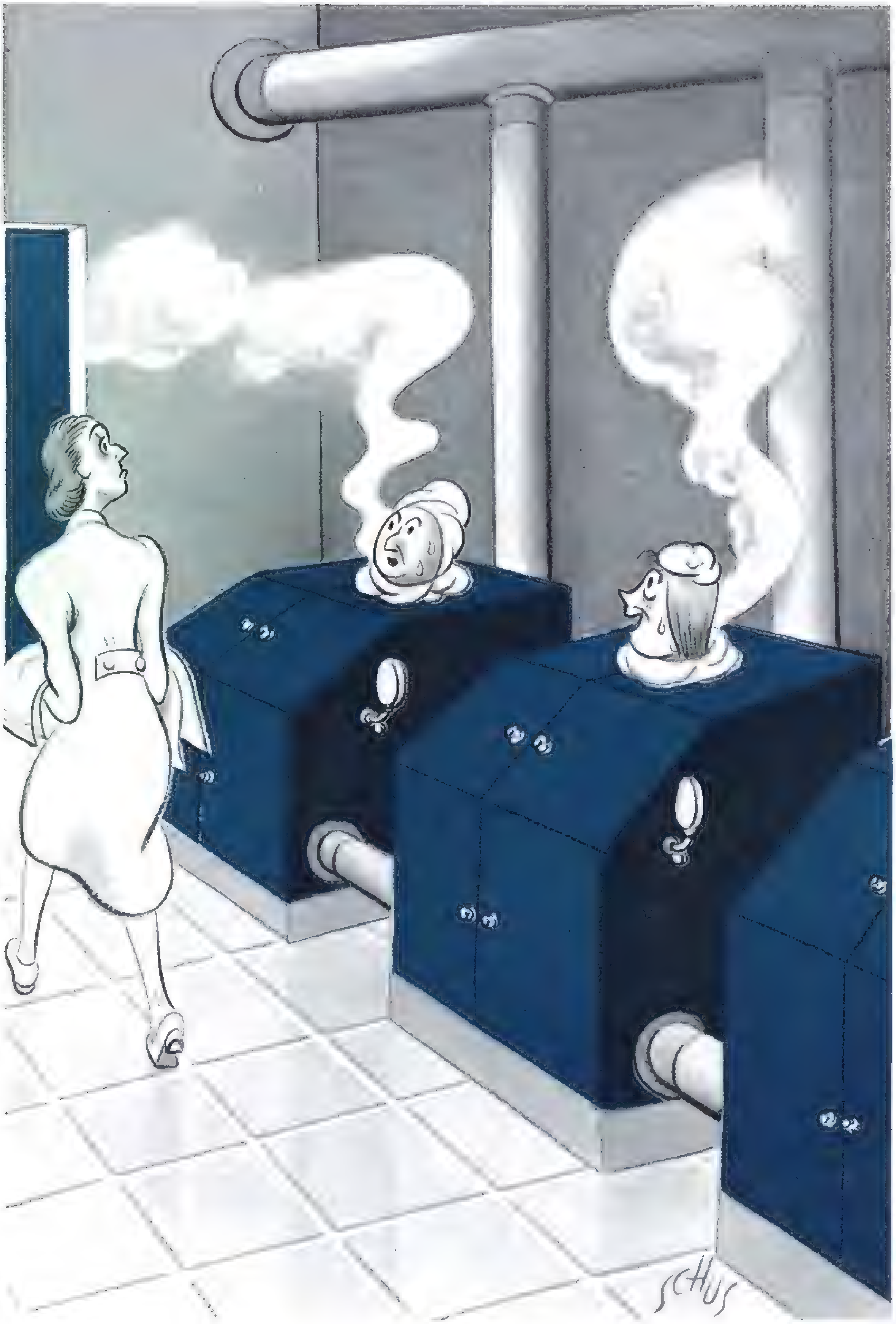
Reluctant as one may be to admit it, aside from Glyndebourne in Sussex where the whole ensemble lives under one roof for four or five months, Nazi Germany is practically the only place in the world today where operas are "produced." Singers in Germany have a knowledge of the meaning of organization. The leaders of the state take a pride in subsidizing and presenting first-class productions. Today, as in the past, there is nothing unusual in Germany in according a new work upwards of fifty rehearsals. Where else is this possible?

The theatre's technical staff is employed by the year. The orchestra rehearses as long and as often as the conductor thinks necessary. Under these conditions, conductors of quality can achieve results of quality. Soloists are on hand for weeks and may not leave for performances elsewhere. They have more than bowing acquaintance with one another and don't fly in from the ends of the earth at the eleventh hour.

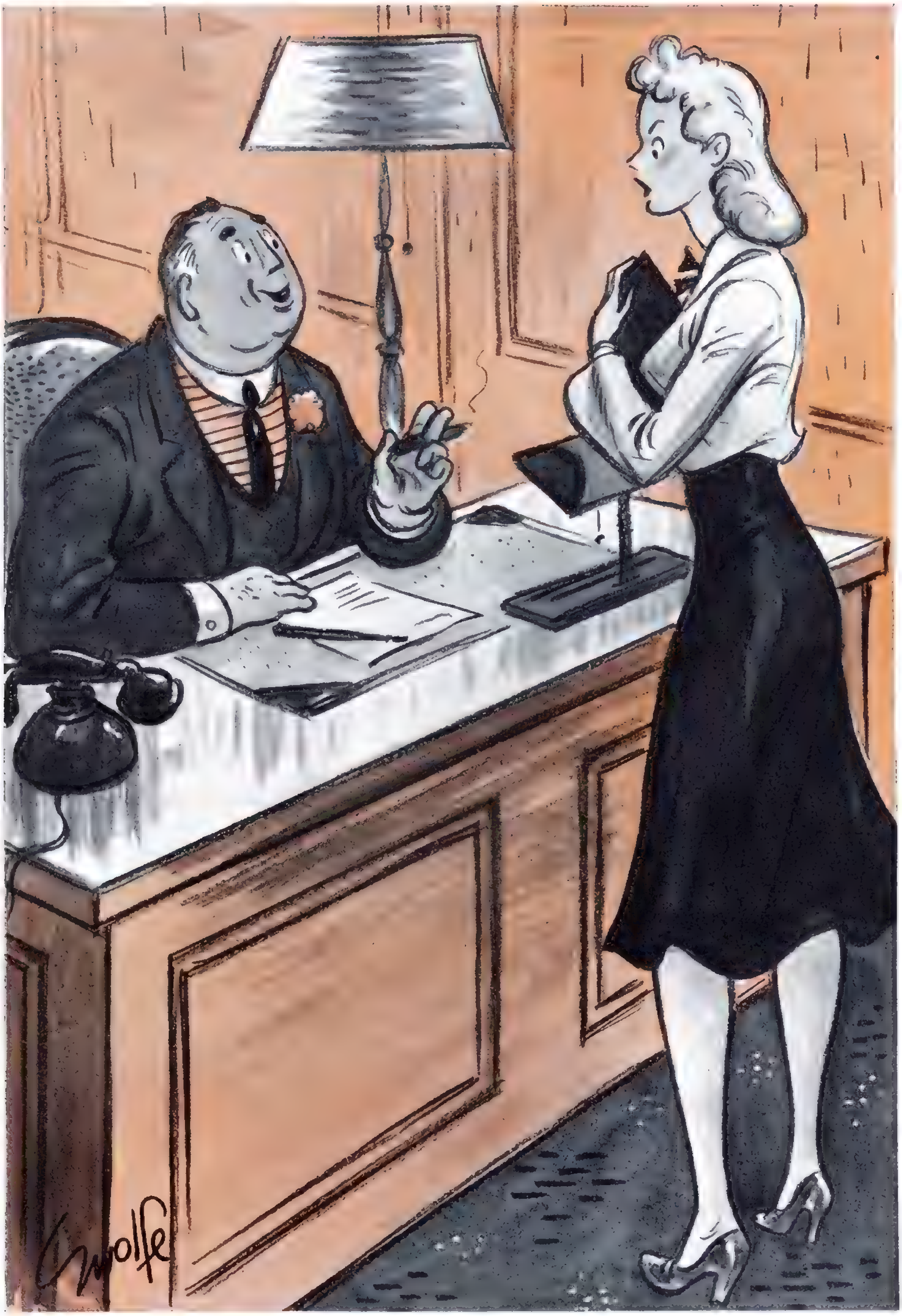
The scenery is constructed, placed, and lighted with some notion of the meaning of the drama. An effort is made to secure the utmost illusion and to make an audience imagine more than it is possible to make them see. Operas become music-dramas, not mere display-cases for singers. In short, when the conductor and the *régisseur* appear in front of the curtain at the end of the evening, they appear in their rightful place as artists who have taken a leading and highly successful part in the performance.

There is no need for us to go on fooling ourselves. The makeshift system under which we give opera and call it "grand"—is not worth saving. If opera is worth doing at all, it's worth doing well on a festive scale.

Let's set about it to make the show the thing. The composers demand it. Our public deserves it. #



*"When do I pop up? I'm done!"*



*"We're working late tonight, so you'd better run out and get yourself an evening gown"*

# The Art of Skysnapping

*Continued from page 72*

be, are no time for Skysnapping.

A high-winged monoplane is excellent, but a low-winged monoplane or a biplane will be all right. If you can persuade the pilot to take the door off or strap it back, a cabin plane will be excellent. Under these circumstances your work will be as comfortable as if you were photographing Aunt Martha in the front parlor. But an open ship will do.

Set the focus of the camera at infinity and arrange the diaphragm and the shutter. Do all this before you get into the ship. It will be well to have it off your mind, which may shortly become occupied with other things—your stomach, for example.

If you wish to be orthodox, tie some sort of string to the camera and affix the other end to a stationary object inside the cabin or cockpit. Theoretically this is to save the camera if it slips out of your hands while you are in the air, but actually it is to give you a comforting if false sense of security through feeling that you are made fast to the airplane through your camera. The latter will not fall out of your hands, for a man in an airplane does not drop things he is holding—he clamps them in a death-grip. If the camera did fall, it would easily break any of the cords ordinarily used for this purpose.

You have been strapped into your seat—not too tightly—and have the camera gripped in your hands, shutter cocked. You have but one thing to do when the time for the picture arrives: release the shutter. The simplicity of this comforts you immensely as the plane taxies across the field. Presently the bumping and scraping of the tailskid stop, and you are in the air. The pilot, having been given full instructions in advance, makes directly for the object you wish to photograph.

This might be almost anything, but let us imagine it is a cow. Cows are a good thing to practice on, because they are not highly-strung emotionally, and the Department of Commerce is not likely to jail you for zooming them.

The airplane coasts downward toward the cow, and when it is within reasonable distance—perhaps one hundred feet, perhaps only fifty; the conscience of the pilot must be your guide—the pilot pulls the nose up again in a moderate climb, banking the ship slightly to the right if you are making the picture out the right-hand side; to the left if you are shooting out the other side. Twisting about in your seat and pointing the camera diagonally backward you find you have a surprisingly clear view of the cow, and more time than you expected in which to make the picture. The cow pays no attention to you whatever, but goes on tranquilly with whatever it may have been doing.

If the pilot gets the idea, this is the ideal manner in which to make that sort of skysnap. You can turn your body readily enough if the safety belt is not too tight. The camera should always be approaching the subject or shooting back at it whenever the range is at all close. Photographing an object flashing past at thirty to three hundred miles an hour is equally impractical in the air and on the ground, but an advancing or receding object is a perfectly good target at nearly any speed.

For this type of work—a cow, or a house, or a boat or any other object to be taken at fairly close range—no filter is necessary. Filters are useful at higher altitudes to eliminate the intervening haze, which looks much thicker to the camera than to the eye. The filter is a stained gelatine and its purpose is to comb out the confused rays of light, admitting only the longer wave lengths which are not so readily affected by the haze. Pictures taken at altitudes over five hundred feet may sometimes be improved by using a special filter made for aerial work, but exposures must be lengthened a little.

I was photographing a new sea wall and after the routine shots were done, decided to take a detailed view of the last unfinished section of the wall, where a dozen men were mixing and pouring concrete. I described the shot to my pilot, who claimed to know nothing about photography. The plane was to coast down toward the workmen for a close-up. At the bottom of the glide, just as the plane pulled up into the air again, I would make the exposure.

As we headed downward from an altitude of about a thousand feet I set my shutter and wriggled myself over in the seat, tight against the safety belt, leaning partly out of the cockpit to be sure of a clear view. Then I centered my finder on the scene of activity and held it there, so I'd be sure to have the picture right on the nose when the time came to snap it.

The figures of the workmen grew larger in the glass as we slid toward them, until at last we were close and the time came to pull the ship up again. The angle wasn't right but I held the scene in my finder, hoping for a better break, for I knew that if I turned to speak to the pilot I would have no time to get set again.

Still we continued to lose altitude, and now the figures in the glass began to grow with alarming speed. I saw the men turn to look up at us. One by one they dropped their work, then all at once, like a flock of scared sheep, they went scrambling and yelling for cover. Looking in that finder was like watching a movie thriller on the screen.

But one of the workmen hadn't run. He stood anchored to the ground, staring up at the approaching ship, and the sight of him getting bigger and bigger in the center of the glass fascinated me. It fascinated me so that I kept my eye to the glass in spite of the sudden realization that we were going to crash. Something had gone wrong with the ship and we were racing straight to earth, straight for that workman who could no more move to get out of the way than I could take my gaze from his paralyzed figure.

It takes a split second for an airplane diving into the ground to cover the last hundred and fifty feet.

Perhaps it was imagination, but as I instinctively braced myself for the impact I fancied I saw the very whiskers of the unfortunate workman looming in my finder. I must have clicked the shutter. There was a terrific roar and I felt myself sucked down into the seat. Another instant and I realized with amazement that we were shooting upward in a steep climb with the throttle wide open.

The pilot leaned over and shouted above the motor's noise.

"Get it O.K.?" he yelled. "Want 'nother one same?"

He still claims it was a misunderstanding, and that the word "Close-up" confused him. It seemed he'd seen close-ups taken on the ground, and the distance had been pretty slight, so he'd honestly tried to duplicate the conditions as nearly as he could, hampered as he was by the limitations of his equipment. I still have the film, but it isn't good for much. It's definitely out of focus.

Oh, there is plenty of variety in skysnapping, and it is frequently amusing without being so unsettling.

I once was asked by a friend who thought he had a case against a construction company to take a skysnap of a large building foundation. I found a pilot with an elastic conscience who agreed to fly low over the thickly-settled area, and we started out in a two-place open ship. The picture was to be made obliquely to the left, at an altitude of four or five hundred feet. That is fairly low, but as we approached the spot I had an impression that we were well above it all, for most of the buildings in the neighborhood were stubby, three- and four-story affairs.

I peered downward, never taking my eyes from the ground just to the left of our ship, and as the glaringly white concrete of the new foundation came into view I slung my camera over the side, the pilot cut the motor to reduce vibration, and I snapped the shutter.

Then, straightening up in the cockpit to shift the film for a second shot, I glanced to the right and stared straight into the lovely eyes of a stenographer.

It was a pretty severe shock, and no easier on her than on me, judging from her expression. You see, I had been thinking of the city as *below* us, not *around* us, and while concentrating on the three-story buildings at the left, had not been prepared to find myself fluttering under the eaves of a five hundred-foot one on the right. By coincidence I had turned in that direction just as we came abreast, so to speak, of the office girl who was typing by the window. I never did learn her name.

This incident brings up an earlier point. That type of shot—when the camera must be held out in the slipstream with the wind coming full against the side of it—cannot be made with much satisfaction with a bellows camera, either wrapped in cardboard or unwrapped, because the wind will vibrate the lensboard and make the picture hazy. Save that kind of work for the time when you have become a real skysnapper, with a full sense of the importance of getting up in the air and taking a picture of something almost daily. By that time you will have gone to the trouble of fixing yourself a solid instrument with which to work. A good plan is to take a common type of reflex camera, fasten a trunk-handle to either side, fix the lensboard firmly at infinity and rig up a thumb-lever to trip the shutter. This gives a compact, light unit that will produce excellent skysnaps of every sort from the cow type to straight-up-and-down mapping shots. The reflex finder can't very well be used, however, and if you insist on having a finder the best plan is to attach a large glass, made for the purpose, to the outside of the camera. But this isn't at all necessary for average work. The best rule for casual skysnapping with any amateur camera is this: hold the camera up a little distance from your face and when you can't see what you want to photograph, snap the shutter. Nine times out of ten you'll find it's nicely centered, which is more virtue than can be attributed to the average finder.

I recently used such an outfit as this to make a rough map of a forest area for a fire department. Because of certain difficulties and the happy inspiration of the pilot that overcame them, I think this might be a likely entry for Most Original Skysnapping Flight. It shows, too, how much depends on the pilot.

The only airplane available on the field at the time was a two-place job, a little smaller than the one the Wright Brothers used on their first flight, but much the same in appearance. It had a two-cylinder engine and sometimes it seemed that the cylinders were taking turns spelling one another, but it got off the ground all right and rose in labored circles to an altitude of about five thousand feet. Here it leveled off and flatly refused to climb another inch.

But five thousand feet was not enough. I had just twelve exposures in the film magazine, and figured that to get all the area in

*Continued at top of page 110*

## The Art of Skysnapping

*Continued from pages 72-109*

that number of pictures, we would have to have at least seven thousand feet of altitude. The pilot scoffed. He said that if I would get out he could easily make seven thousand but short of that he didn't see what was to be done. Then he caught sight of a cloud and changed his mind.

The cloud was a mile away, a great white mass hanging alone in a hot summer sky. We headed for it, ducked under it and plunged into shadow. The sun was hidden. I felt a lift and glancing at the altimeter saw it climbing. The needle rose to six thousand feet seven thousand, seven thousand five hundred. The pilot headed back again.

"What the devil?" I asked him.

"Cumulus cloud," he said cryptically, "with a rising column of air under it. It gave us a boost."

So we held the altitude long enough to chase back a mile and make the exposure, but in slowing down for the picture we lost it and had to run back to the cloud again for another dose of altitude. En route the pilot went into some detail on the subject of clouds and rising columns of air, so that by the time we hit our private elevator again I was a little less astonished at the way we went bouncing merrily up to seven thousand five hundred feet. We made the trip twelve times—once for each picture—and as a result each was taken at a little different altitude from any of the others, and when I tried to match up the prints I found rivers stopping at the front doors of farmhouses. But it was a noble effort, and I believe it has been a great help to the fire department of that town. It cost more than the same flight in a trimotor because of the detours, but it was worth it—if only to tell the grandchildren.

Personal enjoyment, of course, is only half the purpose of amateur photography—the other half is the edification of such guests as may be unwary enough to drop in on you after you have been taking pictures. It may be suspected that their interest sometimes grows out of the fear that they will otherwise be made to play bridge. But what about skysnaps?

They are excellently suited to the entertainment of guests. Take a plain, ordinary landscape, for instance; the simplest sort of skysnap you could possibly make. At first glance this is a rather flat, uninteresting object, but point out a guest's house in the middle of it and watch what happens. Given that starting-point he will proceed to act in a manner reminiscent of the late jig-saw puzzle addicts. Out will come a pencil and he will begin to follow the pattern of streets, uttering little exclamations of pleasure at his ability to identify certain houses and assorted objects. Presently he will begin to cluck softly to the other guests, if there are any, and they will then gather around him and become embroiled in the game, arguing identities and pushing one another's pencils out of the way. At this point you may safely tiptoe out and go to a movie.

Such pictures are best taken at five hundred to a thousand feet of altitude. An oblique shot is better pictorially, but there is more fun for the pencil-pointers in the straight-up-and-down, mapping type. When taking the latter, be sure to avoid the struts of the airplane by holding the camera well out from the ship and—oops! There goes your bellows. Sorry! #

## Grand National: Freak Steeplechase

*Continued from page 71*

ence on this earth pulling a cart!

But there are great riders as well as great horses whose names are part and parcel of the Grand National tradition. Count Charles Kinsky, the gallant Hungarian cavalry officer, was one. In the past sixty years he was the only man who rode his own horse to victory at Aintree. He won the race in 1883 on the mare Zoedone, and received a triple award: the gold cup set on a base of beautiful Brazilian onyx reserved for the owner, and the two large silver cups due the rider and trainer respectively. And, too, there was a small matter of a purse of several thousand pounds which also was gracefully accepted by the triumphant nobleman. The count had been a 100 to 8 outsider, and everybody had laughed at this "damned foreigner" who dared imagine he could clear the Aintree fences. When he won, the professional jockeys in the paddock were furious, and they cursed and grumbled about "bloomin' foreign lords" for weeks afterwards.

Jack Anthony was another outstanding rider, and some even say he was the greatest Grand National jockey of all time. Coming from a family of steeplechase horsemen, he knew every inch of the Aintree course. Mr. Anthony did not even have to be present the day before the big race, when all the riders get together and cover the course on foot, inspecting the obstacles. This precise knowledge of the terrain stood him in good stead in the winning of three Nationals. However, in my humble opinion, Bruce Hobbs, last year's winner on Battleship, was perhaps the greatest rider in the course's history. A mere lad carrying a horse no larger than a small polo pony over those grim, neckbreaking fences! Master Hobbs positively lifted the small Battleship up and over the last two fences by sheer genius! I refer Doubting Thomases to the newsreels of the event. Incidentally, an amusing bit of human interest may also be noted in those same motion pictures: Battleship's owner, Mrs. Marion Scott, who had been sitting alone and neglected before the race can be seen nearly overwhelmed by the crowd when her colors came home in front.

The first American victory occurred in 1923, when the persistence of Stephen ("Laddie") Sanford, was at last rewarded, and he won the race with his horse, Sergeant Murphy, on the day of the Sergeant's thirteenth birthday. Mr. Schwartz came to Aintree, quickly bought Jack Horner, won the race, and sailed back, all within three weeks! The slow-moving British felt that it was pretty cheeky of the American to take the race from right under their noses, but could not help admiring Mr. Schwartz's snap. Then Mrs. Ambrose Clark's Kellsboro' Jack won the race for his American owner in 1933, and last year Battleship augmented the number of American successes to four.

To bet on the Grand National is throwing money out of the window. Since the best horse, the greatest favorite, may fall—and as a rule does—the outcome of the race is completely unpredictable. However, this does not prevent people from betting their last farthing on the event. And since form proved valueless in doping the steeplechase there was only one basis for bets: superstition. And hunches.

Most superstitious are the bettors; owners are next on the list, and then come trainers, but jockeys are rarely so, book makers not at all. They don't have to be. . . .

For bettors the thing starts right after entering the race course: the first jockey or gentleman rider, seen on foot in the paddock must be played. So should the first horse seen. And if the jockey in question happens to mount that first-sighted horse, the good omen is perfect, and the bettor will risk all on the combination.

Real Grand Nationalists, aged-in-the-grandstand fellows, try to sit beside a hunchback during the race, and do everything possible to touch his back, or rub against it. Likewise, to sit opposite a cockeyed chap is definitely lucky. Also the natives of Harlem would be able to make a fair amount of change, large dark penny pieces, small shiny sixpences, and an occasional half crown, if they would appear at the Aintree course on the day of the big race. It is considered a certain remedy for bad luck to touch a colored man—especially at the moment when the horses are just jumping Becher's. Because there are few Negroes in England, a colored gentleman from the West Indies, called Louis, turns up faithfully every year at Aintree, and pockets as much as ten pounds in tips as a reward.

By bettors it is considered very lucky to kiss an innocent woman shortly before the bet is placed, and to my mind this is perhaps the only sensible superstition.

Bookies dread a crow at Aintree: the crowd will immediately cease betting since a lone crow is considered the worst of luck even though the coat of arms of Liverpool itself bears a single crow. If there are two or more crows, betting goes on as usual. But when a priest approaches, betting stops again. Priests are thought to be very bad luck in spite of the fact that there persists a story of a priest, named Father Drake, who rode in a National under the corriganesque name of Ekard.

Never in the history of the Grand National was this race won by a piebald horse, and yet the superstitious Aintree bettor would still risk every penny on a piebald racer. It is supposed to be the best luck, but the bettor must say three times: "To see a piebald horse means good luck." All superstition, all hunches, everything fails at Aintree when the horses finally take the field. At the National the only thing certain is uncertainty.

Oh, yes, one other thing is certain too: you will practically have to pawn your soul for accommodations at Aintree or Liverpool on Grand National day. The excellent Adelphi, the best hotel in England, is taken over by the gentry at prices so high that one might think smoky Liverpool had delusions of grandeur and imagined itself Biarritz. However, the Adelphi does boast a marvelous French chef, M. Vacher, who is a famous opera singer as well. The Grand Hotel also goes crazy for a day and thinks itself to be its Parisian namesake in the good old days of 1926—as far as prices are concerned. The "Lancashire and Yorkshire" is more modest, and the Hotel "Shaftesbury Temperance" should not scare you with its name; neither should the "Angel." Of course, comic opera situations arise every moment in Liverpool hotels; especially at the Adelphi. Ladies of the upper class in England are blessed with an adventurous spirit and the lobby of the stylish hotel is filled with them during National week. The hotels boom. After all, this is as it should be: the father of the Grand National was an innkeeper. And I do believe that if William Lynn could return to earth and see what has developed from the event he started—if he could see the statistics of liquor consumed and prices charged—he would gladly barter his wings, harp and halo for a chance to be back behind the bar of the old Waterloo on Grand National day.

*Chorus of*
*Grand National Horses:*

"Wings, harp and halo?! All Ol' Bill could trade are a pair of horns and a pitchfork!" #

Old Father Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
*To fetch his*
*Old Overholt rye.*

So rich is its flavor
He won every neighbor
*With highballs that hit*
*a new high.*

BOTTLED IN BOND
Established 1810
100 PROOF
REG IN U.S. PAT. OFF
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE
WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
A Overholt & Co. Inc.
BROAD FORD, PA. U.S.A.

Any man with a bottle of Old Overholt in his "cupboard" has a bottle of whiskey he'll bring out with pride—to be relished to the last golden drop by his guests and himself. For Old Overholt is one of the world's truly great whiskies—rich in the distinctive flavor of Pennsylvania straight rye, bottled in bond under U. S. Government supervision, and backed by 129 years of popularity.

So rich and full-bodied is Old Overholt that you can pour less and get fine, full-flavored drinks.

# OLD OVERHOLT

## U. S. BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY

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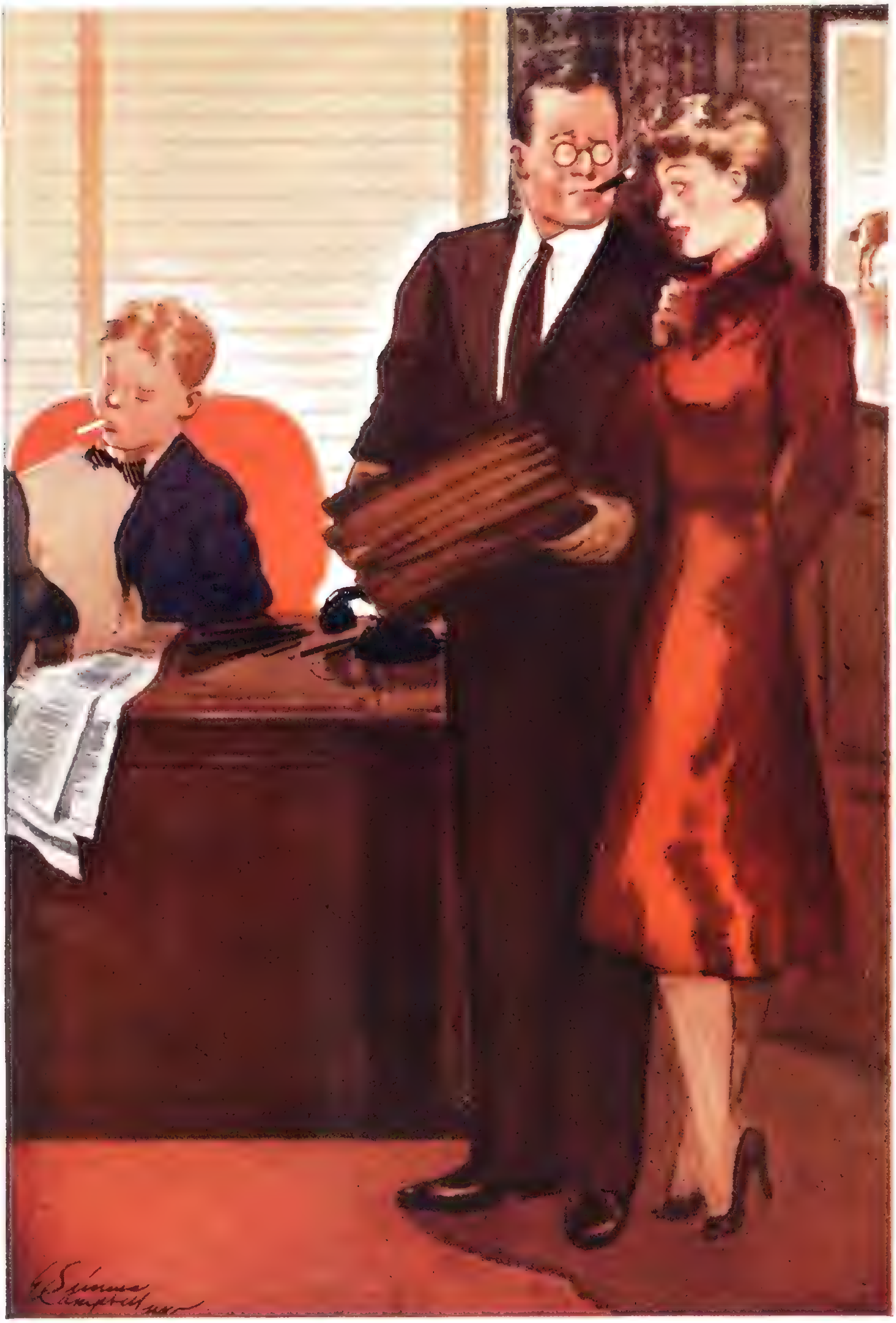
E. Simms Campbell

*"Now he's a vice-president. Thanks to you for forgetting to lock the door!"*

*The history of the Ford Motor Company is written in ever-increasing motoring values. The Mercury 8, an entirely new car, is a new chapter in that history. Priced between the Ford V-8 and the Lincoln-Zephyr V-12, the Mercury brings to its price field many advantages of both these Ford-built cars . . . advantages best expressed in the phrase "top value."*

*THE NEW*

# MERCURY 8

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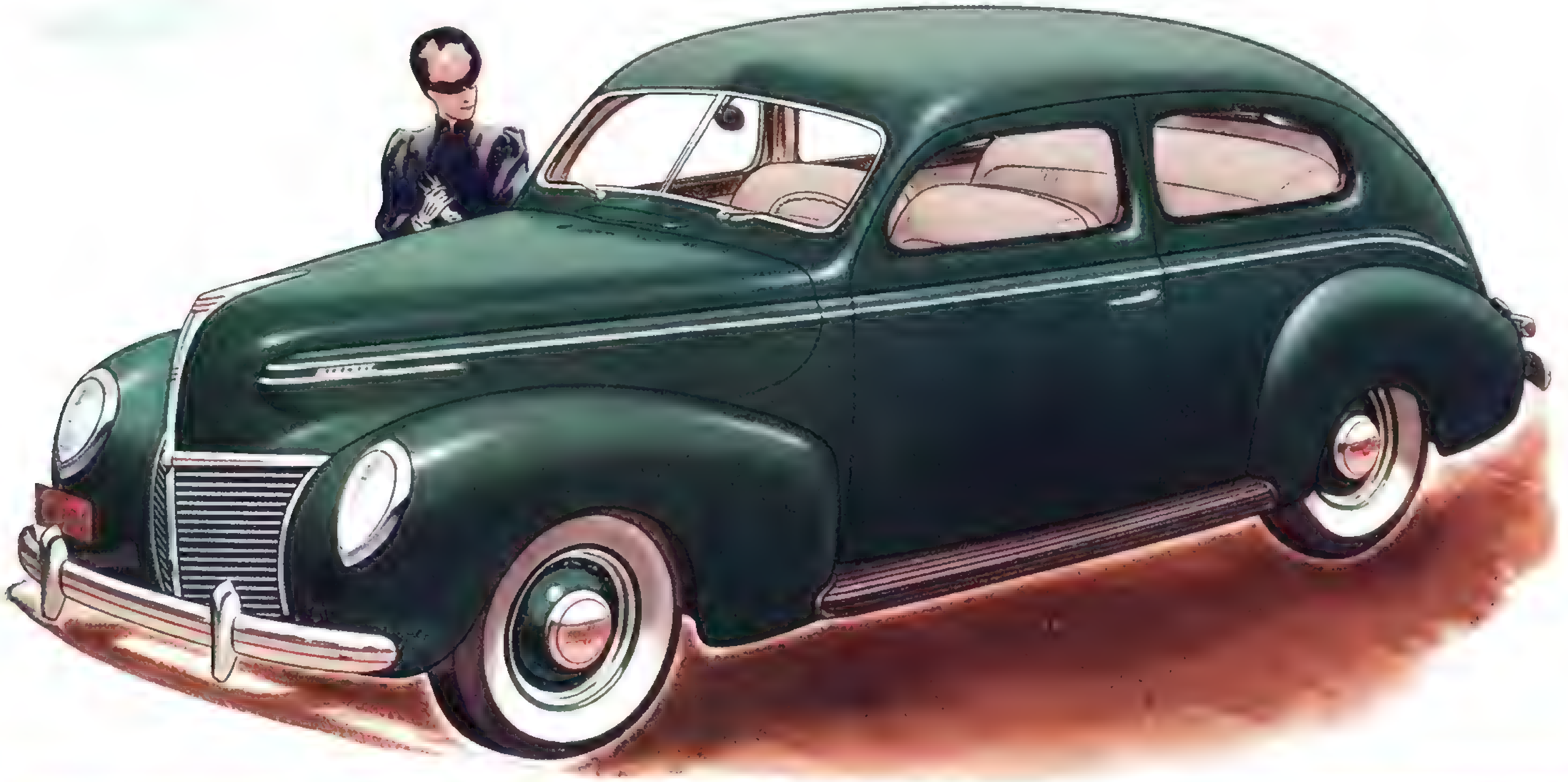

The impressive size of the Mercury 8 is not an illusion. This is a big, wide car and exceptionally roomy—with large luggage compartment. Note these unusually generous dimensions—wheelbase 116 inches; over-all length 16 feet, 2 inches. The front compartment in sedan body types is 54 inches wide, and the rear compartment measures 56 inches from side to side. A new 95-horsepower V-type 8-cylinder engine provides very favorable power-to-weight ratio, and assures brilliant, economical performance. • Mercury upholstery and appointments combine convenience and comfort with luxury. Seat cushions are soft and deep. Brakes are hydraulic; body and chassis all-steel. • Our dealers invite you to see and drive the new Mercury 8.

**A REMARKABLY QUIET, RESTFUL CAR**

The Mercury 8 offers you remarkable freedom from noise and vibration—thanks to thorough soundproofing. All the resources of modern technology have been used by Ford research engineers to track down and eliminate engine, body and chassis noises. New materials and many rubber mountings also contribute to making the Mercury "silent as the night," restful and relaxing.

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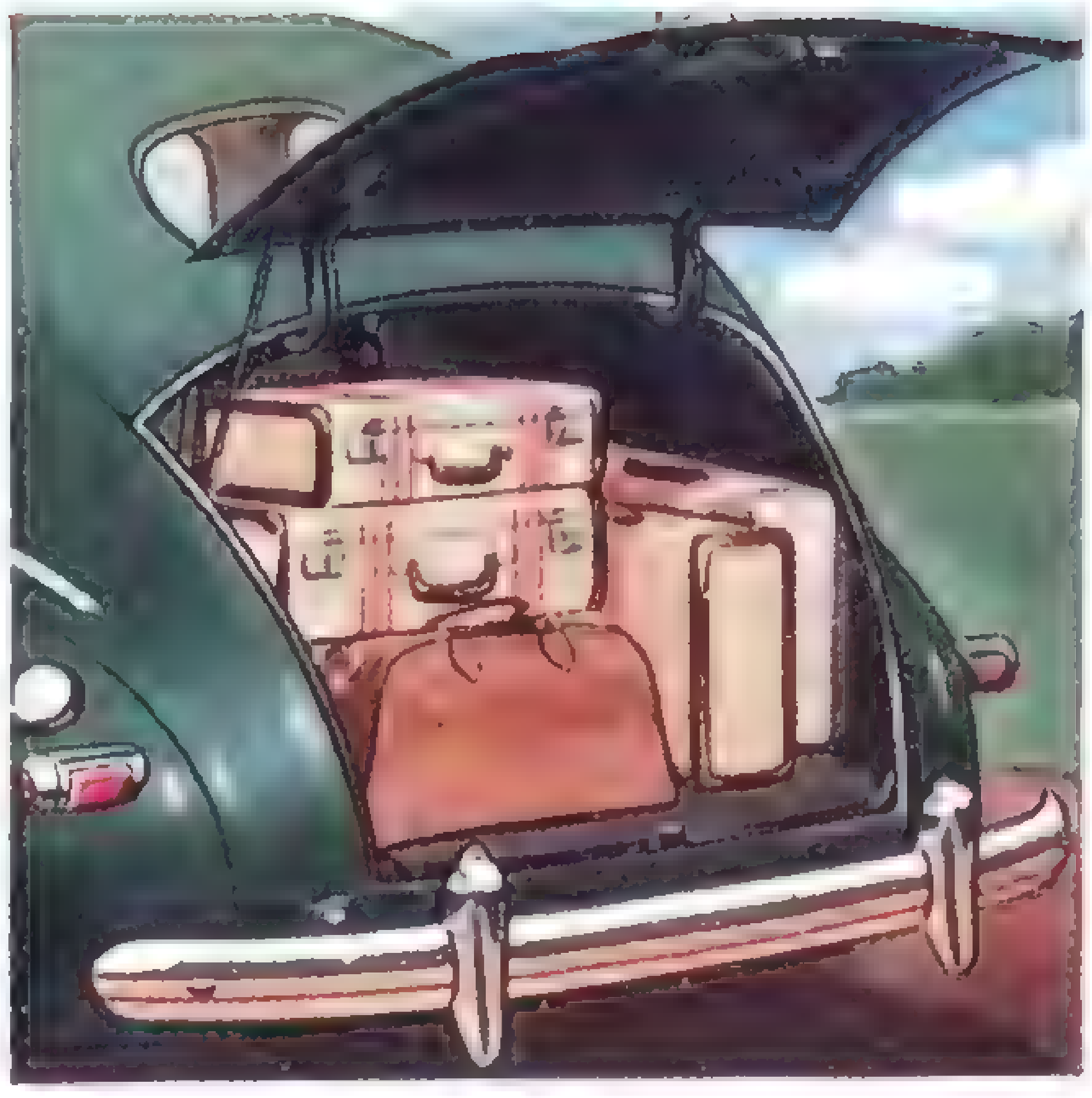

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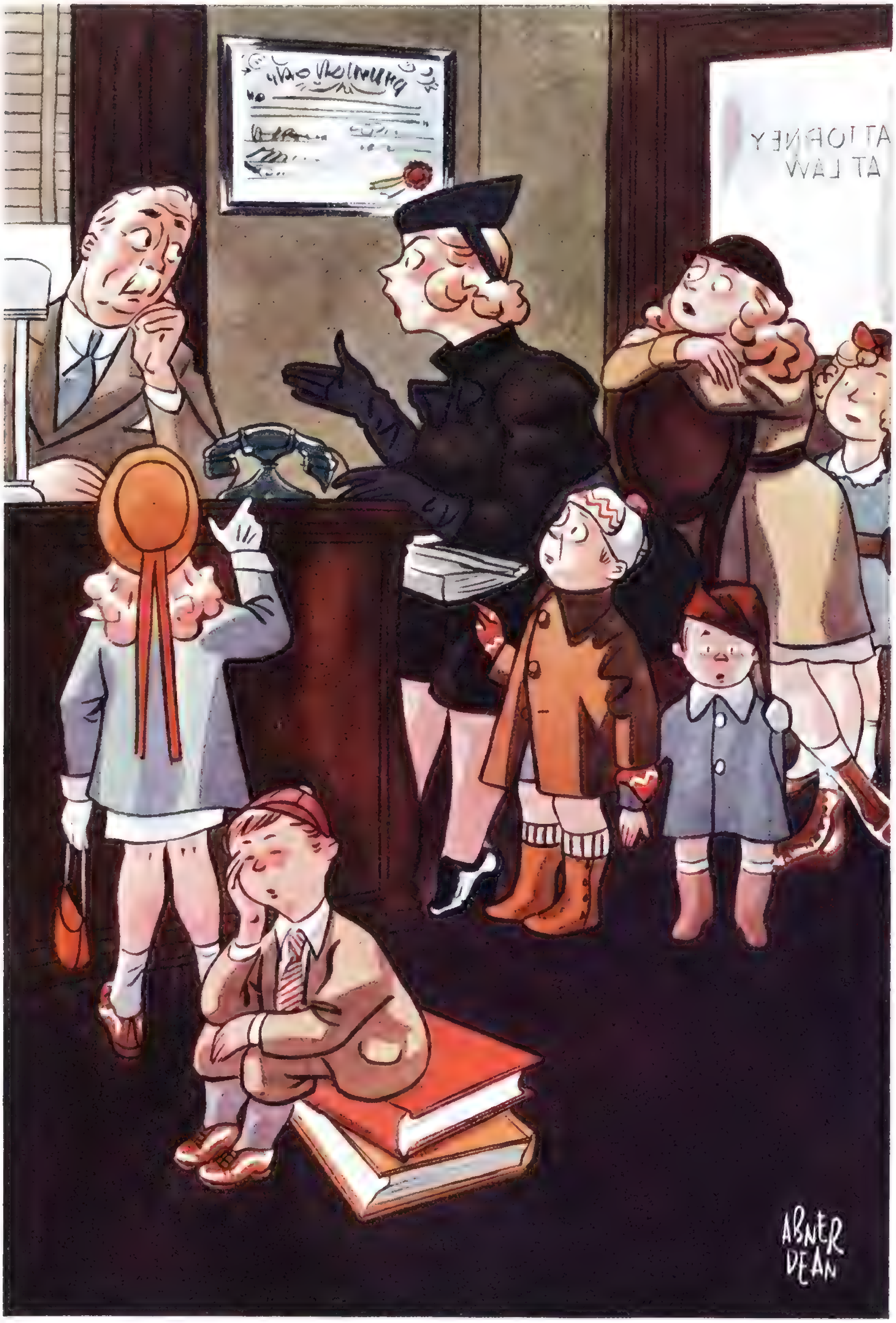
ATTORNEY
AT LAW
ABNER
DEAN

*"Four times I've gone back to him and what does it get me!"*

## Paderewski Plays the Piano

*Continued from page 79*

this information our proposition is no good?"

This is how big D. B. Pratt is: he says something, then practically the big shot population of Tenleven, Ohio, gets to saying the same thing. This is because D. B. P. is practically the big Yes and No man. Besides, he is practically the whole Tenleven, Ohio, Gas & Electric Company. This gives you an idea. So when it turned out that D. B. P. didn't care so much for the politics of our proposition, it meant something. It meant we was practically out. As a newspaper D. B. P. figured our proposition was okay but as a proposition it was absolutely out.

But I got to say this: it was not absolutely hopeless. What D. B. P. didn't like was the politics as we printed them.

In this respect I got to give myself credit when I said to Sam Blick:

"You want to get the Gas House boys on our side, I got a hunch."

"What kind of a hunch?"

"A hunch to make our proposition okay. All we got to do is put in a change of politics!"

You naturally wouldn't figure anybody getting sore because of a good suggestion. But this fellow Sam Blick isn't like nobody else. He got good and sore and mad about nothing. So I figured what was the use of going on, especially when this Sam Blick don't know the first principles of business.

This kid Tania Davis one day walked into the office of our proposition in Tenleven, Ohio, and when she seen Sam Blick sitting there she let out a yell saying, "My own God's blessing!"

"What are you doing all the way out here in Tenleven, Ohio?" said Sam Blick, surprised as anything, but "My own God's blessing" was all she kept saying.

"That's all right," he said. "What are you doing here in Tenleven, Ohio?"

"Honest," she said, "you are the last person in the world I ever expected to run across."

"That's all right," said Sam Blick. "How did you find your way to Tenleven, Ohio?"

"I was in Miami, Florida," she said.

"Don't I know that? Didn't I give you the seventy smackers to get down to Miami, Florida?"

"I sent it back to you," she said. "Didn't you get it?"

"That's got nothing to do with it," he said. "What makes you turn up in Tenleven, Ohio, from Miami, Florida?"

"Sam Blick," she said, "you were a real blessing. I can never forget it."

"I got it back all right. What gets me is we are both here in Tenleven, Ohio."

"You certainly are the last person I ever expected to see here," she said.

"What are you doing in Tenleven, Ohio?"

"There isn' much to do in a place like Tenleven. I'm just living here, that's all."

"Since when you living in Tenleven, Ohio?"

"I almost got disgusted in Miami, Florida," she said. "You don't know how disgusted I almost got."

"You don't mean to say you are really living here in Tenleven, Ohio?"

"You won't believe it," she said. "I made some hit in Miami, Florida. Buy me a drink of beer, I'll tell you about the hit I made in Miami, Florida."

It was up to me to get the beer. We went into a back room of our proposition to drink it because this kid Tania Davis said she didn't want all of Tenleven, Ohio, to know she liked beer.

"Where did I get the idea," said Sam Blick, "that you lived in Pennsylvania?"

"I can't help being born in Pennsylvania," she said. "Listen, I made some hit in Miami, Florida."

"I thought you was Polack," he said.

This kid took a long pull on the beer. "There are Polacks and Polacks," she said.

"I know that," he said. "What I am driving at is something else."

"I don't know what you're driving at," she said. "There are Polacks and Polacks all over the world."

"That's not what I'm driving at. There aren't any Polacks in Tenleven, Ohio."

"They're all over the world," she said.

Sam Blick said: "I didn't mean to mention it."

"You're about the only person here knows I'm Polack," she said.

"It certainly isn't anything to be ashamed of. My God, there are all kinds of Polacks. What do you think I am?"

"You're not Polack."

"It wouldn't make any difference to me," said Sam Blick.

"You never know about that," she said. "Sometimes it makes a difference and sometimes it don't. Anyway, my name isn't really Tania Davis."

"You don't have to tell me that," he said.

"I got a good Polish name. Tania Davis. That's all right for a stage name."

"When was you on the stage?" he said.

"You don't have to go on the stage to have a stage name."

"All right, what have you got a stage name for?"

"I wanted to make a hit," she said. "You can't make a hit with a Polack name."

"Paderewski did it," he said. "He made out okay."

"That's not the same thing," she said. "Paderewski plays the piano."

We drank the beer. Then I went out for more containers. When I got back this Polack kid had her hands up to her face, having a good cry. Why, I couldn't tell.

"Now, what's she crying for?"

"My God," said Sam Blick. "She made some hit in Miami, Florida."

"What's she crying for?"

"My God," he said. "She made some hit. Tania," he said, "Tania, shut up crying, for God's sake, and tell this fellow what a hit you made!"

"Have some beer," I said. "What are you crying for?"

"Don't you know," said Sam Blick, "she made the biggest hit in Miami, Florida?"

"Don't she want no beer?"

"For God's sake," he said. "Tania, shut up crying. Tell this fellow, this dumb friend of mine, who you are!"

"Who she is?" I said.

"What do you know?" said Sam Blick. This kid, my God, is Mrs. D. B. Pratt, Junior! Met him in Miami, Florida! Married him in Miami, Florida! Didn't you, Tania? Didn't you, Tania?"

"What a story," said Sam Blick. "This kid goes down to Miami, Florida, on her heels, practically. What does she do? She gets a job in a night club floor show and hooks the prize catch of Tenleven, Ohio."

But what I naturally want to know is how is this going to help out our proposition?

"From the way I figure it will take more than one Polack kid from Pennsylvania to do anything for our proposition. Anyway," I said, "I'm from Missouri!"

"Okay, Missouri," he said. "Maybe it just takes one Polack kid like this Tania Davis from Miami, Florida, to talk to these Tenleven, Ohio, people on a business basis."

Naturally I don't figure it like that. But like I always say, you naturally got to believe what you see. It turns out she could do it. The funny thing is—she did it. What did this fellow Sam Blick show me in plain A. B. C. but a contract from the Tenleven, Ohio, Gas & Electric Company for eight full pages of advertising in our four-page proposition, which is like coming from D. B. P. himself. So naturally under the circumstances I say, "Where is the fly in this big pot of ointment?"

"There's no fly in this ointment," he said. "This is what you call bona fide."

You certainly got to figure it was something, under the circumstances. But anyway I don't like it, I'm that pig headed. It don't look to me like a good business proposition on a business basis.

He said: "You talk like this don't make our proposition okay."

"These Tenleven, Ohio, people," I said, "don't do business on a business basis."

"What do you know about business?" he said. "Business all the time, everywhere, is just knowing the right people. What else is it?"

"Don't ask me," I said.

But what I always say is this: You always got to figure on something turning up that you don't figure on.

This is something that can happen anytime, and it usually does.

One day this kid Tania Davis, very happy, comes down to our proposition to Sam Blick with a good picture of herself she had taken down in Miami, Florida.

"My God," said Sam Blick, "this picture is okay."

"They took it down in Miami, Florida, the time I made the big hit," she said.

"This is a fine picture."

She said: "Yes, I really made a big hit."

"My God," he said. "You made the biggest hit in Miami, Florida."

"I really did," she said. "I made such a big hit in Miami, Florida, they don't appreciate it here in Tenleven, Ohio."

"How is that?"

"I don't know," she said. "Nobody seems to appreciate what a big hit I made."

"They don't know a hit when they see one," I said. "You leave it to me."

"Don't you think this picture would look good on the society page of your newspaper?" she said.

"This picture would look good anywhere," said Sam Blick.

I said: "What are you going to do?"

"Leave it to me," he said.

This fellow Sam Blick is a crackerjack. He sure knows a hit when he sees one. What does he do but sits down and writes the story of the big hit this Polack kid Tania Davis makes in Miami, Florida, coming from the Pennsylvania coal country like she did.

So the next day there isn't anybody in Tenleven, Ohio, who don't know about the big hit this kid made in Miami, Florida, because of the fine way this fellow Sam Blick wrote it and because of the fact there wasn't hardly anything else in our proposition the whole day but this.

"It sure looks like we got everybody buying our proposition," I said.

He said: "All you got to have once in awhile is a story like this to sell newspapers."

But it has to happen that the one person in Tenleven, Ohio, who don't give a snap how this kid Tania Davis made her big hit in Miami, Florida, is the big Yes and No man, D. B. P. himself. Does he get good and mad and sore as anything? He is that sore he pulls all the business of the Tenleven, Ohio, Gas & Electric Company out of our proposition.

"He can't do that," I said.

"I know he can't do it," said Sam Blick. "But he did it."

"Don't we got a contract?"

But it turns out this fellow D. B. Pratt already owns the proposition, having bought it right under our noses over our head.

"What's eating D. B. P.?"

"My God," said Sam Blick,

*Continued at top of page 116*

## Paderewski Plays the Piano

*Continued from pages 79-115*

"How was I to know he has a grudge against Polacks?"

This fellow D. B. P., it turns out, is telling everybody in Tenleven, Ohio, how his son is married into the big Philadelphia Davis family, which is a big laugh because from what I know this kid Tania Davis never seen Philadelphia nearer than from a bus window, she being strictly a Pennsylvania coal country kid.

Anyway there is no reason for us to hang around Tenleven, Ohio, after this happens, so naturally we don't.

You got to figure this is the last bust up. But when we are back in New York again this fellow Sam Blick gets a letter from this kid Tania Davis from Miami, Florida.

"What is she doing in Miami, Florida?" I said.

"I don't know." he said.

But you got to figure Miami, Florida, is okay. You got to figure that down there it don't make much difference what you are as long as you are okay, which this kid certainly is.

"My Dear Sam Blick," she says in her letter to him from Miami, Florida. "It was terrible the way things happened in Tenleven, Ohio, after you wrote me up. I don't care so much, only it would have been better if you had put me on the society page instead of the front page, which I had in mind.

"Maybe then things wouldn't have happened so bad. But anyway it's all right. I guess like you once said, Paderewski is a wonderful man, and I want to let you know I am taking up lessons on the piano. You were certainly God's blessing to me, and I won't ever forget what you did for me. I made a big hit here in Miami, Florida. Maybe I can make it again."

(Signed) Tania Pratt. #

## William C. Palmer: Mural Artist

*Continued from page 55*

generated the idea of executing a really significant hospital decoration, something that might be called The Function of a Hospital.

In the meantime he had been put on the Public Works Art Project and for it designed in black and white a series of panels showing people entering the hospital and the stages of their stay, from diagnosis, treatment, post-operative care and occupational therapy, to their exit. By the time he had abandoned expectation of any development from this bright idea, the PWAP asked him to submit a color sketch, and when this had been done they told Palmer they were looking for a building in which to install it. In the meantime he was painting easel landscapes and was turning his hand to whatever job he could find. The PWAP had ended. For a summer, Palmer managed a Paying Guest House and incidentally designed gardens and upholstered furniture at the same time.

In 1934 he flew West to his dying mother and while in Des Moines he received a telegram from the Temporary Relief Art Program, successor to the PWAP, to the effect that a wall had been found for his projected mural. It was in the Queens General Hospital, not yet completed.

While at work on the mural in his small studio, Palmer seriously burned his hand and was out of the running for six weeks. But on the last day of 1934 *The Function of a Hospital* was installed, although the hospital itself was not yet open.

There was time for easel painting and Palmer proceeded on this line also. The Whitney Museum purchased *Dust, Drought and Destruction* and later a private collector acquired another alliteratively entitled comment on the American land, *Water, Waste and Woe*. In the White House hangs his *Manhattan from the Jersey Meadows*. In 1935, Palmer was put on the WPA as a non-relief supervisor in charge of a project. The Queens General Hospital, whose elevator lobby he had beautified, asked him to do a mural in the Incoming and Outgoing Patients' Room. This he adorned with perhaps one of the most successful murals sponsored by the WPA, dividing the panels under the general divisions of Controlled and Uncontrolled Medicine, some of the steps toward controlled medicine which Palmer pictorially dramatized being the discovery of diagnosis and prognosis, the discovery of anatomy, discovery of the cell, anesthesia, asepsis and the germ. Invited by the section of painting and sculpture of the Treasury Department to submit sketches for the mural decoration of the new Post-Office Building, he painted sketches of a stage coach attacked by bandits and a covered wagon attacked by Indians. By the time he had completed his hospital murals he learned that his post-office mural designs had won the competition and he then set to work on their development.

Mr. Palmer is young enough at this stage to close the door on one career and open it on another.

As his story thus far shows, he is the kind of man who encompasses his ends by faithful industry rather than by flashes of virtuosity. As the paintings reproduced exhibit, his chief concern is with stormier aspects of Nature, of wind-swept clouds creating forms almost mystically dramatic.

Thus far he has subordinated the human figure in his easel work, although his murals are vibrant with human physiognomy and human motion. #

## The Sound and the Fury

*Continued from pages 10-12*

### C. SMITH FINDS A FRIEND

It has long been on my mind to write you appreciation of the articles and color reproductions you publish regularly concerning the work of Contemporary American artists. They are excellent, selected with discrimination. The current review of Robert Philipp's work is very sound.

I like, also, the articles on music by Carleton Smith, for in vivid phrases they catch the fancy of even the unmusical. They have sound knowledge and much individuality of judgment. The January essay—*Roulades and Cadenzas*—seems particularly apt and is, from my point of view, a good index of general ability, for everything Mr. Smith writes of here is rather familiar. For all his witty and humorous commentary, he has observed keenly and evaluated shrewdly.

Sincerely yours,
Grace L. McCann Morley,
*Director*
San Francisco Museum of Art
San Francisco, Calif.

### UNMOTIVATED ESQ.

The plaintive wail of dissatisfied subscribers (and borrowers) of your magazine has no doubt long ceased to be a novelty to you. What has remained a puzzle to this unsophisticated mortal is how such a meaningless, pointless, storyless, policyless, humorless, senseless, and ....... less (you supply the missing prefix) publication can maintain, and even increase, a healthy circulation. Being ordained by nature as an analyst, critic, and advisor, we called in our staff of trained technicians and evolved the amazing answer. (We tried our best to get at least one good damn in this first paragraph as that seems to be the first requisite of a *Sound and Fury* acceptance, but it just wouldn't fit in. Excuse our modest language, we're still young yet.)

Esky, we suspect that you must be something of a psychologist. At any rate, whether carefully planned or fortuitously, you've struck the keynote of success in selling to the American public. In other words my successful, but unliterary, friend, the very fact that the paraphernalia with which you fill your magazine each month is meaningless is the prime reason we yokels buy the damn rag. (Ah! there's that four letter word.)

The deep theory propounded herein is based on long hours of research and study. We are firmly convinced that us citizens will support anything that has no objective, no reason for existence, and leans slightly to the in side of sanity. Look at the most popular songs today. *A Tisket, A Tasket, Ferdinand, Flat Foot Floogie*, et cetera. And this is no sudden caprice either. Yesterday it was *The Music Goes Round*, and so on back thru the ages. Then you've no doubt heard of a couple of dances called "The Big Apple" and "The Lambeth Walk." I understand they are gaining a great deal of popularity in this serious-minded nation. Turning to art, we find a certain group of artists fast becoming the rage who call themselves surrealists. We understand that the advent of this new school of art came about when a French artist, painting in a strange pasture, had his easel (and himself) upset by a bull (hell no, not Ferdinand) who considered him an unwelcome guest. The oils splattered over the canvas and the result brought the artist ten thousand dollars. Naturally no one can see any beauty or meaning in such stuff but then who is going to admit that he has less knowledge of art than Mr. Whoosis, who ostensibly admires surrealism. Gertrude Stein says, "A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose," and a hundred and thirty-seven million Americans read admiringly. (This excludes sixty-nine Newyorkids who read Winchell and hence can't understand the English language.) Now, frankly, Esquire, does that sentence of Miss Stein's mean anything, or don't we understand.

Now it might be possible to understand the lunacy displayed in the above fields because they are all means of entertainment, anyway, and the average American is inclined to say, "Oh, what the hell, a song's a song, a picture's a picture, et al.," but what about our more serious fields. In politics, the most successful participants are those that follow the old philosophy "When in doubt, don't," and remain eternally in doubt. Every time a politician does something it hurts somebody. Every time he hurts someone he loses a vote. But I'm sure, that with your far from naïve mind, you are way ahead of me and have already propounded that the less a politician does the more successful he becomes. (Yea Roosevelt!)

And what about that ever-interesting game of earning our daily bread and butter. The poor fish that rolls up his shirt sleeves and sweats (and we don't mean perspire) reaps the smallest portion of the gravy. Next comes the foreman or small executive who is a step higher up the ladder. He works a little less and receives a little more pay. Then comes the real exec., whose only duty is to attend dinner parties given by the owners. His annual salary is surpassed only by the capitalist, who, quite naturally, does no work at all.

So there you are, Esky, old chap, I've analyzed the secret of your success completely. And now, so long, I've got to run down to the corner newsstand; the latest issue of Esquire is in. So till I see you again, Aloha, and good *fishing*.

Honolulu, Hawaii E. E. McBrayer

P. S. For Gawd's sake (as well as for the convenience of the readers) get a cartoonist to replace those atrocious attempts made by Petty. If ever a person had a reversal of form he's the guy. I suggest that you send him on another extended elephant hunt. He stinks.

### DIVING FOR MINOR FAULTS

The story in your January number entitled *The Swordsman* was very interesting, but in several instances the author strayed away from the realistic where he probably did not intend to.

Early in the story, while the swordfish was still in tropical waters, he was supposed to have feasted on a cod. The cod inhabits the colder waters of the North Atlantic and is never found that far south.

At another place, the author has the hero of the story and his mate travelling a distance of six hundred miles in one day. This is an average speed of 25 miles an hour for 24 continuous hours. Only a powerful motor boat can go that fast. I doubt that any fish is equal to that sustained effort.

The author also states that an *infinitesimal army* of fish came up to feast on the wounded whale. Since *infinitesimal* means indefinitely small, could he mean "an infinite army"?

These, however, are minor faults. The story as a whole was fascinating.

Very truly yours,
New York, N. Y. Ralph W. Noe

**Continued on page 119**

Glimpse of the Inn, Useppa Island, Florida

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•
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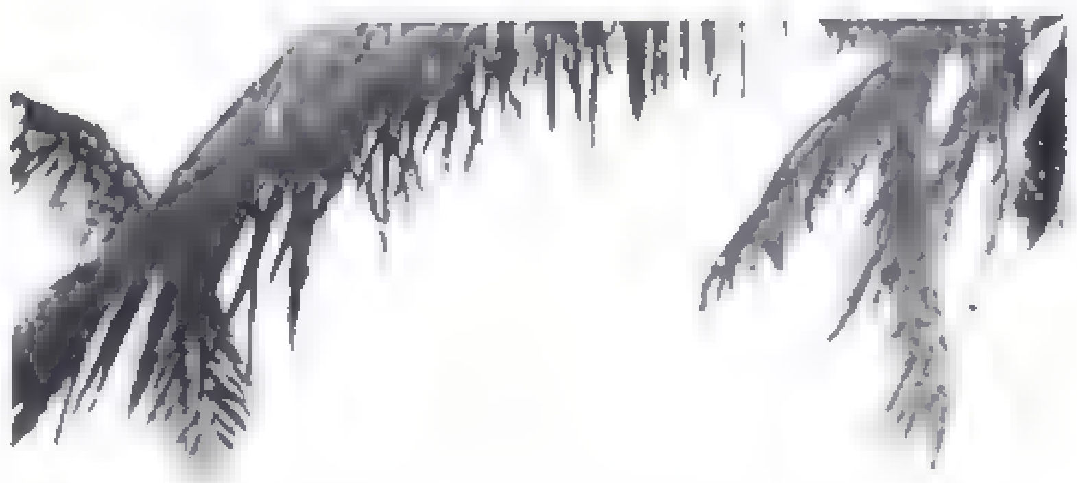

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# The Sound and the Fury

*Continued from pages 10-12-116*

### MUSIC HATH CHARMS . . .

*Oh, musician, musician! Oh, sensitive, emotional artist of tone! Oh, beloved of the gods and blessed above other mortals —hast thou heard, hast thou heard?*

*—In the world there was strife and conflict, and innocent men died that the hate of their neighbors might survive.*

*And it came to pass that out of the land of America did arise a great prophet, a sayer of truths, and him they called Carleton-the-Smitty; and all of the faithful did bow down and make obeisance before him. Variously did they call him Carletone-the-Hate-All, Smitty-the-Critical-Cynic, the Super-Schmidt-of-Schmaltz: the righteous led he in the paths of misunderstanding for his name's sake.*

*And it came to pass that on a day in the years of oppression The Smitty did speak with a poisonous stench, saying:*

*Musician, thou art a moron! Musician, thou dost not read! Thou, indeed, musician, are less than illiterate! For all rational purposes—oh, musician—thou art blind—blind!*

*. . . Weep—weep, oh weep, musician: The Smug Smitty hath blown his lid!!!*

. . . I have put up with you for quite a time, Mr. Smithe. I have tolerated, sans your inane cynicism, your sneering disparagement of a truly American art, swing music: I have forgiven you, for you know not whereof you speak.

In fact, Schmidte, inasmuch as the self-styled "jitterbugs" have adopted to themselves a system of zoological nomenclature, I have suggested, with your interests at heart, a new addition to their list of categories: The Blowflies.

The Blowflies shall be a division reserved especially for you and a few of your coy contemporaries, Smitty. The personnel of this select group shall be confined (which is a good idea) to the scriveners and vocal critics who attempt to report, mouthily and erroneously, an intricate and unified art—an art of which they know nothing in a manner which only bespeaks their own lack of conception, understanding, and accuracy; to those naturally numb to the artistic values of creative improvisation in tempo, whose superior stylized smugness in music criticism is so egregious as to cause excessive vomiting.

Smythe, have you heard swing as a series of glowing prose rhythms, superimposed upon metric bases? Does *your* printed prose achieve the same melodic and rhythmic confluence?

Are you able to distinguish the individual moods of two-beat and four-beat swing?

Do you recognize a rollicking trumpet —a plaintive trumpet—a wildly abandoned trumpet—or is it to you merely "something hot"? Are you deaf to its yearnings, its insinuations?

Have you heard the pleading of a tenor saxophone, its aching push-notes, its emotionally-conceived downward arpeggios?

Do you think of a trombone as a "slush-pump" or as a heart-breaking voice—its tone flowing-velvet, its lip-warblings wistful, its glissando far above the staff sobbing—sobbing, its solos sung sweetly, its bell-tones gnome magic?

And the soaring of a clarinet, Mr. Schmidt-the-Schmaltz: is it, to you, an inspired elfin song, or is it a "barrel-house-riff"?

Is Dixieland piano just something that came from Dixie?

Do you find humor in drumming, or is it all a matter of "lick"?

Do you, Carleytone, know the difference between a "tight" and a "loose" style, and do you know which of the two is the most rhythmic?

Until now, urbs, I have tolerated your intolerance, turned the cheek to your derision, forgiven your cornily commercialized scribblings, and smiled at your literate idiocies. But I cannot ignore the sticky stench of your prissy prattle in the December issue of Esquire. It's a little too much, Schmidt.

The musician is an artist, Carl, a true tone-poet. As such he is more prone to the temptations of vice and dissipation, perhaps, than many other persons, if for no other reason than the fact that the demands of his art do not preclude the indulgence of his weaknesses.

There has, consequently, arisen a partly mythical tradition to the effect that musicians constitute a class of wastrels and vagrants without principles or morals. The long-hairs whom you point to as examples of literate inadequacy are undoubtedly survivors of the era in which musicians, humanly enough, sought to justify the tradition to some extent. For many years, however, musicians of both the symphonic and rhythmic schools have been sternly attempting to live down the tradition and its accompanying reputation.

The modern musician is educated. He is literate and he is informed. He takes a keen interest in world affairs. His dress has progressed from the bell-bottomed-wasp-waisted style to tailor-made English drape. He knows Dos Passos and Hemingway and McLeish. The jam man plays creditable concerts with the civic symphony, and the erstwhile long-hair sits in on the grooviest jam sessions. College students and graduates form a large percentage of the total number of performing musicians.

We whom you disparage are attempting, at least, to earn a reputable standing in the communities in which we live or in which we tarry. Possibly the musicians of Noo Yawk, out of which city your tripe seems to originate, have not as yet come under the civilizing influence. I consider it more likely that you are merely screaming petulantly through your Dobbs derby.

You make the unqualified statement, Schmaltz, that science, archeology, pictures, sculpture, and literature are closed books to us: no doubt archeology is quite familiar to you—not as a science alone, but as a way of life. The arts and sciences which you mention must be your own specialties, for I can account in no other way for your indiscriminate choice of what you imply are commendable interests. Evidently the study of Man in his psychological and sociological relationships and aspects does not come within your field of interests, for such studies would certainly endow you with a greater sympathy and tolerance for your fellows than you now possess. The fact that you could not loaf away your parasitic existence without the lowly musician does not seem to temper your vindictiveness.

You, of course, are no musician, for according to your own pronouncement you would then fall into your own arbitrarily defined category with a thud. And certainly anyone with the intelligence and energy necessary to scan such a number of book jackets, prefaces, and tables of contents in order to pad pages supposedly devoted to the criticism of music could be no moron.

. . . Or could he?

Carlyton, I say with conviction, and challenge any statement to the contrary, that the percentage of "illiterate" minds among musicians is practically the same as that among any other vertically differentiated group.

I can boast a wide acquaintance among musicians of both the pop and classical varieties. One is writing his master's thesis in history and political science. Another is a poetry prize winner. A certain pianist is considered a mathematical genius. One of the most accomplished tenor saxophone go-men I have heard or met is a master electrician. A trumpet player who, upon a time, set Los Angeles by its ears, wrote dramatic dialogue between dance sets. The fellow who sits beside the electrician is making a name for himself in portrait photography.

I know few musicians who are not actively engaged in *creating*. You, Smitty, are engaged, in the manner of an egocentric dictator, only in *destroying*.

Does it make you happy, Karleton? Does your belly shake and do tears of luxurious enjoyment roll uncontrollably down those be-tongued cheeks when you realize that you have contributed to the already maligned reputation of the professional musician?

. . . Of course I'm not really sore, Carleton. All the fireworks were mere tit-for-tat. For that matter, your article was intended, I suppose, to engender just such an outbreak as mine. *Roulades and Cadenzas* may do its bit toward urging musicians in the direction of the broader life. I take issue only with the all-inclusiveness of your statements. You haven't given us an out, Carleton.

You did not say "some" musicians, nor even "many" musicians when you indicted them. You did not say that the average musician is underprivileged in youth, and that the demands of his art often preclude the indulgence of broader intellectual interests. For that matter, what successful professional man *can* extend his interests too widely, in these times, without loss to his profession? Can the surgeon hook up an intricate electrically-controlled furnace? Can the scientist whose work confines him almost exclusively to his laboratory be expected to evidence a high polish in his command of the social amenities? Can you, Mr. Smith, a music critic, stand behind a transit and plot a new road-bed over lava-flow?

Give us a break, mister!

. . . As for you, Mr. Gingrich, I am of the same mind as of a year ago. Your editorial of the December issue fairly pounded the nail into the board.

This is my second annual letter to Esquire, in fact my second to any mag. As I stated last year, I am by no means in sympathy with the See-It-In-Print-At-Any-Cost School. I had a thing to say, and the thing has been said, and that's that.

Congrats to Ken: I haven't missed a word since it exploded. It's the right note, it's in tune, so *swing it!* LOUDLY!!!

George A. King

Albuquerque, New Mex.

### CASE HISTORY OF A POOR FISH

A most peculiar experience befell me last summer, which I feel would interest readers of your fine magazine.

The latter part of last August I received a letter from an old friend, who like myself, is a very enthusiastic fisherman; he was planning a vacation at a small lake near Milford, and suggested that I drop everything else, and go with him for two or three days; he was positive that this little lake would provide the best fishing to be had anywhere in the country, as it is off the main highway, and very little fishing has been done there.

I could not turn down a chance to fish in a private lake, so I accepted his invitation, and the following day we packed our duffle, filled up the old gas tank, and pushed off.

We reached our destination at dusk, but there would still be enough daylight to get our tent pitched, so we got busy at once and made ourselves comfortable for the night; and we went to bed early, as we wished to be out on the lake early in the morning. We could hardly go to sleep, we were so eager for morning to come, and we lay there listening to the deep bellowing of bull-frogs, wondering how many hundred of them there were. Every few minutes the sound of a huge fish leaping clear of the water, would come to our ears, making sleep impossible.

At the first sign of dawn, we were up and stirring. We swallowed a hasty breakfast, and with nerves strained to the breaking point, we hurried to the old scow, that we were to use in place of a boat during our stay; it had no oars, the seats were missing, and it leaked in a hundred places; and a single paddle, made from an old fence board, was our only means of propulsion.

We did not mind these things, however, for the fishing was immense. We caught our limit of fish in less than an hour, and my pard suggested that we go up to our tent and sleep, during the warm part of the day, and then go out at night for bull-heads. So we headed for shore, and tied the old scow to the roots of a large stump that overhung the water, just in front of our camping site.

Now comes the peculiar, and interesting part of this letter: As we were gathering up our casting rods and other equipment, my "Pard" called my attention to a large box that lay on the bottom in about four feet of water, and jokingly said, "How the heck did a soap box ever get way out here? I didn't know they ever had soap out in this neck-of-the-woods."

Suddenly the wind died down, and as I glanced at the old box, I noticed a small knothole in one side; and just out of curiosity, I dropped a line in the water, allowing the baited hook to come to rest just in front of the knothole. I felt a strange presentiment that something was to happen—and it DID!

For the baited hook at once disappeared into the hole, showing that suction was present, and proving beyond doubt, that life of some kind existed in the interior of that box; but there was no pull on the line, although it was impossible to pull it out of the hole again. There seemed to be a dead weight on my hook, which resisted my most persistent efforts.

I made up my mind that a fish of some kind had entered the hole when small, and had stayed too long; he had grown so big, that it was impossible for him to get out of the same hole he went in, and consequently he had been obliged to depend on whatever nourishment drifted by the hole, for his sustenance; this had been more than sufficient however, as the lake was a private lake, fairly teeming with life of all kinds.

Not wishing to break my line or hook, I had my "Pard" hold my pants, and wading into the water, I reached down and lifted the box out, and carried it to shore; there seemed to be no water in it, although it was very heavy. The only way to get the hook loose, was to tear the box apart, which I at once proceeded to do; and I was certainly surprised at what I found.

There WAS a fish inside; AND WHAT A FISH! He filled the box right out to the corners, and we sliced him off in sections, just like veal loaf, for he was perfectly square, owing to the restricted quarters in which he had been forced to live so long; and WHITE! He was like a stick of celery; for no sunlight had ever touched him in his life.

After we had fried and eaten our fill, we packed up our outfit, and returned to the city. No one wanted to fish with ordinary tackle for common fish after having an experience like this.

I had several pictures of this fish taken before and also after removing from the box, and intended to enclose one in this letter; but a young black and tan hound which I have here to train, chewed up the films only yesterday.

I feel that I was very fortunate to have witnessed this peculiar and unusual instance of the marvelous powers of nature—the ability of the individual to adapt himself to environment, even though he was only a poor, ignorant fish.

We can all learn a lesson from this. Let us make the best of our lot, and like this poor, unfortunate fish, learn to adapt ourselves to existing conditions. Therein lies the true secret of HAPPINESS.

Sincerely yours,

Emerson G. Barrett

Clarkson, Mich.

## Castle in Yellow

*Continued from page 33*

wagons have passed over. A big bomber has been brought down on the outskirts of the town and two neatly tailored airmen lie beside the ship in strange broken poses like snapped dolls. They have yellow hair and square skulls.

A soldier steps out of line and removes their shoulder tabs. The grind of tanks sounds ahead and we pass a whole group of them mixed with armored cars. They are our escort and we fall in between them to wait for the fourth wave to reach us. A few shell-torn groups of the three waves are left and with wild rolling eyes, they wonder why they were fools enough to escape alive—when the next wave will carry them to certain death anyway.

The fourth wave comes—stepping with smart nervousness. They are shock troops with automatic rifles and machine guns on wheels. For fifty miles along the front, there is a moment's lull and now with a simple arm wave, we move on.

We see the yellow castle between the popcorn of shell fire. It is deep in barbwire, and hidden guns spurt fire in our very faces from it. A flag hangs, red, gold, and wet in the rain.

We are all running now between the armored cars and tanks. Overhead, we are covered by our planes until a heavy, black group of crows comes up from behind the yellow castle and begins to take pot shots at us. A dogfight develops and we leave the planes behind.

We run, open-mouthed—yelling something none of us hears and pant stronger every time a man near us is chopped down. We are all running so fast now, that the dead tumble in somersaults after us before they fall and lie still. Some of the wounded refuse to fall and stagger and spurt along with us.

I trip and smash my head against a tank. I put out my hands and push myself erect. I stagger as the tank rumbles on in a reeking puff of gas. I begin to fall—but someone grabs me and I grin up into the singed copper beard of Yellow Trenchcoat.

"Steady," his lips say—but I hear nothing. We finish Cherrynose's canteen of brandy and with a small fire burning in our stomachs we go on, stepping very high over the fallen. Many men are down and the tanks are all alone now in front. The armored cars are mostly all disabled and the shell fire steadily grows stronger.

We are sorry with self-pity as we look around us.

A man wanders past, holding himself together and sadly calling:

"First aid—first aid, please."

A tall thin man bangs his head against the ground as if pounding out a headache. He lies down, pants, and I see a bullet hole between his eyes. He stares around and begins to pound his head into the ground again. I want to tell him he can't be alive—not with a bullet between the eyes—but think better of it. It may kill him knowing it is there.

Suddenly we all spring to our feet as if shot up from strong springs. No one has given any orders—but I have seen this strange thing happen before in other battles. During a lull, the men would spring up from all parts of the field at one time and run forward. Just something that can't be explained.

We are nothing human anymore. We are the ghosts of the four waves of the attack. Nothing can kill us now and the fools who fall dead all around us are sacrificing their lives needlessly. We know that nothing can kill us—they wouldn't die either if they knew it.

We are running very fast now. My knees come high and fall back fast. I can feel the jar as my heels tear into the turf and bite out chunks of soil and grass. Over us, the yellow castle looms and the tanks can go no farther into the pits and wire jungles.

We throw away our guns and tear up the slopes throwing hand grenades as we go. Egg after egg, we throw away.

Outposts—gun nests—pickets melt away like a bad dream before our expertly-placed bombs. We no longer walk or run—but float a few feet above the ground and with calm deliberate ease, throw in our slotted eggs. We feel nothing.

A few of the enemy rise to meet us with cold steel and we duck under and throw. They disappear like a fairy-book giant. We are on the dusty lip leading to the castle. A few of our tanks have a road and they move ahead of us with a tinny rattle. Men pass us now, fingering cold steel and probing bodies with their bayonets. The waves are rallying now and we dash on and beat them to the castle lawn.

Dust, flame-colored, puffs out of the castle windows and there is a mighty crash of glass and plaster and falling beams from inside. Dead men lie around shamelessly and we hunt the living out of dark corners.

The environment takes on the acid smoke of battle and more and more tanks and armored cars find paths to the castle and join in the braying around the dry moat. They close in like a pack at a fox hole and pump scarlet flames into it with an even steady roar. A group of men comes forward with high hands and we close in and shove them down the hill. Someone yells something and we see a white rag fluttering out of a window, held by a thin, dirty wrist.

More men stagger forth and then come the wounded, very tender and wide-eyed, holding their shattered members close. We stand and pant as a group of officers comes out from the shattered face of the castle and then we go in with great care and bayonet the furniture.

Some men come in and set up new wires and then a staff group, smoking black cigars, marches in and becomes very talkative over large scale-maps and slap each other on the backs. The switchboard begins to flash in colored lights and men speak with great detail into many phones.

A few dead men ignore the staff and we stand around until the sergeants begin to roar at us. Then we drift around the castle looking for food. I find a loaf of white bread and feed myself in big doughy lumps. I can hardly swallow—but hunger knots my stomach, so I force the white bread down.

Yellow Trenchcoat comes towards me sweating with might, and rubbing his flat nose.

"Chico, take five men and guard the wire-laying detail that's going out to splice in General Headquarters."

"They picked a fine time for it."

"Yes—they want to catch the afternoon papers with this story."

Outside, it is still raining. On my wife's grave it must be raining too. #

## Jim the Terrier

*Continued from page 41*

"I didn't bring it, Thomas."

"You . . . what? Why, you wrote me that you had got a dog named Jim."

Kelemen looked as if he were facing the barrel of a dueling pistol:

"Well, yes. I bought it but then I lost it somewhere."

The two men were sitting on the terrace under a green umbrella. There was a short, tense pause between them. At that moment Jim appeared on the terrace, climbing up the steps from the garden. Severely he sized up the stranger, and then with obvious devotion he sat down at his master's feet.

Thomas sucked his breath:

"Jim!"

The terrier curiously raised his head. He seemed to be wondering how this stranger could know his name when they had never met. Truth sometimes has such terrific force that one thick moment can relate long stories. With rapid deduction Thomas realized the truth at once, and he said with the raw energy of his immediate desire to possess: "This is my dog!"

Kelemen stood up. Having lied, he was ready to lend all his dignity to the lie. His words were hard and cold. The way one speaks to an enemy:

"This is another dog. This is my dog."

Thomas froze up. What did he mean talking to him like that? Tightly he buttoned up his coat, pulled on his greasy driving gloves, and said good-bye with such an ominously formal bow that it seemed like an insult. Jim looked after the departing guest and then stared at his master's face. Realizing that something dramatic had taken place, he began to tremble as if the entire tension of the situation had been transferred to his frail nervous system. Whining he looked at his master, and his golden brown eyes spoke:

"Master, what has happened? Is it my fault?"

* * *

Trouble is just like mustard seed. It can grow very large even from a little beginning. That was the way the dog affair developed. It poisoned the friendship between the two families.

Thomas coveted the dog hellishly, and he was deeply disappointed in his friend. He would never refer to him again, even in his thoughts, by his first name:

"That person is a bad character. He lied to me."

In Kelemen the sour yeast of inner loathing was working:

"Yes, I have lied."

But still he had no strength to send the dog over to his neighbor. What a lot he would have had to explain. And of course he had no intention of giving up Jim anyway. If he had lied for him already, then let the dog just stay where he was.

When old Montague and Capulet got mad at each other, both families became deadly enemies. In this case too, all the Töröks and all the Kovácses broke off relations. But the case of Romeo and Juliet repeated itself. Gida wasn't going to give up Renée and Renée wasn't going to give up Gida. Gida smoked a hundred and fifty cigarettes a day in his despair. The lady of the house was sobbing.

"Why are you crying, Ernestine?" asked Kelemen.

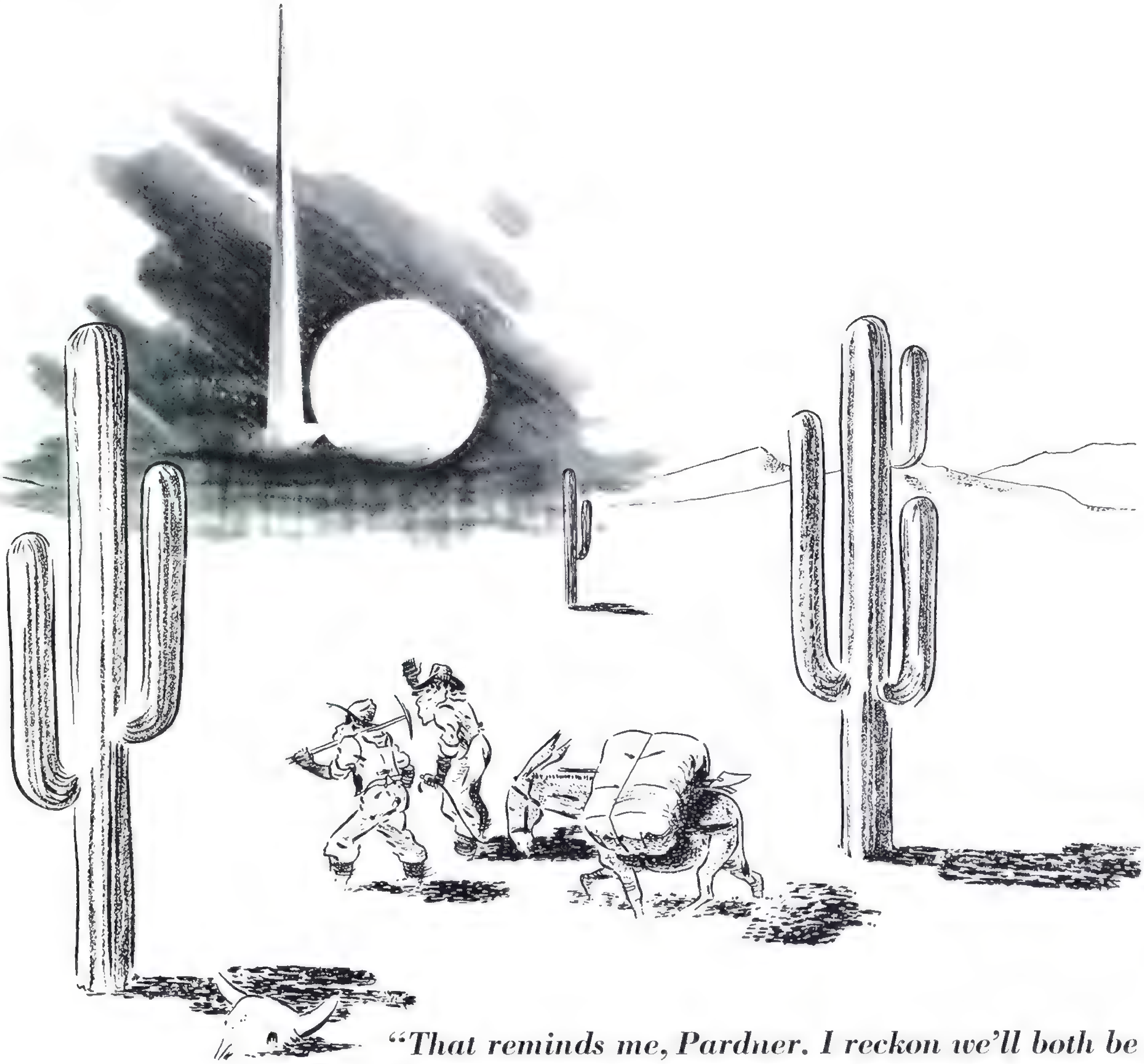
She tearfully blew her nose:

"I don't know what's happened between you and Thomas, but I know that you are destroying my son's happiness."

Jim was present during these family dialogues. He listened sadly to everything and watched with silent compassion the sufferings of his master's only son. He sniffed and listened, and when they said something in his presence he cocked his ears.

Gida fell off his horse and broke his arm. Renée wanted to go over and nurse him. But they didn't let her. The girl bawled and lost weight. She showed her mother that the green leather belt, which hardly reached around her waist a month earlier, was now much too loose for her. It was horrible to see how the kids suffered. Gida would sit incessantly at the win-

*Continued on page 122*



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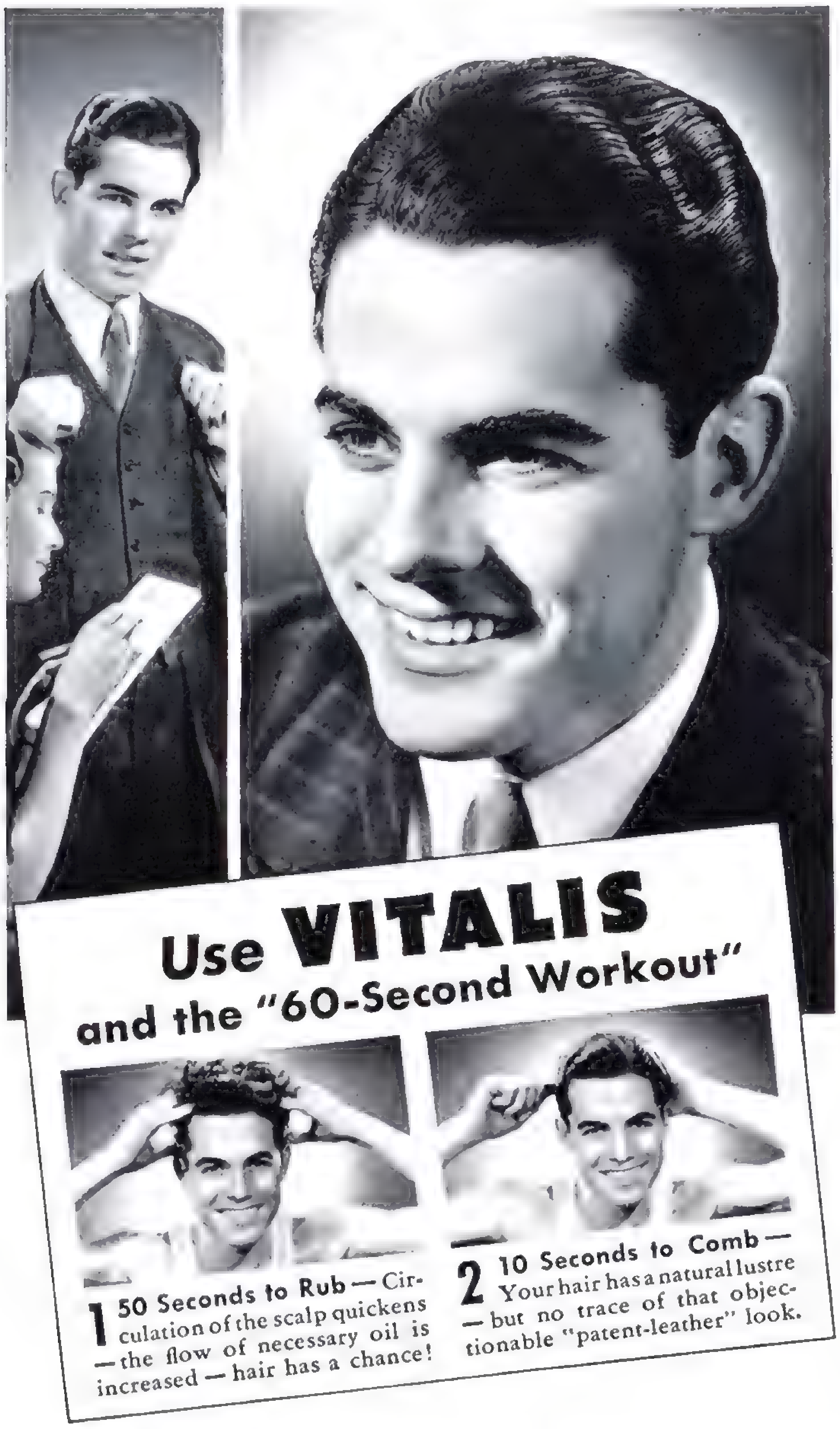

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VITALIS HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

## Jim the Terrier

*Continued from pages 41-120*

dow with his broken arm. His lips were dry. He would watch the gate, expecting the well-known coach to drive in. But the coach did not come. It had no permission to come. The girl, as if she had an attack of migraine, lay in a dark room, on her face a kerchief moistened with vinegar.

Finally intercourse began between the two hostile residences. Village folks have good hearts. They cannot bear to see any member of their community suffer. The physician, the apothecary, the veterinarian swung into action. A distant relative came from a far-away village. The Török steward met the Kovács groom. The village priest alluded to the unrighteous hostility from the pulpit. Everybody who lived in the neighborhood and who had any weight at all was weaving a fine web in the interest of peace.

Finally Thomas Török took the first step:

"First of all," he said, "let him send me my dog that he brought from London. Until the time when I get that dog, he is just empty air to me."

The priest was happy. This wasn't so much to ask; and with the olive branch of peace in his fat hand he drove over to the other camp with a shining face.

When Kelemen heard the news he almost exploded.

"Is there no limit to this man's stupidity? Who the hell does he think he is? What kind of dog is he talking about? What kind of sending over? The dog is going to stay right here . . . Lock him up in the bathroom!"

There was going to be no peace. The air was as full of gunpowder as ever. And Jim kept on sniffing and listening, asking for information with the terrified expression of his golden brown eyes. Previously Jim had always been very neat. He carried himself like a true English gentleman. According to his race he was wire-haired, which meant a certain amount of untidiness. But this untidiness was regular. His moustache, the hair on his forehead had always been classically disheveled. But that was before the troubles of the house began. Now Jim forgot about himself like a jilted woman. His nose dried up. His loins were hot. He would no longer flatter and play. The atmosphere of his surroundings had penetrated him thoroughly. At times he sat down on the ground before his master and turned his head a little to the side. Utter despair appeared on his face. The way he barked, the way he whined sounded almost like articulate speech.

Kelemen was very much upset inwardly, but he was man enough not to blame Jim for the feud. Silently he stroked the dog's stiff hair, thinking sadly:

"You can't help this. I am the cause of the whole business."

Jim barked nervously as if he were trying to answer his master's thoughts, and then in his ridiculous, little face there appeared again the tense, hungry expression with which he always followed human talk.

* * *

On the forenoon of the first bad autumnal day a muddy little dog sneaked in through the ornate iron gate of Thomas' house. He walked through the garden where the flowers had been taken out of the beds; he climbed up to the terrace; and then he sat down quietly by the wall to wait for some door to open.

Finally he got inside. It was such a dangerous dwelling. Full of dog smell. The exciting scent traces of greyhounds, Dalmatians, Airedales. The muddy little dog militantly barked, his teeth set for a furious combat if the enemy should attack. But he met no dog. Unmolested he marched on through the rooms, and finally, sitting at his desk, he found the man he was looking for.

Thomas heard some careful little noise. He looked up and turned to the door. He saw a tough, hairy little face in the opening. Then a whole dog came in sight. And modestly, like a sold slave, he sat down in the doorway. He watched. Politely he waited to be addressed.

The joy of victory shown from Thomas's eyes. He snapped his fingers:

"Jim!"

The worn out little dog obediently went up to him, like one who knows his duty. Thomas summoned the whole house in his joy. He gave his daughter a cigar-reeking kiss:

"All right, Bunny. Everything is all right now. You can go to your Gida. Thank God this crazy Kelemen has finally got his reason back. He finally sent Jim over! Jim, come here!"

Jim realized that some dark and mysterious affair had found a solution, and he wiggled joyfully.

Thomas was happy now. He began giving friendly orders:

"Who brought this dog? Find him and give him a cup of coffee."

But in vain did they search and shout. They found nobody. And the mystery could not be solved even later when friendship had been thoroughly restored between the two families. It remained an eternal puzzle how Jim appeared in Thomas' house.

"I didn't send him. Nobody took him from here," swore Kelemen.

"I certainly didn't steal him," said Thomas.

Jim remained chivalrously silent, but he couldn't have described anyway the things of which the heart and the brain of a little wire-haired terrier are capable. How he started out, driven by what kind of instinct, led by what kind of guide, to walk twenty-four muddy kilometers. Or how he found out that there was something for him to settle that no one else in the whole world outside of him could have settled. ##

Ken
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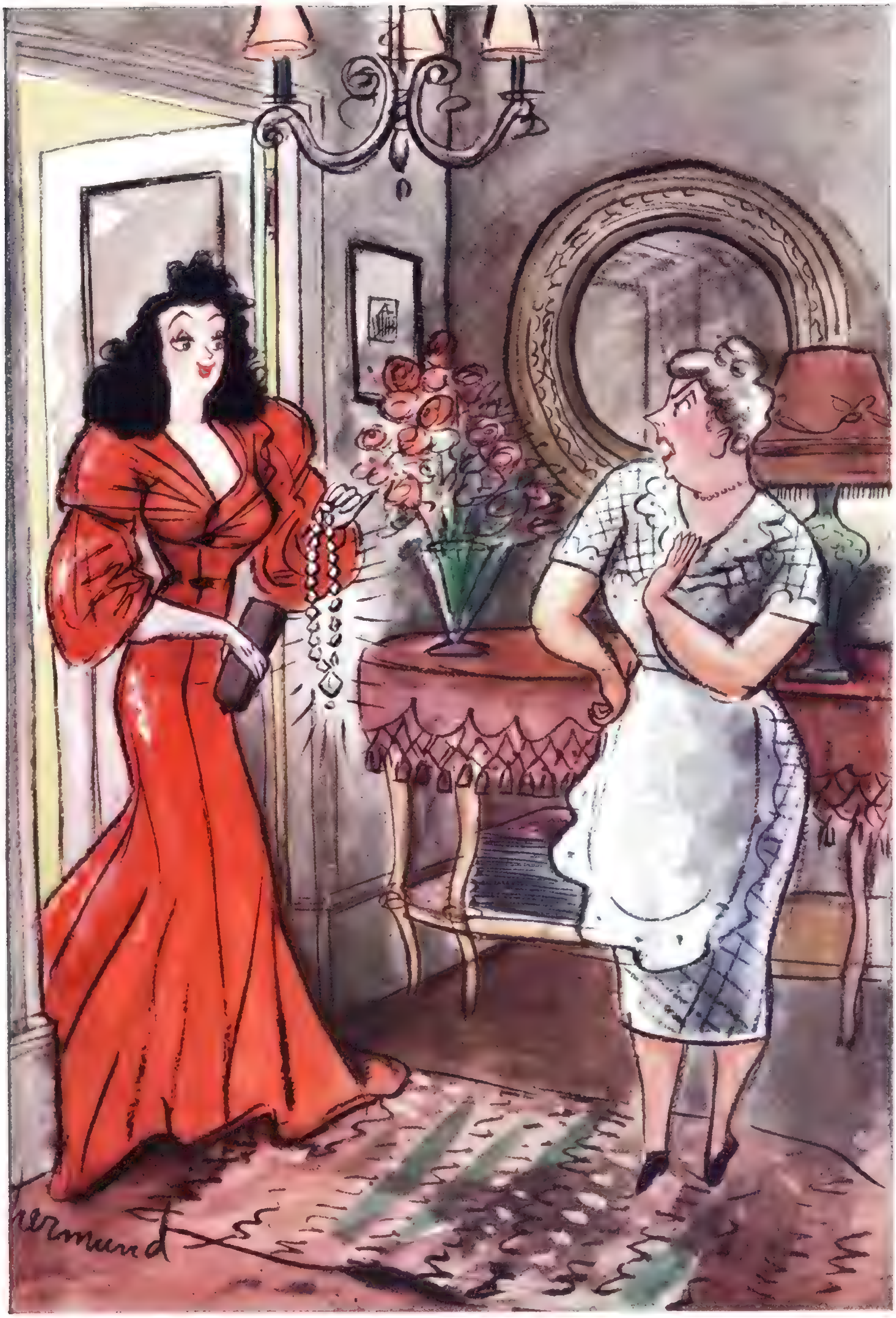
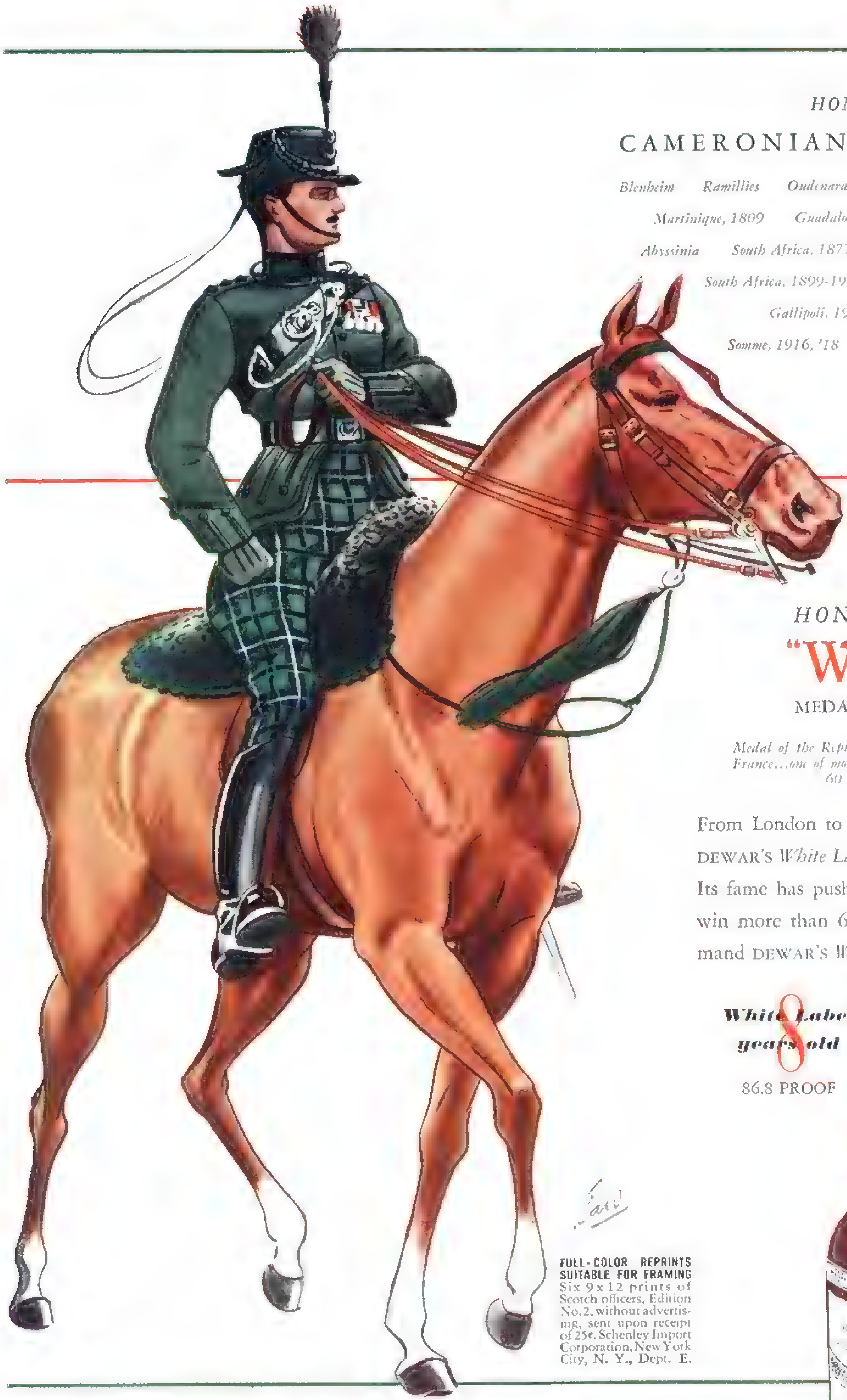
*Having sold 5,200,000 copies fortnightly at 25c in its first ten months (more on the newsstands, issue for issue, than any news magazine) Ken goes weekly as it enters its second year, with the issue dated April 6, taking advantage of its first year's success to quicken its pace while widening its scope.



*"I know! You won it in another prize contest!"*

# For Distinguished Service



HONOURS OF THE

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*Blenheim Ramillies Oudenarde Malplaquet Mandora Corunna Lucknow*
*Martinique, 1809 Guadaloupe, 1810 South Africa, 1846-7 Sevastopol*
*Abyssinia South Africa, 1877-8-9 Relief of Ladysmith Marne, 1914, '18*
*South Africa, 1899-1902 Mons Neuve Chapelle Loos*
*Gallipoli, 1915-16 Macedonia, 1915-18*
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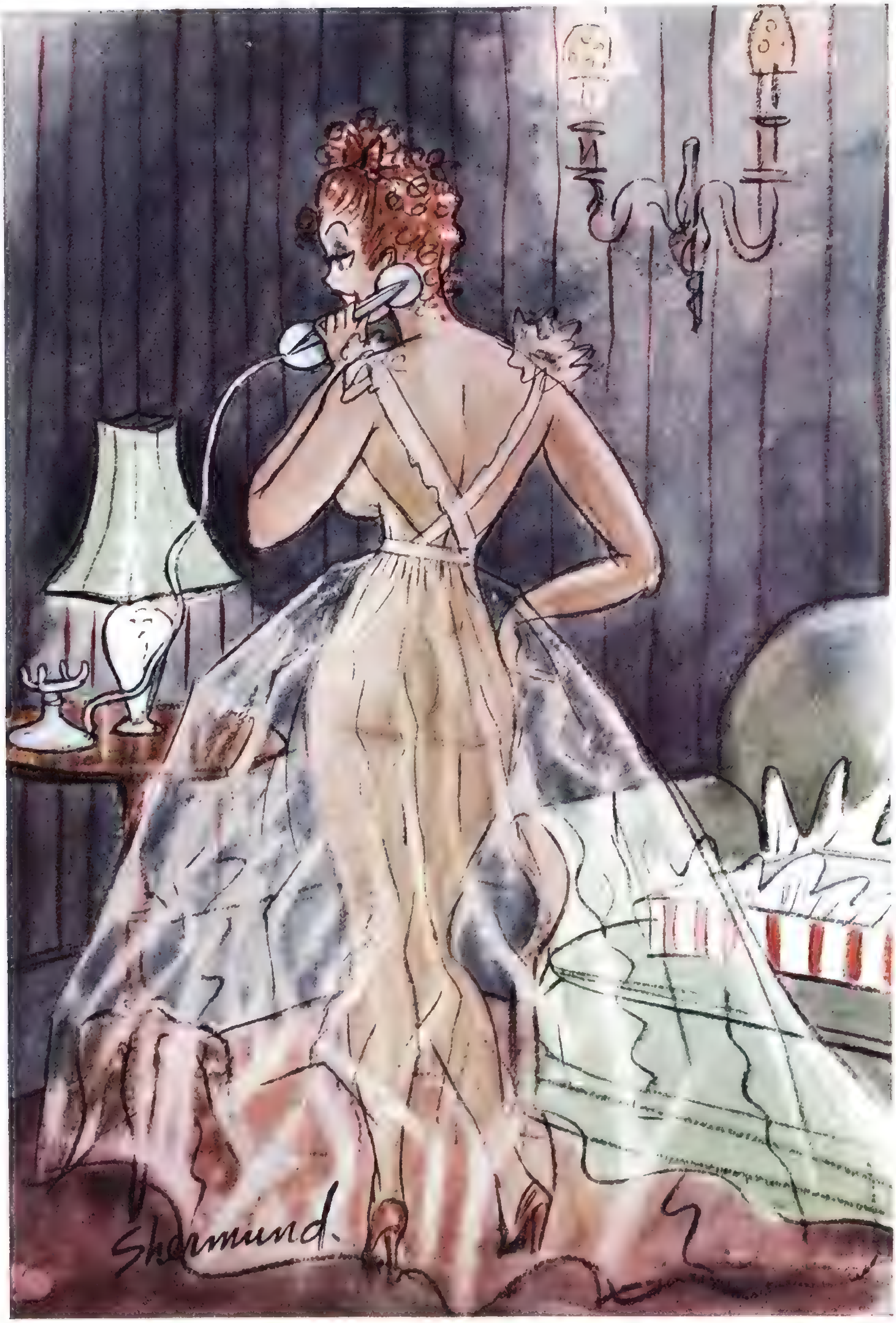

*"This cellophane costume you just sold me—am I supposed to wear something under it?"*

## Friend of the Bulamatari

*Continued from page 69*

chief, and sit in his hut and drink with him (Renault, of course, bringing the liquor) till the old boy got mellow enough to do anything Renault told him. Then he would order thirty or forty or fifty of the young men of his village to go with Renault to work in the mines. And that would be the last of them as far as their life in the tribe went.

Many of them died from tuberculosis or other diseases they got at the mine where they were herded together like animals and labored at work for which they were constitutionally unfit, and the rest got so spoiled with wanting things they could never have, white man's things, that they weren't any good to themselves or anybody else.

I'm not one of those birds that think the life of the primitive man is an epic poem filled with sweetness and light. It's a life filled with cruelty and lust and often starvation.

But it's got its good side, too, a mighty big good side. It's got justice and freedom and dignity, and a sense of brotherhood that's unique in my experience. A native's a man in his own place, and it makes me boil to see a good decent boy turned into a comic caricature, trading his health and all that's good in him for a red shirt and a mouth organ and a few francs that somebody takes away from him as fast as he earns.

Besides, Renault was so callous about it all. Flip and hard as nails. He always smelled to me; not with a clean sweat of the body but with some dank sweat of the mind. It seemed a pity he hadn't lived in the days of the Arab slave traders. He would have been their fair-haired boy.

However, there he was and I had to make the best of it. Henri and Louey, Albert's assistants, were there, and we four tried to fix things up a little pretty. I'd brought up some champagne, and Louey'd been out in the forest and picked a lot of orchids, which withered before he got back but showed his heart was in the right place. We got the youngest chickens we could find, and opened up all Albert's best tins, trying to make it festive.

Then we all sat down in state to wait for Albert and Marie.

I can see them now getting out of their car and walking up to the house. Albert is a little chap with light eager eyes and a smile like a child's. It was almost embarrassing to look him directly in the face that day, it was so full of love for Marie.

As for Marie herself, I had to admit she was a cute little trick, with her silk stockings and her French heels, and her big black eyes and dark hair curling around her ears. But her first words gave me a chill.

She stopped before the house and looked all around her—a doll, she seemed, set down in that big wild country—she laughed.

"Ah, but it is so droll here," she said.

Taka—*droll*! I ask you!

That was the tone she took, and that was right up Renault's alley. He and she took charge of the conversation and spent the evening enjoying reminiscences of Brussels, which according to them was a composite picture of Paris, New York and Paradise.

But Albert didn't mind. He didn't even seem to notice that she laughed at all the little things he'd done about the house with so much love and pleasure, thinking of her comfort.

I used to get up to Taka often in the next few years, and my opinion of Marie didn't improve much. But she suited Albert all right, and I never saw a man happier than he. Looking at him sometimes I had a queer kind of loneliness that made me wonder if being a bachelor was such a bright idea after all.

About a couple of years after their marriage, the baby was born, and after that Albert was king of the world. He was a nice little kid, that baby, and I used to go up sometimes just especially to take him some outlandish present. Louey was his abject slave, and even Renault, who was always in and out, showed a kind of condescending pride in him, which was the most that eel could produce in the way of a human emotion.

Well, everything would be changed now, I thought, with the baby gone. I confess I'd rather have been charged by a whole herd of wounded buffalo than have to face Albert's grief.

When I got about four miles this side of Taka I saw Louey riding along in a tepoi carried by four blacks.

"Hey!" I yelled as I drew up behind him. "Crawl out of that chaise longue and get into a man's vehicle before I blush!"

Louey motioned to the boys to put him down and walked back to the car, looking shamefaced and excusing himself in a torrent of French because his rheumatism prevented him from going on foot. The truth was that he was plain lazy, and we both knew it.

"Going up to see Albert?" he asked as we started.

"Yes," I said.

Louey sighed and lit a cigarette. It was as adequate a comment as either of us could manage.

After a while, I said, "How is he?"

"Oh, Albert," Louey answered and stopped. "He's doing all he can to comfort Marie, of course," he added, and gave a short, unpleasant laugh as much out of keeping with his usual good nature as it was possible to be.

I looked at him in astonishment, and he returned my look with something knowing in his eyes I didn't fancy.

I didn't want to discuss Albert's

*Continued on page 128*

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*Bostonians*

**FIT RIGHT—FEEL RIGHT** • • *they're Walk-Fitted*

## Friend of the Bulamatari

*Continued from pages 69-127*

wife with anybody, so I changed gears on the Ford, which was enough to break up any conversation.

"I didn't know there were any snakes around Taka," I said, to sound him out.

"Nor I," he replied. "It's the most amazing thing. None of us has ever seen a bad snake up here."

"How come," I asked, "nobody saw this one? Where were all the boys?"

"That's the strangest part," he told me. "Usually, there are a lot of natives lounging around, besides Albert's own boys, but that morning there wasn't a black in the place. A tragic coincidence," he said soberly.

Coincidence, my hat, I thought and I looked at him sharply, but his round pink face was as innocent as a dahlia.

A few minutes later we drove into Taka, sleeping as usual in the sun, and I was face to face with Albert. I don't know just what I had expected, but I might have known how he would be. Some of the light had gone out of his eyes, and something had come into his smile that wasn't there before, but otherwise he met me just as always. Maybe his hand gripped mine a little tighter, but all he said was, "Thanks, Jim. I thought you'd be along."

But Marie was crushed. She sat in a corner of the verandah as limp as a rag doll that has lost its stuffing and greeted me as if she hardly remembered who I was. Renault was there, too, looking like he'd just stepped out of a bandbox and sitting in the most comfortable chair. I noticed, though, something uneasy in his manner which he tried to throw off. He kept talking to Marie, but she never even looked at him; just sat there, staring straight in front of her at the place where the baby's pen used to be.

I saw Albert didn't want to talk about it. There weren't any words, anyway, for what I felt, but I knew he knew. So we sat around trying to make conversation with a constraint between us all that nearly choked me.

Finally Marie pulled herself together and said she'd go in and order dinner. But Albert jumped up and said he'd do it for her. He stopped for a minute beside her and brushed the curls back from her forehead and pressed her head against him, and she closed her eyes and rested against him as if she were too unutterably tired ever to move again.

Louey got up and went off, but Renault sat on, and I saw I was going to have the pleasure of his company at dinner.

That dinner was one of the dreariest meals I ever experienced. Marie never said a word. Renault talked in fits and starts, and Albert and I who knew each other's minds inside out, spoke of every thing but of what we were thinking. Even Moera, the black imp who waited on table and who usually had a grin from ear to ear, moved about silently with a frightened, serious look on his face.

A house can seem mighty empty and quiet after you're used to hearing a baby prattling about it. Several times I thought I caught Albert listening, as he used to do after the baby'd just been put to bed.

After dinner it wasn't much better. We sat out on the verandah again, with the darkness around us, and the big bright stars overhead, and the vibrating hum of insects in our ears, a humming so strong and monotonous you don't hear it unless you stop to listen, and then it sounds like motor traffic on a boulevard. And none of us could think of anything to say. I kept wishing to God Renault would go, for I thought then the tension would ease up and I could talk to Albert. But he, Renault, sat on as if he didn't know how to move.

Finally I asked Albert, casually, if he'd seen old Karamuka lately.

"Not for a long time," Albert answered, "he hasn't been in."

Karamuka lived in a village about five hours' march from Taka, and always, no matter how unexpectedly I arrived, he turned up a short time later, ready to go off hunting with me. How he knew I was there, nobody but a black could tell. But he always did, and he always came.

Marie suddenly spoke from the gloom of her corner. "Why yes he has," she said. "He brought me some strawberries. He came early in the morning the day . . ."

She broke off, but each of us finished the sentence for her in his own mind—the day the baby died. I couldn't see Albert's face in the darkness, but I felt him stiffen, and I knew then what I hadn't had a chance to find out, that he had the same suspicions that I did about that snake.

Just to say something, to break the silence, I asked Renault, inanely, if he knew Karamuka.

"Yes, I know him," he said, and then probably through the same desire to keep the talk going and give Marie a chance to get hold of herself, he went on. "He's potty, that old man. His son was at work down in the mines, and we had to send him back because he got tuberculosis."

"Karamuka's son?" I exclaimed. I knew the lad, a good bright boy who used to come with his father sometimes on our hunting trips. "How is he," I added with regret, "pretty sick?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," Renault answered. "I believe he's dead now. The old man came down to see me some weeks ago and talked a lot of jargon about his god visiting justice on me if the nigger died. Cheeky, wasn't it? I meant to report him to you, Albert, but I forgot about it."

"Well," I said, "if you'll take

my advice you'll stay out of this country for a while. I know Karamuka, and he's no boaster."

I stopped, because I didn't want to stir up anything there and I felt myself getting hot under the collar. I was fond of old Karamuka and I knew what pride he'd had in his son; knew how in the normal course of things the boy would have succeeded his father as subchief, spent his life in that village hidden away in the forest, hunting and dancing and growing a little corn, harming no whites and asking nothing of them. And here was this big lummox who had pulled him out of it for a few francs commission, sitting there so callously not even remembering whether the boy was dead yet or not.

I opened my mouth to address a few well chosen words to Mr. Renault, but before I could speak an interruption came.

Marie fainted.

Renault got to her first, and a minute later Moera came out with a lantern. Albert took his wife's limp body from Renault without a word, and small man that he is, he cradled her in his arms like a child as he carried her into the house.

Albert was a long time in coming out again. Renault, fortunately, went away as soon as we had word that Marie was all right, and I sat alone on the steps with my pipe. Finally Albert joined me.

"It doesn't make sense, Jim," he said as he sat down beside me. "Karamuka is my friend."

I gave him a light for his pipe. "Maybe it wasn't Karamuka," I replied.

"It's hopeless," Albert said, and his voice sounded tired out. "I've questioned them all, every native around the place, over and over, and they've all sworn nobody came into the post that day. I didn't know until just now—from Marie—that Karamuka'd been here."

We smoked in silence for a few minutes, and then Albert turned to me.

"Do you think Karamuka would lie to you, Jim, if you put him a straight question about himself?"

"No, I don't think he'd lie," I said slowly, "I may be wrong, but I don't. I think probably he'll just turn blank, but it's worth trying. When do we go?"

"As soon as it's light," Albert answered. He got up and stood there looking out into the black night. "I'm not sleeping much," he told me, "but you'd better turn in." Then he said, "If Karamuka did this, he had a reason for it. That's what we've got to find out."

I got up, too, and put my hand on his shoulder. I felt a flush of pride in him. I'd always loved Albert, and I gloried in his standing by his principles now when most any man would have been thinking only of getting vengeance on the murderer of his child.

"You'll stand the wash, boy," I said, and didn't trust myself to say more.

We left at daybreak the next morning, Albert and I, and a boy to carry my gun. There was a path of sorts through the forest that led to Karamuka's village. More of a trail, really, barely discernible in the vegetation, that the men had made coming back and forth from their village to the post. The boy went ahead, chopping a passage for us with an *mpanga*, Albert followed, and I brought up the rear.

I don't remember ever being lower in my mind than I was that morning. On top of my feeling about Albert, I was really cut up over old Karamuka. As I've said before, I was fond of him. There's nothing that gives you more insight into a man's character or brings you closer to him than being off on long hunting trips together. And I'd always thought him the most harmless old man alive; always willing, always cheerful, following the hunt with the same zest that I had and never tiring in his efforts to serve me.

I couldn't have believed he would have done a foul thing like this unless he was under some terrific compulsion from his witch doctor. But the facts were black against him. He'd come into Taka the very morning of the tragedy and not hung around to exchange a word with the *Bulamatari*—an unheard-of departure from custom. He hadn't shown up to see me, the first time he'd ever failed. And he was the only man in his village who knew the secret of handling snakes.

I really expected when we got to the village we'd find that Karamuka had disappeared into the forest, but when we arrived we found him sitting in the doorway of his hut, smoking his pipe.

The village was built after the custom of the country with two rows of huts lined up on each side of a long wide "street" of beaten ground that was swept every morning until it was as clean as the floor of a house. It was a well-kept-up village, for the big chief was rich and powerful. The mud huts were clean, and their grass roofs in good condition. In the doorways women sat pounding maize or cooking food in little pots over the fires, and the children played and tumbled about on the ground. You couldn't have found a more innocent-looking scene. But I noticed one thing that was queer. Although the women spoke to us pleasantly and respectfully, they never stirred. Not a child followed us. And normally when you enter a village like that you move in a perfect cloud of chattering, laughing women and children. None of the men was visible, but there was nothing strange in that, they were probably all away on a hunt.

But I observed closely the boy who had come with us. When we came up to the beginning of the village and Albert told him to wait for us there, he failed to do the normal thing. Instead of strutting over to the first hut to gossip with the women, he stopped at the edge of the forest and stood

*Continued on page 130*

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## Friend of the Bulamatari

*Continued from pages 69-127-129*

there, somberly, his eyes fixed on the ground.

So, I thought, as Albert and I walked down the street, everybody knows what we're here for, or at least, that something grave is afoot.

Karamuka's hut was at the far end of the street, and it was deserted when we reached it, except for the old man sitting on a mat in the sun. He got up quietly and came to greet us with his usual serene, "*Yambo, Bwana.*"

He was a little man, his body withered and shrunken with age. He wore only a piece of skin around his middle and some strings of charms hung around his neck. He had in his hand his pipe, made of a long-stemmed reed and a round bowl of clay.

"Hey, Karamuka," I said, "you didn't come to Taka to see me?"

"No, *Bwana*," he answered, but his bright little eyes never left Albert's face.

"I want to go far far into the forest," I began, meaning to lead the conversation around to the object of our visit, but for once Albert was too impatient, and he cut in.

"Karamuka," he said, "do you know that my son is dead from the bite of a snake?"

Karamuka nodded his head.

"There are no snakes at Taka, Karamuka," Albert continued. "You know it. Who has brought the snake that has taken my son's life?"

The old man just looked at Albert without replying. It was a strange look, that I couldn't make out. There wasn't any fear in it, and there wasn't any evasiveness.

And then Albert said, half to himself as if even now he couldn't realize it, "My son is dead."

"No, *Bwana*."

We looked at him in astonishment, but his face was grave and serious.

"It is the son of the Devil-who-runs-on-wheels that is dead," he said. "The spirits have seen that justice is done."

"The Devil-who-runs-on-wheels!" Renault!

One of those physical shocks ran through me that made my spine tingle, and my mouth cold and dry.

And it was a queer thing that neither Albert nor I had a moment's doubt that what Karamuka said was true. It is a fact that natives don't lie about things like that.

But there was something more, some absolute certainty in the old man's voice that carried conviction.

I don't know what Albert's thoughts were at that moment. His whole world, everything that he cherished and built on, had gone to smash. He made no exclamation, but his face seemed to shrink before my eyes and settle into a new mold.

As for me, I was seeing red, and if I could have put my hands on Renault then I wouldn't have answered for what I'd have done. But a lot of things became clear to me, too. The distrust I'd always instinctively felt toward Marie. Renault's always being in and out of the house, and his attitude toward the child. That knowing look in Louey's eye when he'd spoken of Marie.

But maybe I was wrong about Marie. Queer things happen to people when they're out of their natural element, and under the influence of a big primitive country like Africa.

Then Albert said: "He who receives the counsel of the spirits, is wise to keep it to himself, oh Karamuka."

And Karamuka answered simply, "Yes, *Bwana*."

But as Albert turned away, the old man spoke again, earnestly. "*Bwana!*" he said, "I am your friend."

And I knew that he was, in spite of the cruel thing he'd done. I knew, too, that in Karamuka's mind it wasn't a cruel thing, but an act of justice which the spirits, speaking to him through the witch doctor, had told him to do.

I know Albert figured it that way, too, and I know that he felt justified in letting the thing end there, though we never spoke of it to each other. Some people may think he should have had Karamuka hung. I don't.

Albert was stunned, I think, at first. All that long march back to Taka, he never spoke a word. Not until we came in sight of his house. Then I proposed leaving him, but he asked me in a way I couldn't refuse to come in with him.

Marie was sitting on the verandah, just as she had been the day before. Albert didn't speak, but the minute she saw his face, she knew that he knew.

I must say Marie didn't behave in the least as I had expected her to. I had expected tears and a scene and every excuse that a woman can rake up for herself. But there was nothing of that. She was very quiet, and she seemed ready to pay the bill.

"It was a madness," she said, "and this is my punishment."

"Where is Renault?" Albert asked heavily.

"He's gone away, at last, thank God," Marie replied. "He'll never come back here. I've prayed for that, though you may not believe it."

"Then you don't want to go

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with him?" Albert questioned.

Marie looked shocked. She made a gesture with her hand that told more than any words could have done just what she thought of Renault.

"But I'll go away," she said, and I began to feel sorry for her in spite of what she'd done to my friend. "I haven't any place here now, I know."

Albert was looking at her as if he were trying to read her soul in her eyes. He put out his hand and steadied himself against the rail of the verandah. "You always have your place here, Marie, as long as you want to fill it," he said. "But if you will excuse me now? I'm very, very tired."

I would have left him alone to face things out himself, but a woman's instinct is different. Marie ran to him and threw her arms around his neck, and she said the only possible thing.

"Don't leave me alone," she cried, "I had to be a fool to find out how much I really love you!" ###

## On the Record

*Continued from page 92*

*I Found My Yellow Basket.* She's found the girl who took it and feeling glad and gay, she's on her way (Decca 2148). On the other side Chick Webb subtly and suavely introduces Taft Jordan's imploring tribute to *Ella*, whereupon Miss Fitzgerald suggests he swing it . . . Jerome Kern has an hour album of song hits from *Show Boat, Roberta, The Cat and the Fiddle*, and *Music in the Air*, which are sung by the Victor Light Opera Company, directed by Leonard Joy.

You can hear the trapeze and watch it fly in André Kostelanetz' recording of *The Man on the Flying Trapeze*, and *Swamp Fire* has tonal subtleties that only Kostelanetz gets . . . Jean Sablon says, as only a Frenchman can, *J'ai ta Main*, on Victor's No. 26078 . . . You'll find yourself playing over and over Duke Ellington's *Buffet Flat*. It's in general stomp tempo . . . If you ever want to march to the *St. Louis Blues*, the Bluebird Military Band will help you do it . . . If you liked M G M's *The Great Waltz*—or if Johann is your favorite Strauss, buy Wayne King's *I'm in Love With Vienna* and *One Day When We Were Young* (Victor 26069).

I've been listening to and like Hal Kemp playing *Where in the World* and *In Any Language* from MGM's *Josette* (Victor 25855); Guy Lombardo smoothing *Let's Sail to Dreamland*, and *Ti-pi-tin* (Victor 25786); Tommy Dorsey saying *Music, Maestro, Please* and *All Thru The Night* (Victor 25866); Benny Goodman goodmaning Cole Porter's *Sometimes I'm Happy* (Victor 25090); and Larry Clinton drawing *The Big Dipper* and etching *Midnight in the Mad-House* (Victor 25697).

### BEST SELLERS

| *Permanent* | *Transient* |
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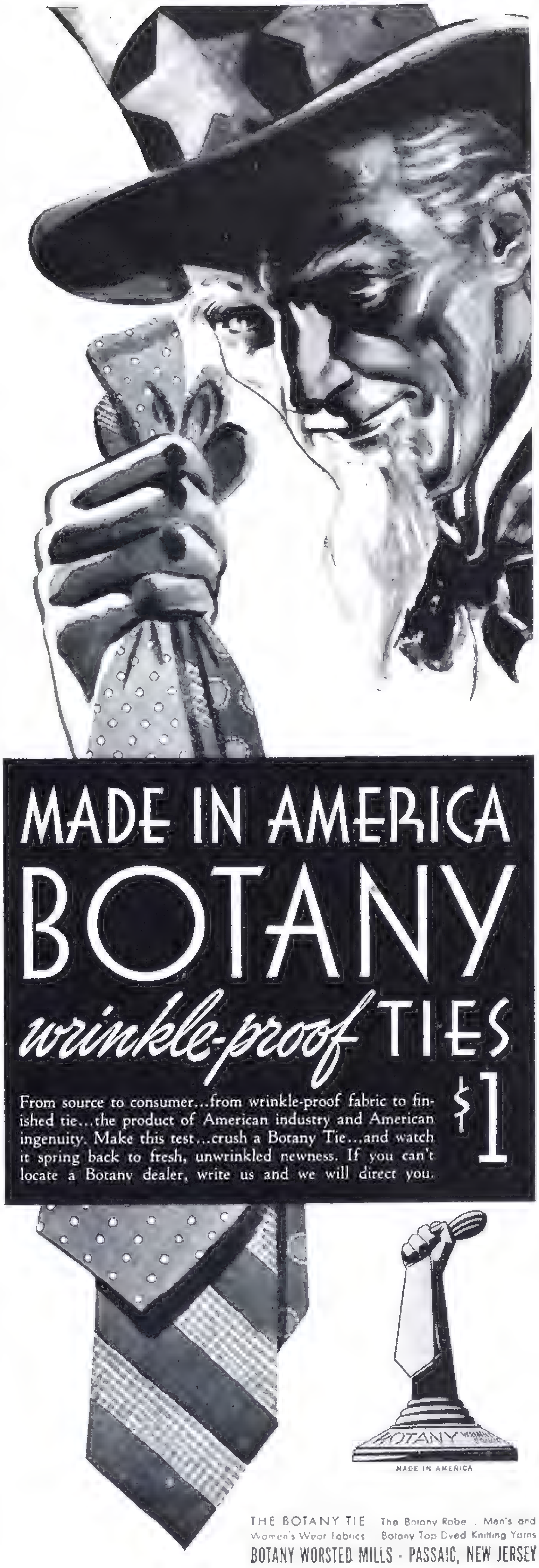
| **The Halle Bros., Cleveland** | |
| *Tales from the Vienna Woods* (Strauss); *Beautiful Blue Danube* (Strauss); Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 6584 | *My Reverie; Boogie Woogie Blues;* Larry Clinton and his Orchestra. Victor 26006 |
| *Gershwin Memorial Album*, starring Jane Froman and the Victor Salon Group directed by Nathaniel Shilkret. Victor C-29 | *Begin the Beguine* (Cole Porter); Art Shaw and his Orchestra. Victor Bluebird 7746 |
| *Symphony No. 5 in E minor*, Tschaikowsky (Opus 64); Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor N-253 | *Two Sleepy People* from *Thanks for the Memory;* Kay Kyser and Orchestra. Brunswick 8244 |
| **Helen Gunnis Record Shop, Milwaukee, Wisconsin** | |
| *Strauss Waltz* Album; Boston Pops Orchestra (inspired by *Great Waltz* picture). Victor M445 | *Emaline;* Wayne King's Orchestra. Victor 26070 |
| *Prince Igor* Album; Philadelphia Orchestra with Stokowski. Victor M499 | *My Reverie;* Larry Clinton's Orchestra. Victor 26006 |
| *Ave Maria;* Marian Anderson. Victor 1210 | *Sing You Sinners;* Matty Malneck. Decca 2060 |
| **Campus Record Shop, Madison, Wisconsin** | |
| *Le Coq d'Or*—Suite Rimski Korsakov; London Symphony Orchestra with Goossens. Victor M504 | *Shadrack;* Louis Armstrong's Orchestra and Chorus. Decca 1913 |
| *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2;* Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 14422 | *While a Cigarette Was Burning;* Swing & Sway with Sammy Kaye Orchestra. Victor 26075 |
| *Samson & Delilah-Bacchanale;* Boston Pops Orchestra. Victor 12318 | *Two Sleepy People;* Fats Waller Orchestra. Bluebird 10000 |



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## Skiers Are Always Funny

*Continued from page 43*

of their home or teepee. These are the armchair jibes, and some of them are deserved.

One winter at the Calgary ski jumping rodeo in the Canadian Rockies I entertained some cowboys and an Indian chief. At the sight of the ski riders flying through the air, the red man's stern countenance broke only once. He grunted. "White man brave to ride those wooden broncos!" he said.

Then there are your own "narrow escape" stories of skiing, which again are only funny long after the experience. These tend to curl the hair as well as amuse, for some phases of skiing can be dangerous.

In skiing on the glaciers you have to look out for crevasses in the snow. On a run down the bed of a glacier three or four skiers are roped together at a distance of perhaps forty feet from one another.

On one occasion in the Lake Louise group in the Rockies I was coming down a steep glacier roped in a party of four. Skiing along in a wide circle, two of the members felt the snow drop out from under them, one after the other, and we all went down like a string of paper dolls, with the unlucky pair dangling over the edge of that yawning gap.

I had been running on the fringe and was knocked down by the force of the three men on the rope below me, and felt myself being slowly dragged head first toward doom. But the rope, nearly two hundred feet long, slowly grew taut over the snow and the weight of two bodies on the snow held up the other two dangling in space!

You may have to drag your fellow out of a crevasse twice in an afternoon, but the rope never breaks. That's fun on skis, too, but it's only funny after you're safe in front of the fire again. Fun *can* be misadventure.

Your fun on skis will be multiplied if you take along a 16 mm. motion picture camera, and bring home some of these amusing experiences on celluloid. Then in the middle of the summer heat, when life (to a skier) is insufferably dull, you can show them to yourself and friends and laugh at them again. On the screen you're twice as funny. You can speed up the camera, and have your friends swooping down the mountain at a hundred miles an hour!

Last Fourth of July I went skiing on a mountain peak only a few miles from the summery heat of Los Angeles. At noon we built a snow man, and for eyes inserted two giant fire-crackers. Once, when our backs were turned, a wag lit the crackers and blew off the snow man's head. You know what we did to this man who was trying to be funny? We poured snow down his collar and then buried him in a snow bank. Some fun! #

## That Man Is My Brother

*Continued from page 31*

indefinite: something which, if it could be named, would be greeted with roars of laughter. Then the bad conscience, the sense of guilt, the anger at everything, the revolutionary instinct, the unconscious storing-up of mines of compensatory wishes; the obstinate need of self-justification, self-proof, the urge to dominate and subdue, the dream of seeing the whole world abased in fear and love, admiration and remorse, at the feet of the once-despised! The thoroughgoingness of the fulfillment must not lead us to wrong conclusions about the volume and depth of the latent dignity which suffered so much from the dishonors of its chrysalis state, or about the extraordinary violence of the tension, in an unconscious which was maturing creations so impressive and grandiose. The *al fresco*, the grand historic style, is not a question of personality. It has to do with the medium and the sphere of activity of the political or demagogic method which it wields to sway whole populations and the destinies of great masses of people with much accompanying noise and destructiveness. Its extrinsic scope proves nothing about the extraordinary character of the mental attributes or the actual greatness of this successful hysteric. But there is also present the insatiable craving for compensation, the urge to self-glorification, the restless dissatisfaction, the forgetfulness of past achievements, the swift abandonment of the prize once grasped, the emptiness and tedium, the sense of worthlessness so soon as there is nothing to do to take the world's breath away; the sleepless compulsion to make one's mark on *something*.

A brother—a rather unpleasant and mortifying brother. He makes me nervous, the relationship is painful to a degree. But I will not disclaim it. For I repeat: better, more productive, more honest, more constructive than hatred is recognition, acceptance, the readiness to make oneself one with what is deserving of our hate, even though we run the risk, morally speaking, of forgetting how to say no. That does not worry me. Anyhow, the moral sphere, in so far as it derogates from the innocent spontaneity of life, is really not altogether the artist's concern. It may be annoying, but after all it has its soothing side, to realize that despite all the psychoanalysis, all the progress we have made in learning how the human being's mind works, there is still absolutely no limit to the extent the unconscious can go in effective projection of itself upon reality.

We see this truth illustrated by the state of Europe today; the reduction to the primitive to which she has consciously and willingly submitted herself. Indeed, the conscious and willing surrender, the treachery to the spirit and to the upper levels at which it had arrived, are themselves the severest possible indictment of the prevailing primitivism. For this primitivism is shameless. It is a wanton self-glorification, in the face of the developed civilization of our age. It is shameless as a philosophy—however much condoned as a reaction against arid intellectualism. It is, in the Old Testament phrase, a folly and an abomination. Even the artist, despite his position as ironic partisan of life, must turn away in disgust from the spectacle of such an utter collapse and betrayal. Lately, on the films, I saw a ritual dance of the Bali Islanders. It ended in the complete trance condition, with frightful twitchings of the bodies of the exhausted youths. Where is the difference between these practices and the procedure in the European mass meeting? There is none—or rather, there is one: the difference between the exotic and the repellent.

When I was still very young, I described in *Fiorenza* how the sway of beauty and culture was once broken by the religious and social fanaticism of a monk who heralded "the miracle of regained detachment." In *Death in Venice* there is much of challenge to the psychologism of the age; much talk of a simplification and resolution of mind—though indeed in the story I made it come to a bad end. I did not lack contact with the tendencies and aspirations of the time, with ideas which twenty years later were to be the property of the man in the street. Who can wonder, then, that I paid no attention, when they degenerated into the political sphere, and wreaked their violence on a plane where professors enamored of the primitive and literary lackeys of the anti-intellectual pose were the only ones who did not fear to tread? Such activities make one disgusted with one's reverence for the sources of life. One feels compelled to hate them. But what is such hatred, compared with that which the protagonist of the unconscious must feel for knowledge and mind? I have a private suspicion that the élan of the march on Vienna had a secret spring: it was directed towards the venerable Freud, the real and actual enemy, the philosopher and revealer of the neuroses, the great disillusioner, the seer and sayer of the laws of genius.

Our notion of genius has always been shrouded in a superstitious haze. But I question whether today the haze is thick enough to prevent our calling this man a genius. And why not do so, if it pleases him? The intellectual man is almost as much interested in painful truths as the fool is in those which flatter him. If genius is madness tempered with discretion (and that *is* a definition!) then the man is a genius. One feels freer to admit it, because genius, while it is a category, is not a class. It has no reference to rank or station; manifesting itself in the most various, and even at its lowest, revealing the marks of its kind. I will not decide whether history has ever produced a specimen of mental and moral baseness accompanied by the magnetism which we call genius, to compare with this one to which we are the amazed witnesses. In any case, I am against allowing the particular manifestation to give us a distaste for the whole category. The phenomenon of the great man has after all, been most often an aesthetic, not an ethical phenomenon. I admit that by overstepping our human limitations it has made humanity shudder before it; yet even so, and whatever the suffering involved, the shudder has nearly always been a thrill as well. We must make distinctions—they are very important. It annoys me, when I hear people say today: "Napoleon was a boor too; we know that now." It is really going too far, to speak in one breath of the great soldier and the blackmailing pacifist, the fighter and the coward whose role would be played out on the first day of actual armed conflict. That earlier figure is stamped forever on men's memories, a classic Mediterranean bronze. Hegel called him the "world-spirit on horseback." And shall we compare that all-embracing brain, that immense capacity for toil, that embodiment of the revolution and tyrant harbinger of liberty, with the pitiable idler and incapable, the fifth-rank visionary, the stupid foe of social revolution, the sly sadist and plotter of revenge, the representative of "temperament"?

I spoke of the distortions prevalent in Europe today. And truly our times have succeeded in distorting much; for instance, nationalism, socialism, myth, philosophy, irrationalism, faith, youth, revolution—and what not besides? To cap it all, we have the distortion of genius. We must reconcile ourselves to our lot: for today it is our fate to encounter genius in this one particular phase of all the phases possible to it.

An artist, a brother. But the solidarity, and the recognition of it, are an expression of art's contempt for itself—they do not want to be taken quite seriously. I like to think, yes, I am certain, that a future is now on the way in which art uncontrolled by mind, art as black magic, the issue of brainlessly irresponsible instinct, will be as much condemned as, in humanly frail times like ours, it is reverenced. Art, certainly, is not all sweetness and light. But neither is it all a brew of darkness, not all a freak of the tellurian underworld, not simply "life." More clearly and happily than ever will the artist of the future realize his mission as a white enchanter, as a winged, hermetic, moon-sib mediator between spirit and life. And mediation itself is spirit. #

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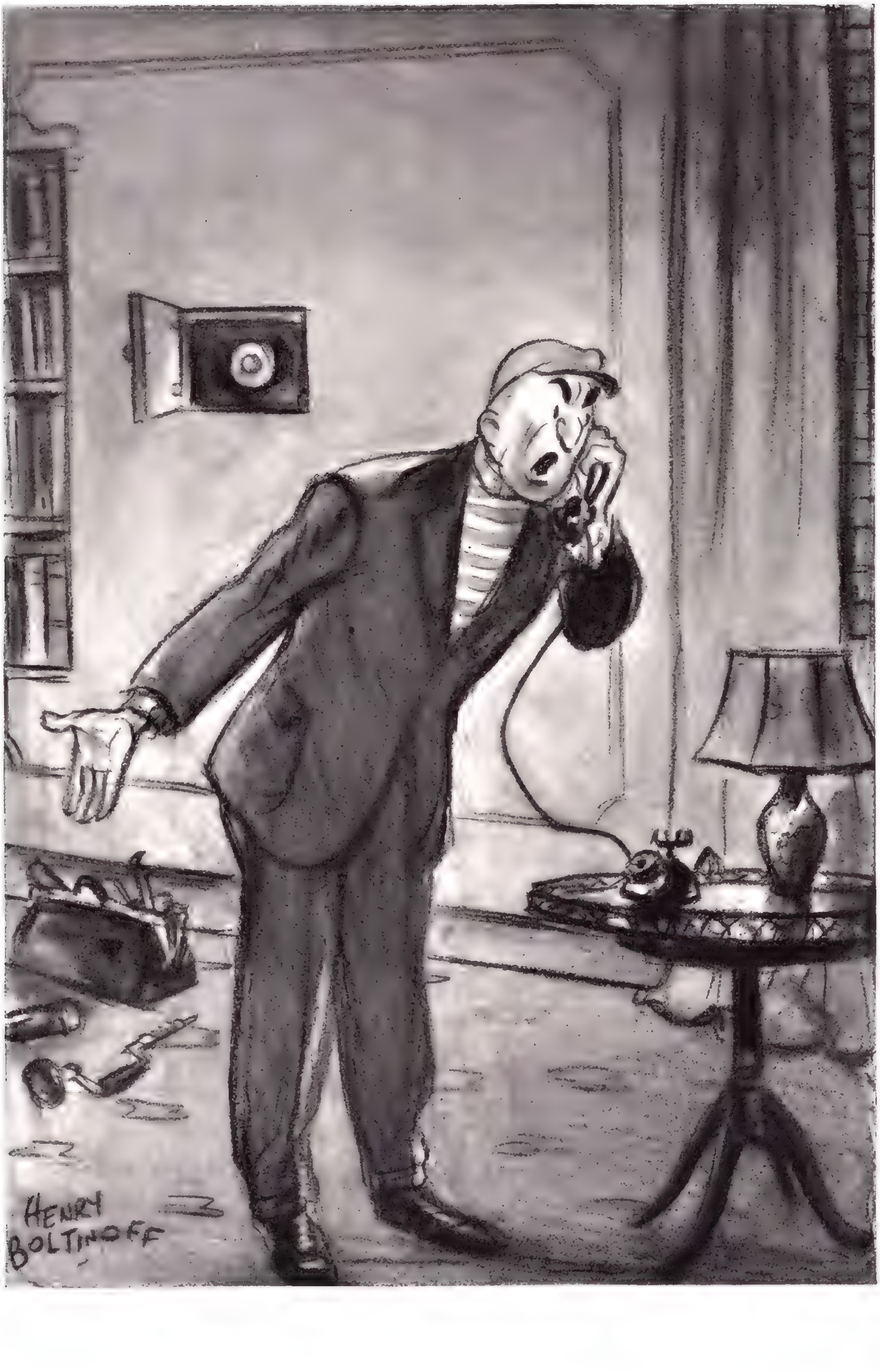
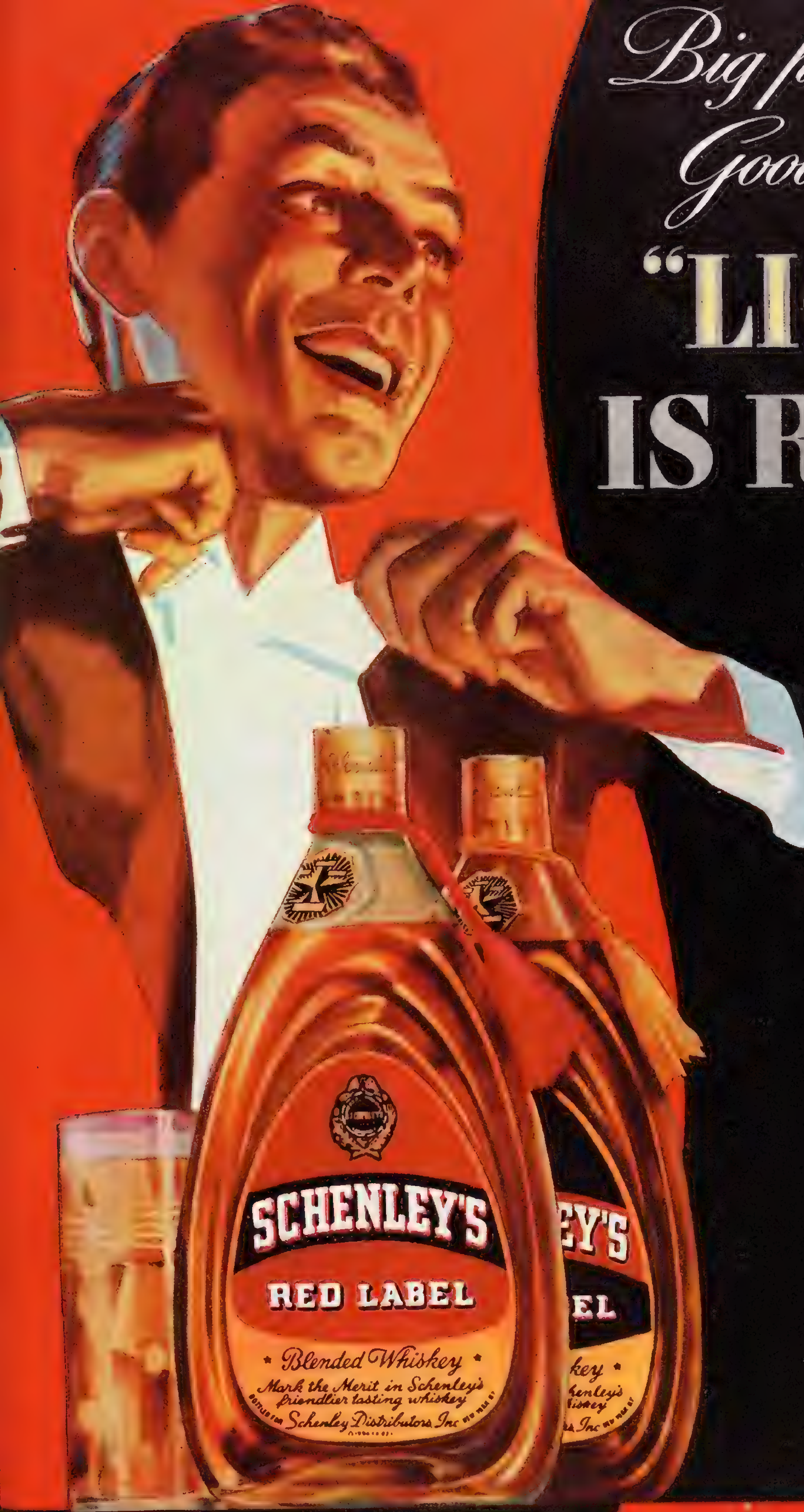

HENRY BOLTINOFF

*"Stop calling me up, dear, everything's all right!"*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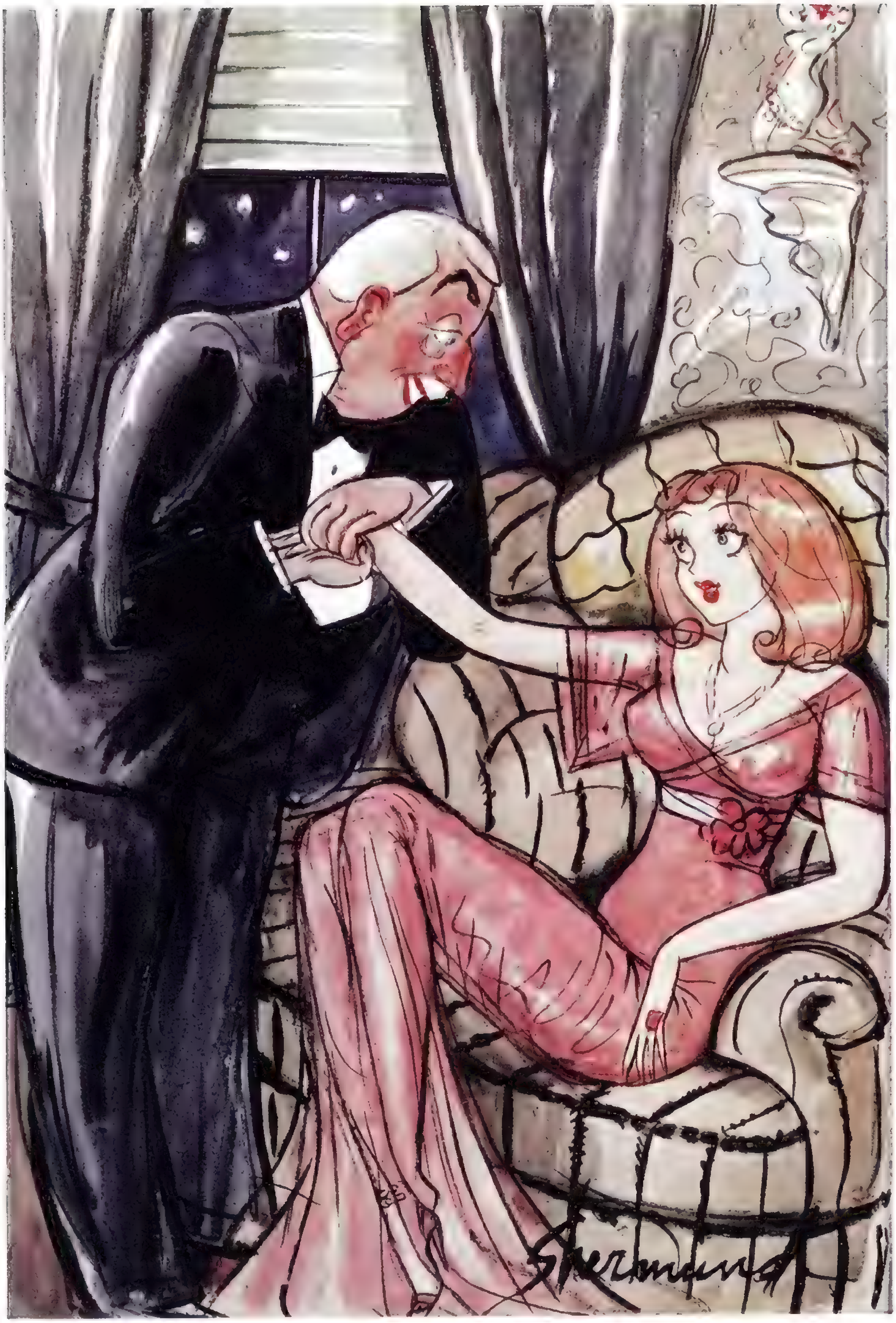

*"I bet you're trying to figure out why I gave you that necklace and paid the rent on this apartment, aren't you?"*

What new name in shoes makes a $5-bill stretch farther?

THE ANSWER IS

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SHOES FOR MEN

*You'll be right in this Roblee "Windsor" with a lot of the new suitings they're showing. One of many new Roblees for Spring.*

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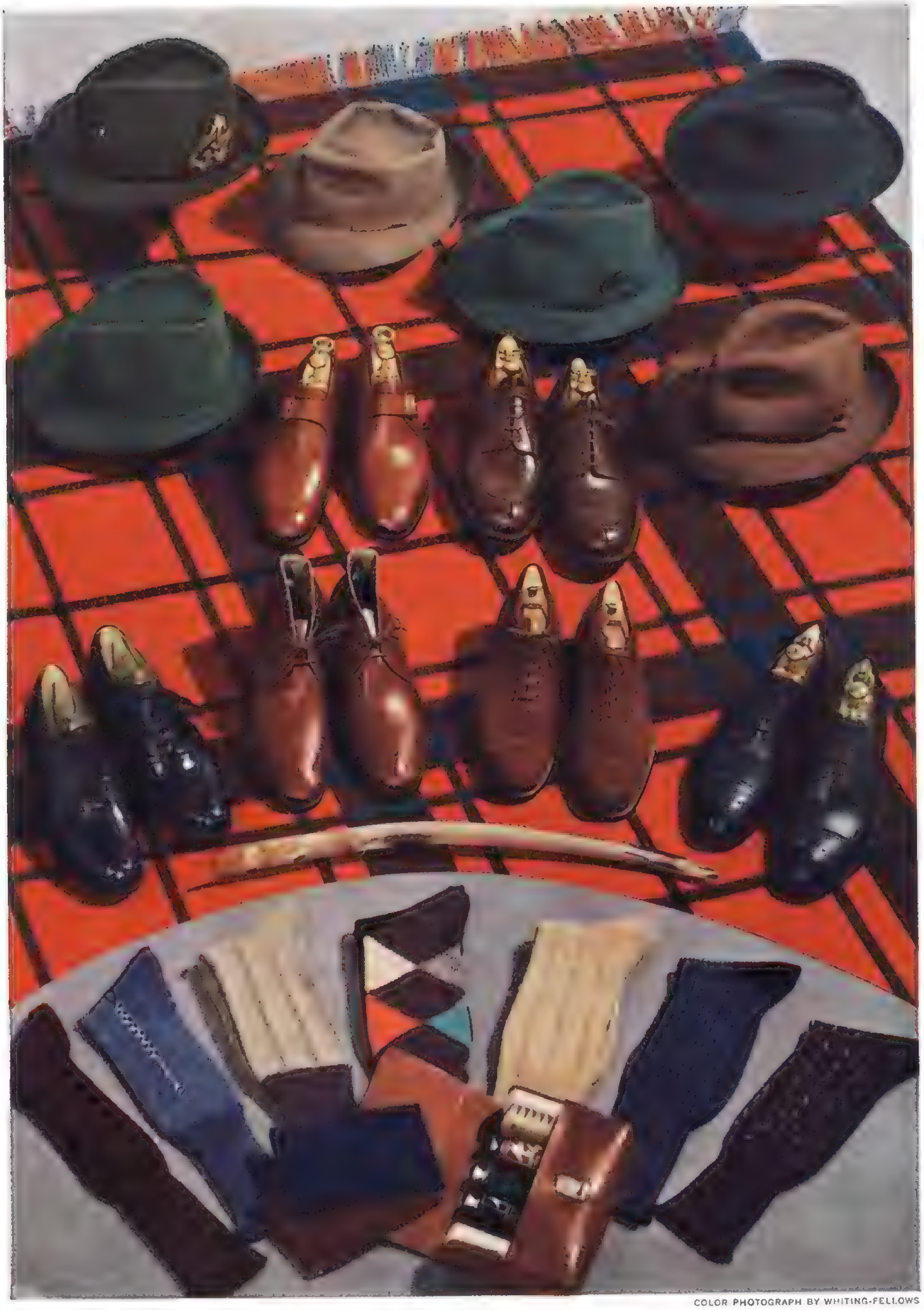
Get Roblee Shoes for Men where you see the new red-and-blue Roblee sign. Made by United Men's Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

*$5.00 to $6.50*

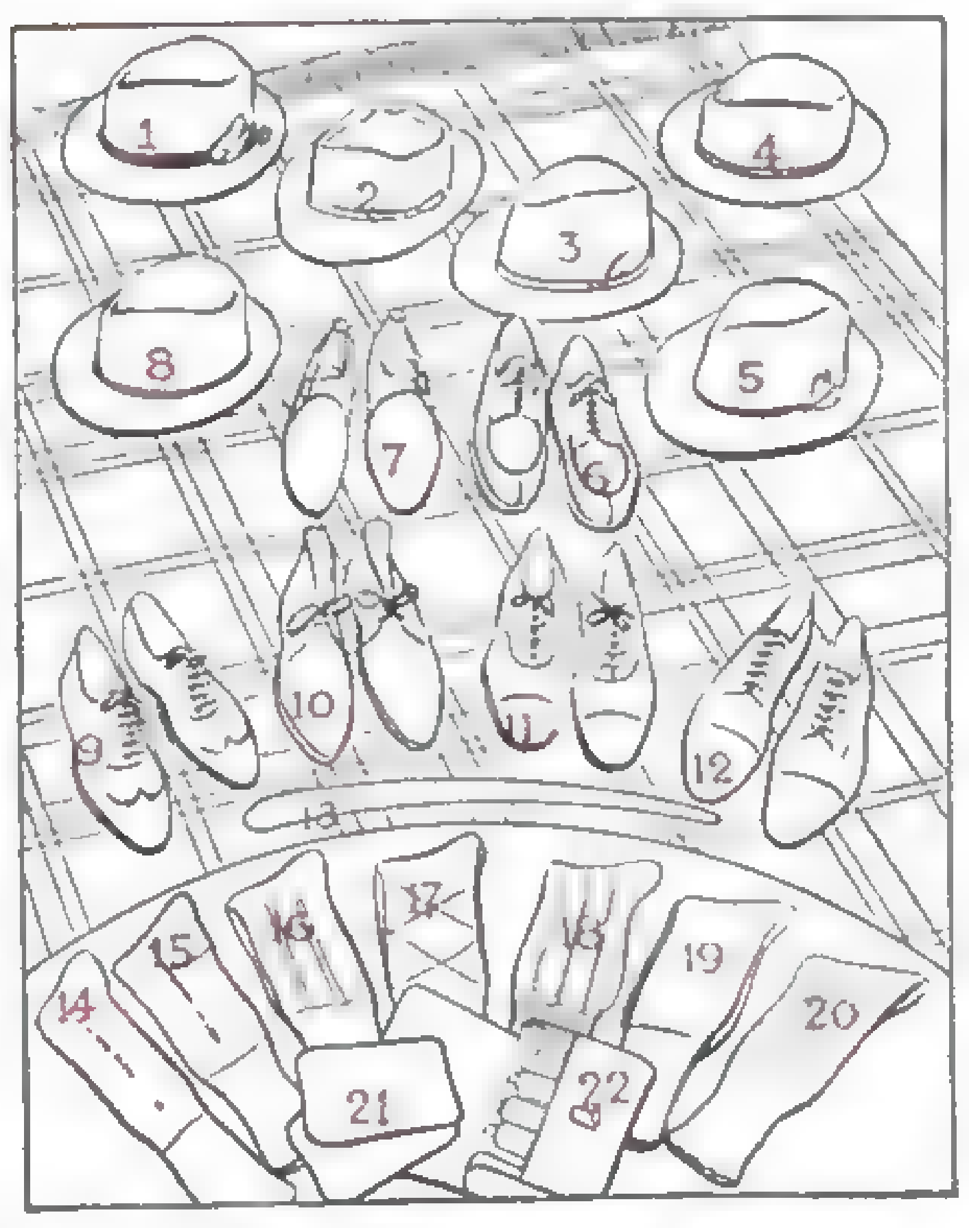


COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITING-FELLOWS

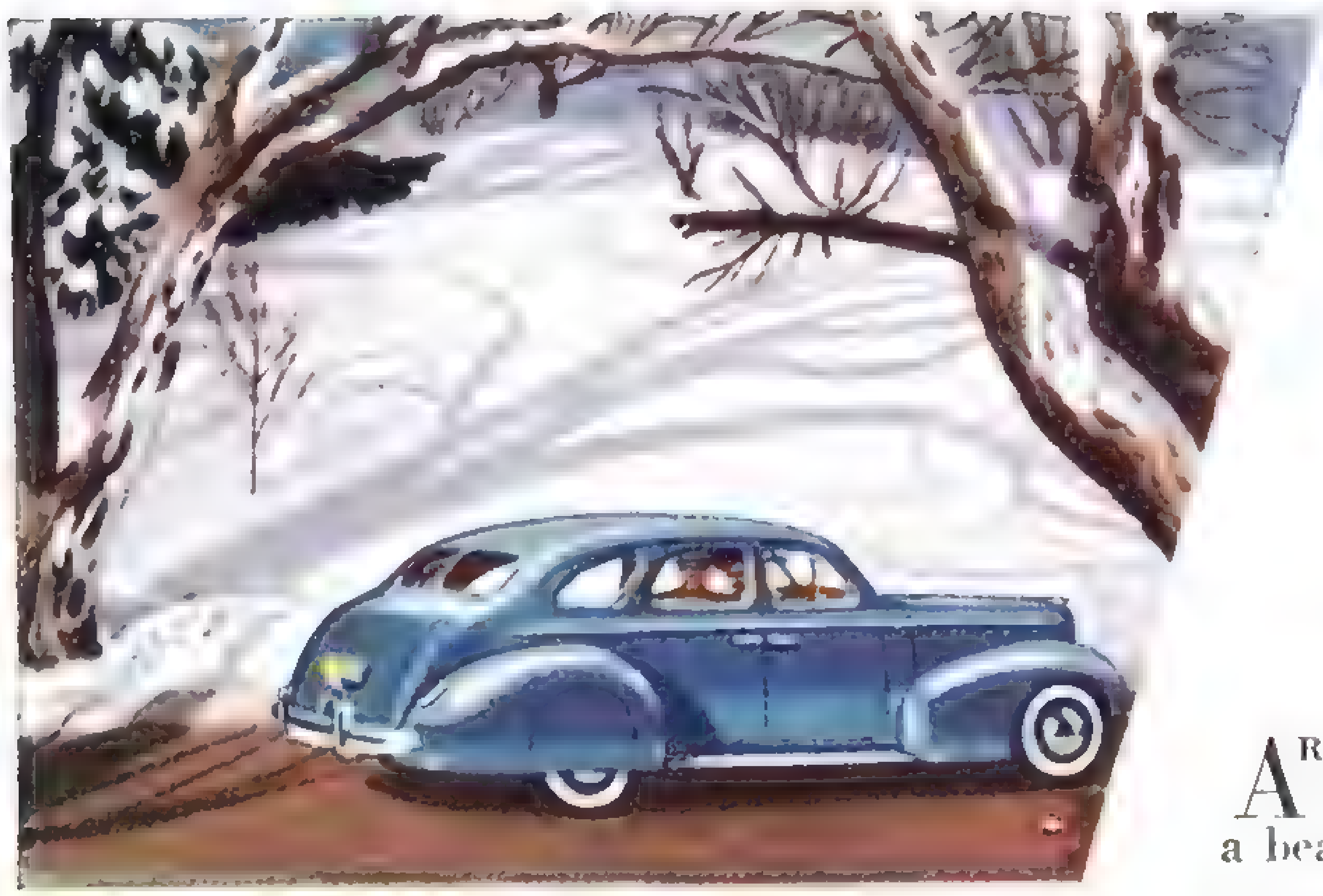
# *Head over heels in fashion*

EVERY once in a while we get systematic and break things down for you. Herewith a bird's-eye view of a smart selection of hats, shoes and hose for semi-sports wear this spring. All of these items are correct for informal wear in town and for spectator sports.

1—Brown semi-Alpine hat with colored cord band . . 2—Fawn color lightweight paddock hat . . 3—Semi-sports hat with tweed band . . 4—Lightweight Cavalier hat . . 5—Crotal color rough finish semi-sports hat . . 6—Norwegian brogue shoes . . 7—Lightweight calf monk front shoes . . 8—Velour finish semi-Tyrolean hat . . 9—Black wing tip shoes . . 10—Brown calf turf boots . . 11—Reverse calf quarter brogue shoes . . 12—Blucher shoe with perforated toe-cap . . 13—Natural horn shoehorn . . 14—American French lisle 6 x 3 rib clocked hose . . 15—Marl lisle clocked hose . . 16—Lisle-lined wool wide rib hose with constrasting toe and top . . 17—Wool Argyle plaid in a modern interpretation . . 18—Camel's hair wide rib hose . . 19—6 x 3 rib lisle-lined wool hose . . 20—Wool mixture hose . . 21 and 22—Shoe polishing kit for home or travel.



*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N.Y.)*



**IT'S SPRING** all winter long inside a Nash! New "Weather Eye"* makes exclusive Conditioned Air System *automatic!* Lets you ride without wraps . . . enjoy going places, even in zero weather. No drafts, no unsafe fogging, no dust.

**YOU "FLOAT"** silently down the highway with the Nash Automatic Fourth Speed Forward*... saves up to 20% on gas. Proved by millions of owner miles.

# EVERYTHING

## *But a Coat of Tan!*

ARE YOU getting weary of this endless winter? Does your heart skip a beat when someone says "spring"?

The symptoms call for immediate treatment. You need a ride in a new Nash . . . and you need it *now*. So —come on, let's go!

If you feel a little tingle at seeing this vivacious beauty waiting at your curb . . . if the long, low, rakish lines "do something" to you . . . wait. The real thrill is yet to come!

Don't bother with that overcoat. You'll find *Spring* inside a Nash . . . with everything but a coat of tan! Air as fresh and warm as you'd feel on a tropic beach. (And no matter if blizzards roll up—the Nash "Weather Eye"* will automatically foil them!)

Just let yourself go—but, *easy* at first! That engine up front may sing as softly as a spring zephyr, but it *feels* like a hundred Derby Winners pulling on the rein. (It's really terrific! New engine developments, exclusively Nash.)

Gears shift from your steering post* . . . brakes stop in a flash . . . there's an amazing Fourth Speed Forward* that adds a new set of wings.

There's no sway . . . no jiggle . . . no fight from wheel or road. There's no roar from beneath or whine of wind to tell you your speed.

It's the illusion of standing still, with the landscape sweeping silently past your window!

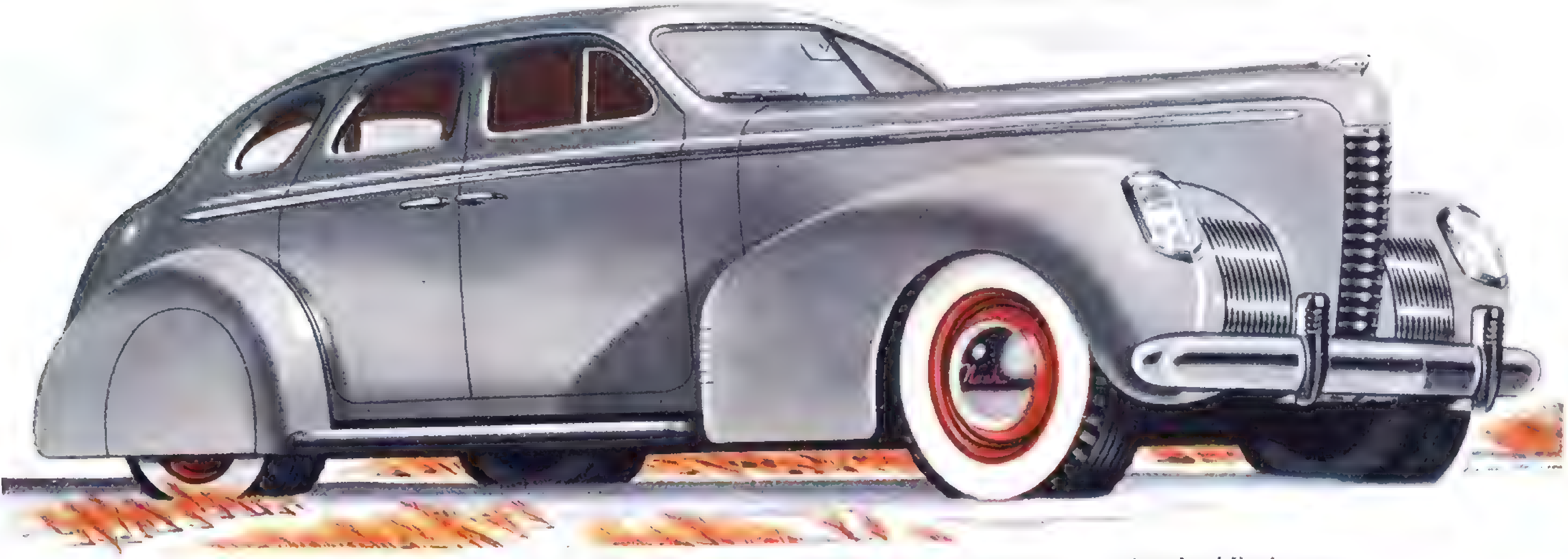
You've never seen anything like it. You've never felt anything like it. You've never known anything like it. After five miles, you won't be content 'til you say, "It's mine!"

For once in your life, prices are *lower* than you expect! *Ten models right next to the lowest* . . . that run on 10% less gas than even last year's car!

Why wait for Spring? Let's go today! 1800 Nash dealers from Maine to California offer you nation-wide service. NASH MOTORS DIVISION, Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Mich.

*Four Series of Great Cars, 22 Models . . . 10 Priced next to the lowest . . . Delivered at Factory, as low as $770. Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included.* **$770**

(**Optional Equipment—Slight Extra Charge*)



*Car illustrated . . . 4-Door Sedan, 117-inch wheelbase . . . $840 delivered at Factory . . . Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included . . . White Sidewall Tires and Rear Wheel-Shields are optional at Extra Cost.*

**UP AND OVER!** You *flash* up hills you once crawled up. On the flat, even lowest-priced models give you 15 to 50 MPH "pick-up" in 13 seconds, using *high gear*.

*It's that New* **NASH**

THE CAR EVERYBODY LIKES

# Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

*Continued from page 76*

on the Atlantic and on the Pacific, and what military co-ordination involves. It is a book crammed with information, and a first-rate example of the propaganda of enlightenment the author urges.

Personally, I have a bias for the playful and the skittish. I can take only so much of the heavy problem stuff, and then I want to play a game of squash or watch one of the crazier products of Hollywood.

Happens that here's a book with a great virtue: it combines the serious with the pleasant. It is Ladislas Farago's *Arabian Antic* (Sheridan House, $2.50). I don't want to bore the Farago fans, but it must be said, for the benefit of those who haven't met the adventurer-reporter, that he has already written *Europe at the Crossroads*, *Palestine at the Crossroads*, *England in Crisis*, and *Abyssinia on the Eve*. He swarms all over the magazines. The man knows the Near East as well as anyone, and he has a natural, brisk, down-to-earth style that renders reading practically painless.

*Arabian Antic* is the adventurous yarn of Farago's snooping expedition in and around Aden, on the southern tip of the Arabian peninsula. The main object was to discover what Italy has been up to since the copping of Ethiopia. Here again we have the Briffault thesis proved from still another angle. Farago is not anti-British—far from it, he admires British colonial policy, and if there must be imperialism, he seems to regard the British variety as the most adroit, and the least harmful to the natives. But the story of his findings is one long revelation that while the British ostrich has his head buried in the sand, the iron-shod Mussolini boot is preparing the kick that may send the solid British buttock flying clean out of Near East waters. In less fancy language, this means that while England sleeps the Italians are preparing by infiltration, propaganda, and fortification to cut the British life line to India from the Suez Canal to the lower end of the Red Sea, and to push the British out of Arabia, Egypt, and East Africa.

That's the meat of it, but it's all transmitted to you by means of day by day prowlings, excursions, and adventures. This man has compelled me to change my ideas about the lands I intend to visit when I go off on that long-overplanned trip I am going to make. Aden is definitely on the map for me. Farago has also sold Yemen to me. Exerting every pressure and wile at his command, our reporter was unable to get to the mysterious Yahya, Iman of Yemen. What a ruler, what a country! I'd like to pass on the story of how Yahya cracked down on the poor Englishman's tennis game and his devil-box phonograph, and a dozen others, but you'd better get the book.

I hate to say this—the story is too good, almost, to be credible. Ladislas always manages to be on the spot when something extra-provocative happens. He goes out in a dhow to an uninhabited islet in the Red Sea, and what should happen while he and his man Friday are scrambling about on the rocks but that an Italian submarine heaves into sight, sending some fascists ashore to take soundings and bearings. Aha, the Italians are getting ready to do England in, comes the War of the Big Reshuffle! Farago sidetrips to Tajura, land of Danakils, a tiny semi-independent state on the coast between French Somaliland and Italian Eritrea. He arrives, *by chance*, the day before the infamous Market of Eunuchs. The natives engage in a frenetic dance, while Farago cowers in his hut, prisoner of the Sultan, fearing every minute that the natives will bust down the door and castrate him. A Danakil has to have three castrations to his credit before he is permitted to claim a bride—and for this purpose, one white man counts for three Danakils.

Anyway you look at it, a book not to be put down once started, and I give it to you despite the publishers' sales talk that Farago is triple-threat, combining "the best features of Duranty, Sheean, and Farson."

Hendrik Willem van Loon is another man whose pillow is haunted by the grisly specter of fascism. Having the gift of words, he dashed off a small volume about it, *Our Battle* (Simon & Schuster, $1). The title takes off Hitler's famous opus, and Dr. van Loon reviews the Fuehrer's program, shows what he has achieved and what remains to be done, and what it means and will mean to us. A neat little book, stimulating, and excellently gabby.

What you might call the same idea from a different point of view appears in another dollar book, published by Vanguard—*An Economic Program for American Democracy*, by seven economists of Harvard and Tufts. It resulted from a series of discussions in which they shaped up a program. Basically, it is their idea that the New Deal must be pushed still more strenuously; that the only hope for any sort of recovery is an expanded program of government spending. If you're a Roosevelt-hater, don't scoff, or at least spare

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It takes three times longer to make a hat by the LEE WATER-BLOC process than by ordinary methods. It is a patented process which makes felt hats rollable and foldable.

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us until you've given the lads a hearing. There's no ballyhooing or spellbinding in all the ninety-one pages.

To me this Economic Program is one of the sanest things to come from a so-called science whose main business, both in and out of the universities, is still the do-nothing justification of the status quo.

Thirteen correspondents of the *New York Times* are brought together in *We Saw It Happen*, "The News behind the News that's fit to print" (Simon & Schuster, $3). Arthur Krock tells about the Washington coverage since the New Deal took over. G. E. R. Gedye hits the high spots of his Vienna beat since March, 1938, when the Nazis marched in. F. Raymond Daniell's chapter, *The Land of the Free*, contributes a number of reportorial anecdotes to prove that insanity, delirium, violence and unfreedom are not a monopoly of Europe. We have a bumper crop here at home, among the Huey Longs, Townsends, economic royalists, Coughlins, the prosecutors of the Scottsboro case, the masters of the semi-slave sharecroppers. *Graustark*, a chapter which see-saws between Frank Nugent, New York movie editor, and Douglas Churchill, *Times* Hollywood man, says some interesting things about the screwy American capital, or the capital of American screwiness, but isn't brave enough to name all the names. Why can't Louella Parsons be adequately treated by the great and wealthy *Times*, No. 1 American newspaper?

Elliott Bell, the Wall Street veteran, deals with the money changers in the temple. London correspondent Ferdinand Kuhn's *Britain—A Story of Old Age*, bears out the charges of Briffault and Farago. Russell Owen, who has trailed Byrd and the other explorers, gives some inside stuff on exploration, plus new dope on the Scopes and Massie trials. Sports Editor Kieran, now a national figure as a result of his sterling performances on the *Information Please* radio program, Hugh Byas on Japan, William Conklin on New York politics, Brooks Atkinson on the theatre, and Louis Stark reviewing the Sacco-Vanzetti case (excellent job) complete the offerings.

"The News behind the News" is hardly a true phrase. This stuff is news of the first category. Working reporters can only come clean after they have finally punched out on the time clock. While they are still on the job they have to play dead on a lot of things. No matter—the book doesn't have a single dull moment.

Another newspaperman's book is Valentine Williams' *Man of Action* (Houghton, Mifflin). You may know Williams as an author of mystery and spy thrillers. He made several killings in that field after quitting his newspaper chores. This biography shows that the man has been around. Enough happened to Valentine Williams to occupy the lives of half a dozen normal men. Extroverted, not profound but full of incident, this book will please the Negley Farson-minded.

Months ago I became excited in these columns over a book by David Loth, *Public Plunder* (Carrick and Evans), the history of graft in America from Jamestown to the latest WPA scandal. Although no chicken, I was horrified in our Revolution.

"Washington found his soldiers being used to work the farms of their officers instead of preparing to fight."

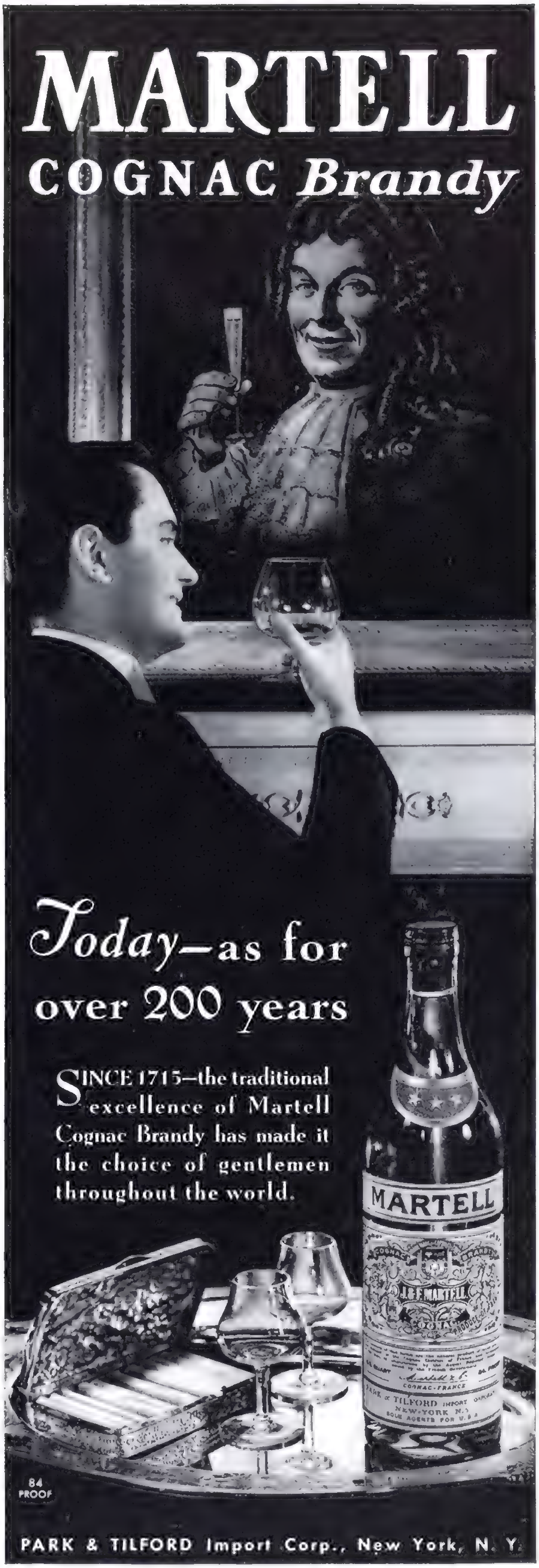
The General cried out: "Such a dearth of public spirit, such stock jobbing and fertility in all the low arts to obtain advantages of one kind or another, I never saw before, and pray God I may never be witness to again. I tremble at the prospect. Such a dirty, mercenary spirit pervades the whole, that I should not be at all surprised at any disaster that may happen."

Officers drew more provisions and pay than they had men in their companies (in the Civil War likewise there were dummy names on the company rolls, and officers drew subsistence and travel money for men that didn't exist). Powder, munitions, guns, were stolen and resold. Probably the low point of the Revolution was reached at Valley Forge. Now, until I read Loth's book, my impression of Valley Forge was still that which I gained in grade school. Our patriotic forefathers had had one hell of a time, half-starved and half-naked in the cold weather. But Washington kneeled in the snow and prayed. He had faith in God, and his men in him, and our country was saved.

That is certainly an over-simplification. That is the stereotyped patriots' story. As usual, the reality is far more interesting and far more complimentary than the D. A. R. version, just as the real George Washington turns out to have been a far manlier man than the sainted figure of the super-patriots' legend. Loth tells how the suppliers of food and clothing to the army were responsible for much of the starvation and privation.

And now along comes a book which recreates the whole story of this critical period—*Valley Forge*,

*Continued on page 143*



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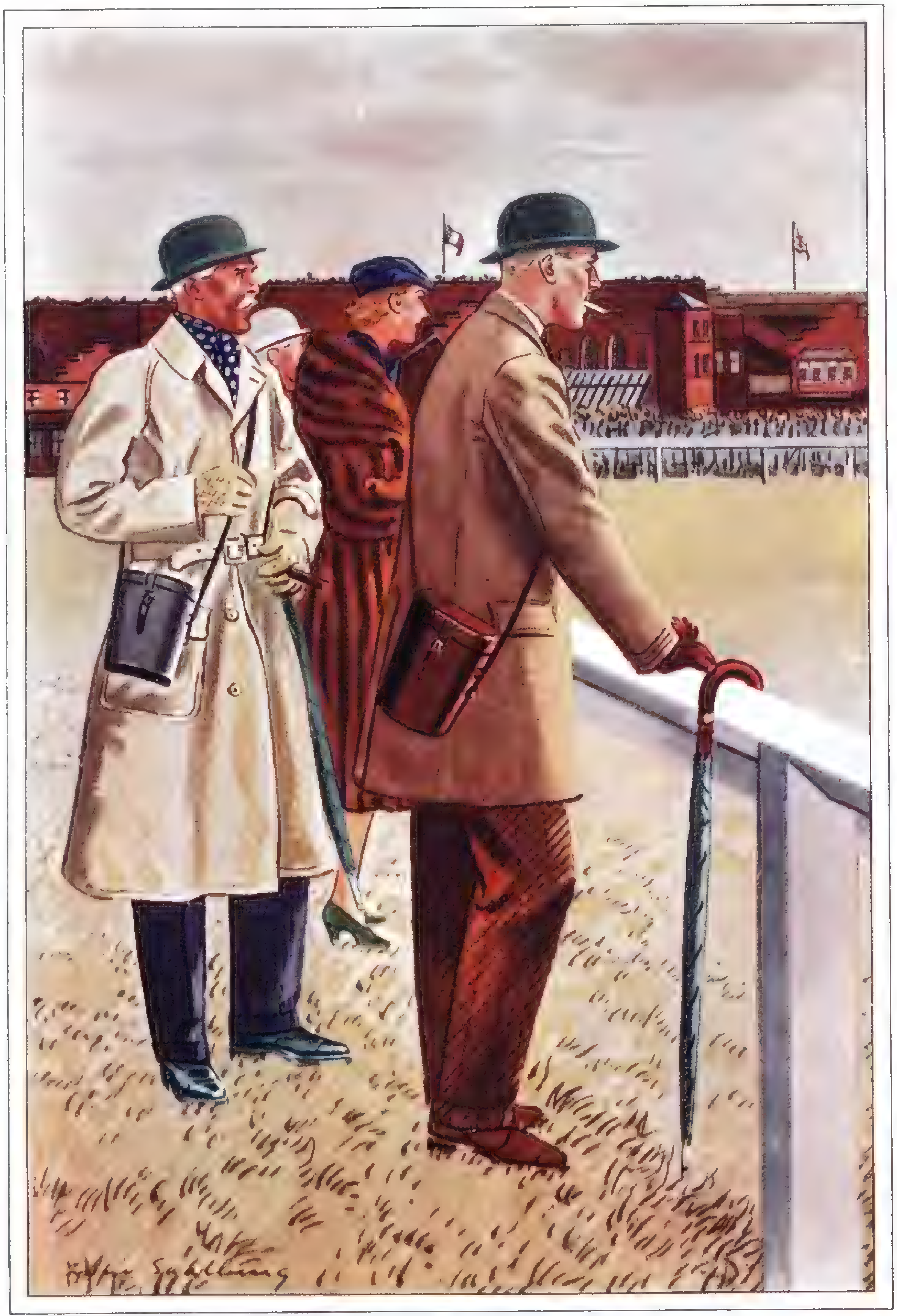


PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE AT AINTREE, ENGLAND, BY LESLIE SAALBURG

# WHERE YOUR SWEEPSTAKES HOPES TAKE A RIDE

YES, sir, this is where your money goes—the Grand National at Aintree where they run off the famous Irish Sweepstakes. We'll let you pause for one long lingering look, before gently wafting you back to reality by special permission of the fashion staff. At the left is the hunting style raincoat, originally worn in the saddle and still retaining its horsy characteristics. Its details include raglan shoulders, military collar, fly front, flare skirt, and long inverted pleat in back. It is worn with a striped blue flannel suit, black semi-brogue shoes, rough finish bowler, foulard scarf, and string gloves. The other man wears the fashionable fingertip length racing coat of covert cloth, offering adequate protection against wind and showers and maximum comfort of stride. The suit is a brown diagonal cheviot tweed with red overplaid, worn with cream colored shirt, polka dot tie, bowler hat, and reverse calf turf boots.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

## Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

*Continued from pages 76-141*

by Harry Emerson Wildes (Macmillan, $3.50).

Mr. Wildes begins by saying that "the Revolution was won at Valley Forge. A defeated, dispirited, and tattered army came here hungry, cold, and broken; Washington led away the same men, drilled and disciplined into a confident army, in pride to victory."

That was some achievement. As you read the tale you will want to take off your hat to those old-timers. And when, on February 22, some pot-bellied politician or professional patriot, turned orator, tries to add an inch to his own stature or an edge to his own selfish axe by borrowing from the grand old General, I hope you have the courage to splatter him with a derisive razzberry.

Patriotism and the New York World's Fair are all mixed up in *Pageant of the States*, by Drs. Ernest Sutherland Bates and Herman Schiff (Random House, $2). It's an oversize book with 48 swell maps in full color, showing the natural resources, high spots of history, and so on, of each state, with a little text and something sweet to say of every state. Good agreeable stuff for the children.

There are a couple of books here about slaughter. Archibald MacLeish's *Air Raid, a Verse Play for Radio* (Harcourt, Brace, $0.75) is a poetic thriller in what may be a new literary form, which the author first exploited in *The Fall of the City*. A remarkably effective job.

Georges Bernanos, French Catholic novelist, has produced a book of bitter comment (*A Diary of My Times*, Macmillan, $2.50) based on the Spanish civil war and on the terrible things he saw in Majorca when the fascists took over. He is a queer Continental mixture of monarchist, loyal Frenchman, and mystic. He likes absolutes and avoids realistic interpretation of the causes behind the world-shaking European struggle.

But in this book he makes one great contribution. He is a fervent Catholic, yet his chief message here is condemnation of the Catholic hierarchy for its pro-Franco policy. It must have hurt him deeply to come to this conclusion. Here is a book of terrible sincerity. It was written not by Bernanos the writer, but by a man forced by a burning inner compulsion to tell of the things he saw, to cry out his torturing conviction that the world is damned, to strike out at all those who have a part in sending it to hell.

*Primer of Figure Skating*, by Maribel Vinson (Whittlesey House, $2.75). Too bad I couldn't get this in before the ice melted away. As well-organized and practical a handbook, both for beginner and advanced student, as Murray's book on dancing. Illustrations, diagrams. Figure skating is one of the pastimes that, I feel, is in for a renaissance.

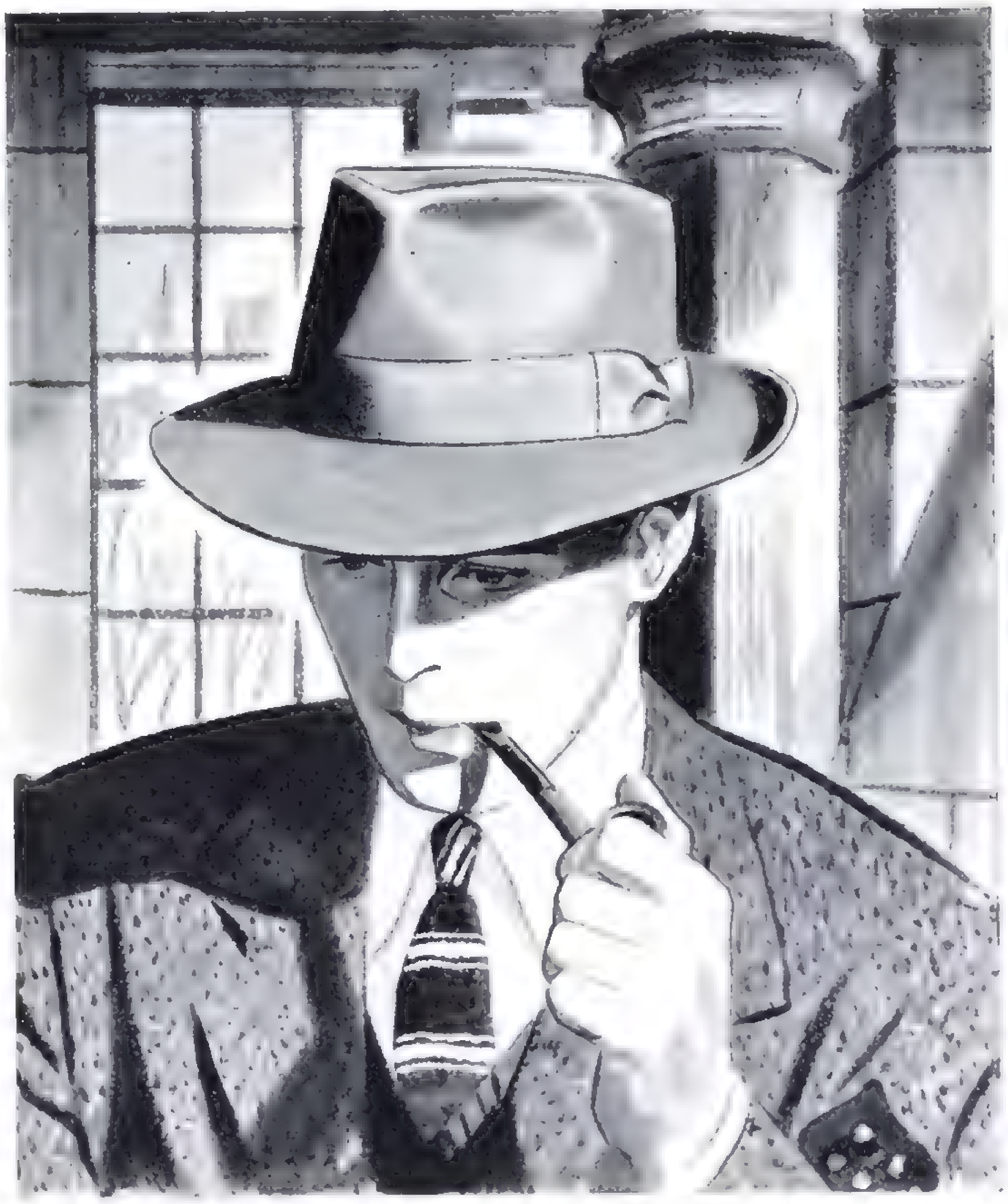
*Wildfowling with a Camera*, by Lorene Squire (Lippincott, $7.50), a beautiful book for the out-of-doors man or woman, with all the news about teal, spoonbills, mallards, snow geese and blue geese, plover, cranes, woodcock, mudhens, and others. Excellent as is the text, it provides only a background for the one hundred full-page illustrations from the author's photographs—and they are as exquisite as any photographs I've seen.

When I was a poor skinny lad of fourteen, delivering pony-coats to fat dowagers and reading Joseph Conrad in my free time, I went to a lecture given by John Cowper Powys. It was in the famous Little Theater of 99 seats in the Chicago Fine Arts Building, and when I got there I found out that Powys cost $1.50 to hear. That was exactly one-third of my week's pay, and I forked over, being afraid to run. I never invested a dollar and a half more poorly. Powys, an unhealthy-looking cadaver of a man, spent a lot of time berating the blood-and-muscle school of fiction—Rex Beach and Jack London—and even to a runt of fourteen in awe of literature and literary lecturers this seemed like a damn bad piece of taste coming from a semi-cadaver. After almost thirty years I still carry a prejudice against Powys which gets in my way when I try to judge his latest production, *The Enjoyment of Literature: Adventures among the Masterpieces from Homer to Hardy* (Simon & Schuster, $3.75). All I can say is that I still find him too literary and intellectual, his judgments personal and detached from the common run. Ford Madox Ford's similar volume was downer-to-earth.

*Mount Venus*, by Mary Manning (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50), concerns the disheveled, chaotic household of a family of Irish revolutionaries—their badly managed private lives, their fantastic, disordered courage, their romanticism. The background—sometimes the foreground—of their personal affairs is the wresting of the leadership of the Irish Revolution from the romantic Nationalists of the poet's Ireland by the advocates of a modern class-conscious movement. Shrewd, witty, occasionally moving.

*Music in My Own Time, and Other Reminiscences*, by Daniel Gregory Mason (Macmillan, $5). The life of an American composer, with interesting sidelights of the music world and anecdotes of such as Paderewski, Gabrilowitsch, MacDowell, Grainger, Ravel, Hofmann, Stock, Koussevitzky, Bruno Walter. Author does not pull many punches. Stokowski emerges as spoiled, pampered, self-centered. Stransky, according to Mason, held down the Philharmonic job not so much on sheer ability as because he was "firmly entrenched

*Continued at top of page 144*



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## Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

*Continued from pages 76-141-143*

with the women directors." Don't let me give you the impression, however, that the book is an exposé job.

*To the Market Place*, by Barry Fleming (Harcourt, Brace, $2.75), a story of the impact of New York on the artistic temperament of a novelist, a painter, a young woman mildly upset by unrequited love, and several other characters who go to the market place but not to stay. On the wordy and diffuse side, it's still a thoughtful tale and says plenty to those who consider New York the heaven to which all good artists go.

*Back Where I Came From*, by A. J. Liebling (Sheridan House, $2.50) is the book of a man who was born in the market place and likes it. You can have your Dixie, your Great Plains, your rural America; Liebling will take Grant's Tomb any day, thank you.

In the quiet, devastating style so dear to the *New Yorker* magazine, whose pages he has often adorned, our author gives us N. Y. in anecdote, character sketch, and wisecrack. He likes to exploit the guy who makes his living in unordinary ways, the New Yorker of slightly shady occupation. There's the fellow who does miracles with the cut and bruised faces of pugs between rounds; the gent who goes around closing, buying, and selling night clubs; the promoter who sells freak acts to county fairs; and the assorted sellers of yeast, leeches, rabbits, eels, and jumping beans. The story of Heinrich Heine, the musical fish that played *Annie Laurie* on the bells that hung from the fisherman's lines, is a nifty.

*Puzzle for Players*, by Patrick Quentin (Simon & Schuster, $2) is the only detective puzzler the publishers have seen fit to send this department, which loves them. It's fast moving, with a jinxed theatre and a troupe of neurotic actors just out of the sanatorium, and the "detective" is the psychiatrist who has the crazy lot under his wing. He has also put up the money for the show they're producing. Two murders and an attempted third is the score, and you'll never guess. #

## The River of Whales

*Continued from page 86*

the ebb, and then the whole lot of them slammed at the net, driving for all they were worth.

The rifle bullets failed to stop them. They hit the cables so hard that three were killed outright, and turned over on their sides. One, dazed by the impact, zoomed in a circle like a motorboat out of control, and finally ran aground at our feet, where one of the crew shot it. Winchesters were banging all about us, and Belugas were lobtailing frantically from one strip of beach to the other. I suppose there never was a sight to equal it since the beginning of things.

At low water we found we had taken thirteen whales. Gunderson was so excited and jubilant he could scarcely control himself. He came striding over to me, yellow hair and beard blowing in the river wind, and slapped me between the shoulders with a full-arm sweep of his great right hand.

"It works," he bellowed. "By Neptune and Davy Jones and Mother Carey and her chickens, it works. Did anybody ever think of a more beautiful scheme?"

All the rest of this day, and all night, and all the next day we kept the trying fires burning. When the last chunk of blubber was reduced to oil and the thirteen hides had been fleshed and salted, we dropped the net again. This time we trapped nineteen whales, and again there was a wild scene of activity on the river bank as the crew poured a hail of soft-nosed bullets into the milling Belugas, and once more the trying fires burned day and night until the oil was in barrels and the hides were salted.

Then, in the early dawn of the following day, we had visitors. Gunderson and I were awakened by the thudding of a drum, and went outside our tent to see a fleet of eight Aleut war canoes break out of a low-hanging fog bank downstream. In the bow of the foremost umiak sat an ancient native with a painted drum between his knees. He was beating the drum with his knuckles, producing a slow, rhythmic tum-tum, tum-tum, tum-tum that echoed somberly along the mist-hung cliffs

"I've got a hunch that this means trouble," I said.

"Bosh. What could a handful of fish-eating savages do to make trouble for us?" Gunderson snorted. "If they even look like they want to start something, I'll give them a scare they'll never forget."

"How?"

Gunderson showed his teeth in a wicked grin. "Rifles, and dynamite with short fuses. The medicine we used to use on the fuzzy-headed black boys down in the Islands. It's a treatment that always works."

The Aleuts had landed now and were standing in a huddle on the beach. Each of them carried an ivory-headed harpoon and a short, powerful-looking bow. Our men were pouring out of the bunk tent, stuffing cartridges into their Winchesters. None of them had had time to dress.

Gunderson snatched up his carbine and stalked down to meet the savages. Naked to the waist, with the faint sunlight making spun gold of his long yellow hair, he looked like an old-time Viking.

"Well, what do you want here?" he growled, halting before the withered ancient who had sat in the bow of the leading canoe.

"I have come to tell you that you must not kill any more Beluga whales," the old man said quietly.

He must have been around white men a good deal, for he did a good job of handling the language. And he looked Gunderson straight in the eye as he spoke. It struck me that here was a savage who had plenty of power among his people; that he was accustomed to giving orders and having them obeyed.

"And who in Hell are you?" Gunderson grated.

The old man drew himself up, thrusting his skinny shoulders back proudly. "I am Komakiuk, shaman of all the Nushivak Aleuts."

"All right. Now listen, and get me straight the first time. We've dealt with witch doctors from Kamchatka to Borneo, and we've never been bluffed by one yet. I suppose you want us to pay you for the Belugas we kill. Well, you're out of luck—we won't do it. My advice to you is to shove off while the going is good. Is that clear?"

"The white whales are sacred to my people," the shaman replied in a gentle, patient voice, as though explaining something to a stubborn child. "You must not kill any more of them. If you do, you will have much trouble."

"Yeah? What kind of trouble?"

The old shaman smiled, a rather horrible smile that showed his broken teeth and brought into sharp emphasis the myriad wrinkles criss-crossing his lean face. "Death!" he said softly.

He turned then and went back down the beach, with his men following behind him. They launched their canoes and paddled out into the stream. In a moment they were lost in the rolling mist.

Gunderson growled something deep in his throat and went back into the bunk tent.

The crew thought the affair was a great joke, and laughed about it all the rest of the day. They imitated the shaman's voice, calling to one another across the trying shed: "The white whales are sacred to my people. You must not kill any more of them. If you do, you will have much trouble."

But somehow I couldn't share their humor. In the shaman's eyes there had been a look I didn't like. That night I dreamt about him, a terrible dream in which a horde of yelling Aleuts pursued me over endless snowy mountain ranges, throwing harpoons and shooting slate-headed arrows. Always at the forefront of the savages I saw Komakiuk, beating his painted drum.

Next morning, when I opened my eyes and sat up, the first sound I heard above Gunderson's hearty snores, was the drum. I shook my head, wondering if I was still asleep and dreaming. But no, there it was, coming down the wind like a great heart-beat—tum-tum, tum-tum, tum-tum. The cliffs caught the sound and tossed it back and forth, and the eddying river wind caused it to swell suddenly and then die away to a whisper and then become loud again.

I roused Gunderson, and the two of us went outside. The shaman was across the river, sitting on the topmost crag of the cliff, with the drum resting on his knees. As we watched, he stood up, facing the sea, and began chanting in a high, shrill voice. Precisely at this moment the first rays of the sun touched him; seemed to cling to him, and to envelop him in a sort of golden haze.

The uncanny illusion lasted for perhaps thirty seconds, then the sun became visible through a deep gap in the crest, flooding the canyon with steady, unstained light. At once the shaman became again the stooped, rather pitiful figure of an old, old man silhouetted against the morning sky.

"The tide has turned," Gunderson said abruptly.

We went over to the donkey engine. The engineer started to slack off the main drum. The lower meshes of the net had touched the water when one of the crew let out a startled yell.

"Here comes the grandfather of all whales!"

We jerked around, and saw a vast slate-blue shape moving up the channel. It was the largest whale I had laid eyes on. We stood motionless, awe-stricken, as the great creature passed under the net and moved leisurely upstream. It seemed to fill half the river.

The shaman was still pounding his drum, but with a new tempo. The beat was faster, and somehow it sounded exultant—a long tattoo that rolled with an ever increasing volume between the sounding board of the cliffs.

Gunderson hadn't taken his gaze off the whale. "A sulphur-bottom," he said, as though he couldn't believe what he was seeing. "A blasted sulphur-bottom, up here in this creek."

"Shall I drop the net?" the engineer asked.

"What do you think?" Gunderson said, turning to me.

I shrugged. "The big whale would be worth a lot of money if we could kill him. But if anything

Continued on page 146

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## The River of Whales

*Continued from pages 86-145*

went wrong, he'd make a mess of our gear."

"Let's take a chance," Gunderson said.

"Suits me," I replied.

At Gunderson's signal the engineer lowered the net, and the crew made it fast to "dead men" we had buried in the bank. Then we sat down beside the donkey and waited. Every eye was turned upstream. The men's faces were tense, strained.

"He's coming," Gunderson said quietly when ten or fifteen minutes had passed.

The sulphur-bottom boomed down the channel with a rush that sent waves curling up the beach. Behind him and on either side of him were the little Belugas. In comparison with the sulphur-bottom's great bulk they looked like mere sardines. The rifles were talking now. Through the din I could hear the wicked *chunk* of the soft-noses striking home. Gunderson held a killing lance poised for the cast. In his eagerness he had waded knee-deep into the river.

Somebody said, "We can't stop him," and then the monster hit the net. There was a screech of tortured rigging as the cables jerked taut as fiddle strings. Gunderson threw the lance, a mighty cast. The weapon arched across thirty feet of muddy water and sank into the whale's side. Then the net parted in the center. The great whale had gone through it as easily as though it had been made of packing twine.

We stood looking at each other. The long tattoo of the shaman's drum still made soft thunder between the cliffs.

"Well, he licked us," Gunderson said. "And now we've got a repair job on our hands. Get the net in, you swabs, and break out the marlin spikes."

"Has it occurred to you," I ventured, "that this may have been what Komakiuk had in mind when he warned us to stop killing Belugas?"

Gunderson whirled on me, his face dark with wrath. "Don't be childish. There's no more connection between that drum-beating witch doctor and the sulphur-bottom than there is between me and the Queen of Sheba."

"I hope you're right," I said.

We spent two days splicing the net. At flood tide on the third day we were ready for the Belugas again. The sulphur-bottom had not appeared in the meantime, nor had the shaman serenaded us with his drum.

But now, as we stood on the bank watching the gleaming Belugas arrow upstream, the slow beat rose again from the cliff across the river.

I knew what was going to happen. And so, I think, did Gunderson. At any rate, he turned at the first roll of the drum and looked downriver. The sulphur-bottom had just rounded the bend below our camp. He was poking along at three or four knots an hour, following the Belugas up the center of the channel.

I wasn't superstitious. That is, I did not actually believe that a savage witch doctor could call a whale in from the open ocean. But still, the sulphur-bottom's presence was hard to explain. He had no business here. And the fact that he came upstream only when the shaman pounded his drum from the cliff-top made the matter still stranger. Suddenly I felt cold, and a little afraid.

"We've got to kill him," Gunderson shouted. "If we had the schooner, it would be easy. We could tackle him out in the bay, and polish him off without a hitch. But up here in this narrow channel, with no proper equipment—"

"If there was just some way we could set the net so it would give when he hit it," I said.

"Why not? We can make a sort of purse seine of it. Let him take the net downstream, and brake him gradually with the donkey. It might work. By heaven, it must."

Gunderson began bellowing orders. Two men launched a boat and took a heavy line across the stream. They spliced this line to the farther end of the net, then they stranded the length of line that fastened the net to the cliff. Meanwhile, Gunderson and I had wound the slack of the first line on the auxiliary drum of the donkey.

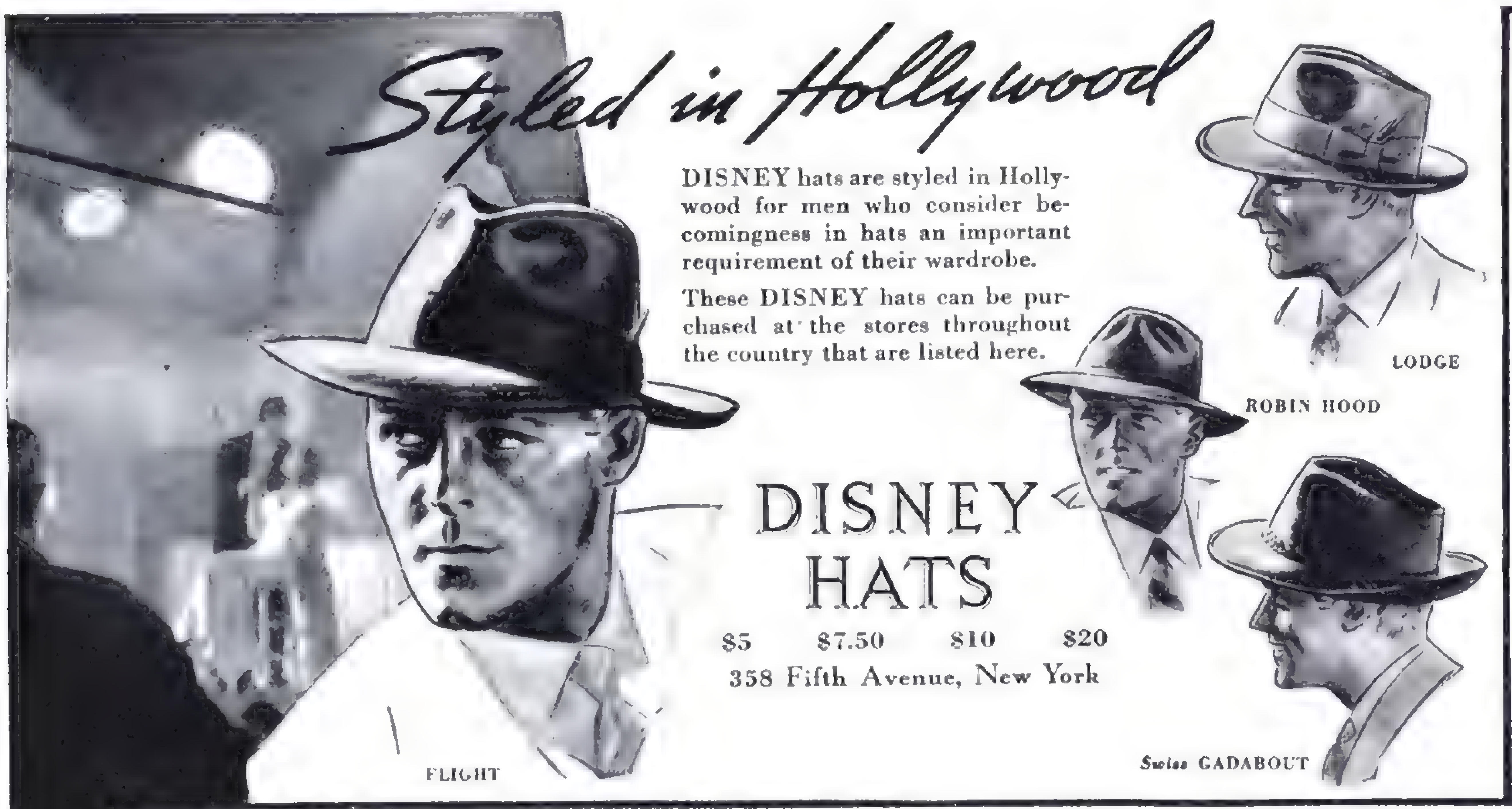
"When he hits, the stranded line will break," Gunderson told the engineer. "He'll be all yours then. Let him run fifty or sixty feet, then brake him down."

The engineer opened the firebox door and stuffed in slabs of Beluga blubber. A cloud of greasy smoke, shot through with flame, roared from the stubby stack. As the needle of the pressure gauge began to climb, the engineer took a wrench from his hip pocket and screwed the safety valve down as tight as it would go.

"I'm gonna tell my grandchildren about this," he grinned. "And if they don't believe it, I won't give 'em any sugar on their mush for a month."

The sound of the shaman's drum swelled louder and louder, a booming crescendo, savage and imperative, full of menace. Gunderson's face set in hard lines. Planting both feet, he raised his rifle.

"I'm going to stop that bloody



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drum. It's rasping my nerves."

His finger was tightening on the trigger when one of the men said, "Here they come."

Gunderson lowered the rifle with a grunt and faced upstream. Behind the little pod of Belugas came the sulphur-bottom, swimming with half his back out of water. He looked like a submarine.

The engineer stood on the running board of the donkey, one hand on the throttle and the other clutching the friction brake. Flame and smoke billowed in clouds from the stack. I saw that the needle of the pressure gauge was hard over against the peg. Steam had begun to leak from every pipe. The boiler made an odd rumbling sound.

"Get set," Gunderson snapped.

The sulphur-bottom hit the net with a smash, and the lines lifted and then started to run out as the engineer eased the friction.

For a moment nothing else happened. The big whale had submerged, taking the net with him. There was only the rasp of the cables dragging over the rocky beach.

"Snub him," Gunderson said.

The engineer threw the friction lever over and put the weight of his arm on it. Feeling the sudden resistance, the sulphur-bottom came to the surface, lashing his immense flukes as the steel meshes closed about him. An occasional silvery gleam showed that the herd of Belugas also had been caught.

"All right. Yard him in," Gunderson ordered.

And turning to me, with his teeth bared in a wicked grin, "Here's where we show that damned shaman something."

The donkey's exhaust sounded like a fusillade of gunfire. I heard the engineer give an exclamation of dismay as the gears began to howl under the strain, and turned to see him gazing blankly at the throttle, which had fallen at his feet.

Somehow it had slipped off the rod which turned the header valve. Probably nobody had ever before opened it as far as it would go. Or maybe the set screw had broken. At any rate, it had come off, and the donkey was running wild.

The next few moments were nightmarish. It was a mad, impossible scene—the men running along the beach, firing their rifles as fast as they could chamber cartridges and line their sights on the whale—Gunderson roaring like a bull, his warlock hair streaming in the breeze, a lily iron grasped in his right hand—the sulphur-bottom and the Belugas lashing the river to a froth as they fought the remorseless pull of the donkey.

It was steam against giant sinews, and steam was the stronger. In a moment the whales were being dragged out onto the beach. I heard Gunderson shout, "Shut off the engine," and then I saw him sink the lily iron behind the whale's starboard pectoral fin.

I saw one of the crew, a black Dane named Olsen, step in and empty his Winchester into the whale's head. And I saw the whale roll over and smash that man to a pulp.

Still the donkey roared; it dragged the meshed whales up the beach and out across the open space in which our tents and trying shed stood. The engineer had climbed upon one of the cylinders and was striving to close the header valve by hand. But he didn't have a chance. The donkey was shaking so wildly that he lost his balance and was thrown forward against the hot pipes. Fear stared from his grease-smudged face. Agony too, for his hands must have been burned to the bone.

The sulphur-bottom was less than twenty feet from the donkey now.

Abruptly he stood on his nose, so that his flukes towered above us like the top of a tree. Blood gushed from his blowhole, and I heard him give a deep, bubbly groan.

His vast body toppled, curving in an arc as he brought his tail down. Men screamed, and started to run. I caught a glimpse of the engineer, staring at the death hovering over him.

Then the mighty flukes swept down and tore the donkey's boiler from its base. In a second, scalding steam and water enveloped us. I was running toward the river, with my hands over my mouth and eyes.

Something tripped me, something wet and cold and alive. It was a Beluga that had worked free of the net. I tried to leap clear of the whale, but a flick of its tail caught me and sent me spinning through the air. I landed on my back in a heap of boulders at the water's edge. I knew that my left arm was broken, and my chest felt caved in. The salt taste of blood was in my mouth.

The last thing I heard before losing consciousness was the slow, measured tum-tum, tum-tum, tum-tum of the shaman's drum.

When I opened my eyes I was lying in the bottom of a dory. The cook was in the stern, holding the tiller. He told me we two were the only survivors. Gunderson had gone down under the big whale's flailing flukes. The engineer had been scalded to death beneath his boiler. Five members of the crew had died when the sulphur-bottom rolled through the trying shed. The cook didn't know what had happened to the others.

"That skinny old witch doctor did it," the cook said hoarsely. "Him and his painted drum. It was black magic he turned loose on us."

Four days later we reached Nushivak, where a young Russian surgeon set my arm and broken ribs. As I was going under the chloroform it seemed to me I could hear the slow beat of a drum. And even now, years afterward, I hear it in my sleep. I think I'll always hear it. #

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## First Nights & Passing Judgments

*Continued from page 75*

that she was a plum. Miss Martin, I fear I must disagree, isn't. She has a salubrious figure and I don't blame my scholarly confreres for going a trifle rabid at the sight of it, but when it comes to the rest I won't trade *my* cigarette picture of either Irene Bentley or Helen Hale.

The dramatic stage in the first half of its season alone displayed for the ocular edification of the critical aesthetes a tonic variety of girls, both new and not so new. But aside from the Miss Wescott noted and the Hawaiian belle, Pualani, in *Hellzapoppin'*, to whom respects were duly paid in these pages two months ago, the musical has provided no stimulation at all for the tired business critic. What has happened? Where are the lovely chicks? Is it possible that they are around somewhere and that the producers have simply lost their old, cunning eye? Where are this year's Zorinas and Grace McDonalds and the counterparts of other seasons' peachcakes?

Now that these matters are as unsettled as they were in the beginning, on to several of the season's symbolic productions, both already defunct and still kicking.

*Glorious Morning*, by Norman Macowan, offered as its villain a totalitarian state that prohibited a belief in God and as its heroine a young woman who had beheld a vision and thereupon conspired in defiance of the authorities to bring God back onto the job. Without God, she maintained, the people were doomed to misery; with Him, they would be so happy they could hardly stand it. Without venturing into the integrity of the author's philosophy in this direction, save perhaps to speculate worriedly on the relative ecstasy of Stalin and a Baptist Georgia cracker with a hole in his pants, no shoes and pellagra, what I couldn't help recalling during the progress of the play was a buffoonery written almost twenty years ago by two very clever young men and called *Heliogabalus*. The villain in that case was a saintly wench who began preaching the Gospel in the gay and merry infidel Rome of the hedonistic Helio and who, gaining converts, damn nigh wrecked the happiness of the whole community. The hero was the Emperor who finally got up the courage to boot her out and thus restore some peace and joy to his country. Without venturing, in turn, into the integrity of the two very clever young men's philosophy, I still am persuaded that it made a lot better show.

Both the heroine of *Glorious Morning* and the villain of *Heliogabalus* were of a piece. The latter, true enough, was intended as a comic figure and the former, true enough, as a serious one. But the former was sort o' funny just the same. As Mr. Macowan gave her to us, she was nothing but our old hokum girl, Lygia, out of all the *Quo Vadises*, *Signs Of The Cross* and other such holy delicatessen since Wilson Barratt was tied into his first diaper. Mr. Macowan simply took off her familiar old white nightgown and put her in a modern street dress. There she was, nevertheless, as we have seen and known and been bored by her since originally she ambled out onto a stage long years ago, gazed intently and unceasingly at the peanut gallery (thus indicating her aloof other-worldliness), and slowly brought the Light into the life of the infidel lion tamer, chariot driver and pet of the Nubian dancing girls, Acidophilus Satyrus of Benzedrine, both of them at eleven o'clock moving nobly hand in hand, to the accompaniment of some very bad Palestrina, to their deaths in the arena. The white nightgown, as I say, was gone and the arena lions were now a firing squad, but the rest was essentially not much different, except that here there was a quorum of Acidophiluses in place of the old-time solo ham.

Adding materially to the unintentional humorous aspect of the exhibit was the heroine's description of the vision that led her to espouse the Lord's cause. Some day a playwright, conjuring up a picture of Heaven and the Almighty, is going to imagine God as sometimes doing something else but sitting in a throne or, more often, walking up and down a great flight of steps (customarily described as closely resembling the staircase of the old Palmer House in St. Louis), but it won't, I fear, be Mr. Macowan.

"Seldom," wrote Mr. Sydney W. Carroll in the *Daily Telegraph* when the exhibit was shown in London, "have we in our playhouses so distinguished . . . so imaginative a play!"

The sardonic drollery of censorship has rarely been better illustrated than in the actions a couple of months ago of Mr. John Spencer, official theatrical blue-penciler to the city of Boston. When Elmer Rice's new play, *American Landscape*, was shown there previous to its New York engagement, it seems that Mr. Spencer's moral sense was outraged by the appearance in the script of several ejaculations involving the use of the name of the Deity in conjunction with cussing. So outraged, indeed, was the gentleman that he demanded they be deleted instanter;

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otherwise, he roared, the show would be forbidden to go on. "I will not have the morals of my city befouled!" said he.

Directly preceding the Rice play, there ran for several immensely prosperous weeks in Boston the Abbott-Rodgers-Hart musical show, *The Boys From Syracuse*, as bawdy an exhibit as even morally abandoned New York has seen in some time. But did Censor Spencer so much as lift a finger against it? Censor Spencer did not. It all seemed jake to him; in fact, it may be inferred that he was entertained no end. Otherwise, why his silence? We thus come to the brace of points I have in mind.

For some reason I have never been able to deduce, it is the general conviction of censorship, first, that there is something offensively blasphemous and even grossly immoral in some such objurgation as "God damn Hitler" or "Christ! Is Goebbels a louse?" It is apparently censorship's idea that God and the Saviour are grievously offended by visiting any such request or addressing any such query to Them and that, to be wholly proper, to meet with Their wholesale favor and inordinately to please Them, the phrasing should be "God bless Hitler" or, in the instance of the Saviour, an interrogation as to whether He did not consider Mr. Goebbels one of His own pet creatures. Secondly, it is evidently the theory of censorship that a bawdy line spoken straight is more conducive to immorality than the same line accompanied by such emotional stimulants as low lights, soft music and semi-nude women. It is thus that censorship, as symbolized by the great city of Boston, considers a *God damn* more harmful to the morals and chastity of its citizens than a scene in *The Boys From Syracuse* in which a woman goes to bed with her husband's brother, the articulation of the name of the Saviour more corruptive of the morality of the young than a musical show evening like the above devoted to promiscuous adultery, and a drama like *Strange Interlude* morally objectionable because O'Neill didn't think to add some hot tunes and hot babies to it.

Like Censor Spencer, however, *The Boys From Syracuse* seems to me to be a pretty good show.

Clifford Odets continues to disappoint those critics who overestimated him in the first place. One must relieve Mr. Odets of most of the blame in this connection, as one may not justly expect a playwright to meet and live up to a quality which was too excitedly and erroneously imagined into him and which he did not possess. That this Odets is a talented lad, no one can deny. But that his talent, whether hitherto or at present, touches the borderland of genius, as his rapt admirers somehow believe, is plausibly controvertible.

In *Rocket To The Moon*, his most recent play, Odets departing for the nonce from his concern with the political ills of the world—turns his mind to the emotion described by the poets as love. His mind, however, penetrates into no particularly new facets of the subject and what we get from him is little more than a restatement, in rather pompous terms, of what we have got from hundreds of playwrights before him, often better expressed. In an interview not long ago, Mr. Odets berated the modern theatre and said that it had so little to say that he seldom, if ever, paid it the honor of his attendance. This is something of a pity for, if he went to the theatre oftener, he would have known that what in this instance he regarded as something fresh in the way of sexual and marital philosophy had been done to death in the theatre and was almost as stale, whatever its rephrasing, as *Charley's Aunt*. Thus, though he is self-satisfiedly unaware of it, his *Rocket To The Moon* amounts in substance to a belated parroting of the meditations and emotions of a whole catalogue of plays beginning with Porto-Riche's *Amoureuse*, which is one of the best plays ever written on the subject, and ending with the more recent halfton of hackspiels in which an aberrant husband, still touched by the memory of his inamorata, dutifully, if a bit sick at heart, returns to his wife.

It isn't, of course, that I am criticizing Odets simply because he uses old basic materials but rather because he treats them in much the old way. If he had something new and vital to embroider them with, I surely would not complain. But consider the nature of his cerebral contributions:

1. A very young girl can have little in common with a man old enough to be her father, however rich he may be.
2. Modern conditions are hostile to the perpetuation of true love.
3. Only by carefully nurturing love may love be made to flourish and endure.
4. Marriage must be an understanding partnership.
5. A marriage blessed by children is happier and more permanent than one not so blessed.
6. Emotional and sexual experience broadens one and makes one's life fuller.
7. What a young woman seeks is true love and in her search she is often frustrated.
8. Extremely hot weather is not especially conducive to sexual activity.
9. And so on.

Add to such revolutionary cerebrations, a plot that slowly resolves itself into the familiar triangle idea, a climactic scene paraphrased from *Candida* in which two men state the nature of their offerings to the woman both love, the largely gratuitous sudden introduction of a paraphrase of O'Casey's sewing-machine salesman (in this instance an automobile tire salesman), the familiar elderly beau with an eye to the

*Continued at top of page 150*

# Scorns alarm clock

## ...sleeps way to Fortune!

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PIPE MIXTURE
"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"

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AN ALARM CLOCK can tell time . . . but it can't tell Time a single thing when it comes to mellowing a fine tobacco.

That's why Briggs is aged so long in oaken casks . . . aged longer, in truth, than lots of luxury brands at twice its price. In shaded, airy sheds, platoons of stout barrels hold the top-flight tobacco leaves that experts have earmarked for Briggs. Nature has endowed those tobaccos with rich flavor and delicate fragrance. Time bestows upon them smoothness and mildness.

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CASK MELLOWED . . . *Extra Long for Extra Flavor*

FASCINATING, ISN'T HE? BUT, GAD, SUCH A SQUIRMER!
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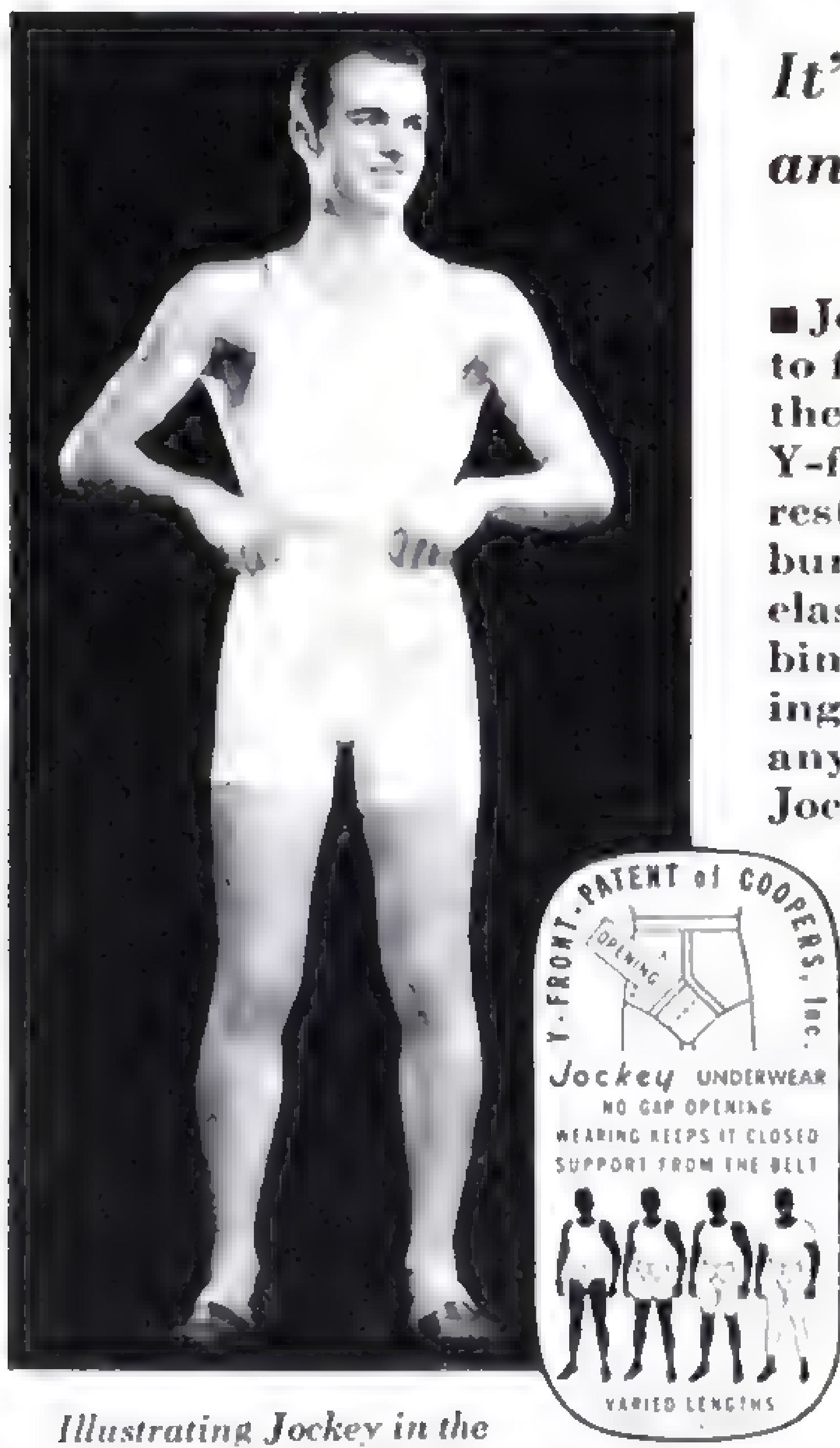

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■ NO BULKING *moulded to your muscles*

■ NO SAWING *—gives mild, restful support*

■ NO SNEAKING-UP—*always stays put*

■ NO GAPPING *—wearing keeps it closed*

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## First Nights & Passing Judgments

*Continued from pages 75-149*

girls out of a hundred and one French boulevard exhibits, the lecherous Hollywood director, the wife neglected and left alone by her busy husband, and items of a kidney, and you get a rough picture of the whole. Intermittent snatches of the dialogue are good, and here and there a flash of real character drawing emerges. But, judging from this play, Odets is going down rather than up.

Having neglected the matter of acting lately, let us conclude today's disquisition with records of the seven best and seven second-best performances of the season up to the moment of going to press.

In the first category, I would list the following:

- Maurice Evans in *Hamlet*.
- Robert Morley in *Oscar Wilde*.
- Helen Claire in *Kiss The Boys Goodbye*.
- Raymond Massey in *Abe Lincoln In Illinois*.
- Nigel Bruce in *Knights of Song*.
- Walter Huston in *Knickerbocker Holiday*.
- Werner Bateman in *Victoria Regina*.

(NOTE: Helen Hayes' admirable performance in the last-named exhibit properly belongs in last season's record.)

In the second category, I would place the following:

- Mady Christians in *Hamlet*.
- Katherine Locke in *Hamlet*.
- Wilfrid Lawson in *I Have Been Here Before*.
- Edwin Nicander in *Kiss The Boys Goodbye*.
- Eleanor Lynn in *Rocket To The Moon* (despite bad direction).
- Morris Carnovsky in *Rocket To The Moon*.
- Richard Gordon in *The Fabulous Invalid*.

Among the youngsters worth watching on the score of their performances in the plays noted are these: Mary Rolfe (*Dance Night* and *Ringside Seat*), Adele Longmire (*Abe Lincoln In Illinois*), Dean Jagger (*Missouri Legend*), Lois Hall (*Dame Nature*), Sheldon Leonard (*Kiss The Boys Goodbye*), John Buckmaster (*Oscar Wilde*), the boy who played the juvenile lead in the Federal Theatre production of *Big Blow* (unfortunately, I can't recall his name), Virginia Campbell (*Run Sheep Run*), José Ferrer (*Missouri Legend*), Florence Sundstrom (*The Good*), Frederick Kaufman (*The Good*), Ralph Holmes (*Where Do We Go From Here?*), and Amelia Romano (*Big Blow*). ⧺

## Blazing Trails for Television

*Continued from page 62*

terminal of the bell. Holding the free end of this wire in his hand, Leishman was ready to verify his theory by a practical demonstration. He moved the tip of the wire over the black portions of the picture, and the bell remained respectfully silent. As he stroked the light parts of the picture, the bell rang loudly, heralding the success of the principle. The intensity of the ringing of the bell decreased as the end of the wire scanned darker sections on the plate.

With this test out of the way, Leishman began the construction of a transmitter and receiver, which he knew in advance would operate exactly as he planned. Entertaining no doubts whatever on this point, he told friends and associates of the invention, and one of them explained the possibilities of picture transmission to a U. S. naval officer who happened to be in Salt Lake City. He sent the Ogden inventor a letter requesting an opportunity to see a picture transmitted. Leishman confidently arranged a date, although he himself had not yet sent and received a single picture—a detail which he saw no reason to mention.

Leishman went ahead and gave his demonstration on the day set. The naval officer will probably never know, unless he should happen to read this, that the inventor as well as himself was watching for the first time the transmission of Leishman telegraphed pictures.

After two years spent in perfecting various details, the invention was ready to be put to its most obvious commercial use—that of transmitting news-pictures of important events for immediate newspaper publication. During this period of organizing and perfecting, Leishman had invented an additional system of picture transmission to supplement his first method. This alternative system was a convenience where it was difficult to secure a simultaneous telegraphic hookup between the various stations, or when receiving operators were not available when a picturable news story broke; for the photograph was converted into a code that could be transmitted like an ordinary telegram and later decoded at the convenience of the receiving operator.

Then, in February, 1919, to blaze the trail for telephotography—mother science of television—the *Salt Lake Herald-Republican* printed telegraphed reproductions on five consecutive mornings of photographs that were taken in New York on the day previous. This practical test under actual operating conditions proved the commercial feasibility of a regular telegraphed news-picture service. Wired photos had arrived.

While extending the domestic service for wired photos, Leishman was investigating the possibilities of transmitting pictures across the Atlantic. A test half-tone was transmitted from New York to London and back again in 1920, with satisfactory accuracy. In March, 1925, shortly following the introduction of telephotos by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, Leishman's service transmitted the first news-picture from London to newspapers on the Pacific coast. The *Oakland Tribune*, publishing this picture on page one of its edition of Sunday, March 22, 1925, referred to the feat as "one of the greatest achievements in the history of journalism—a news-picture telegraphed across an ocean and a continent." On August 19th of that same year, Leishman enabled the *New York World* and other papers of the North American Newspaper Alliance to print cabled photographs along with the news dispatches of Gertrude Ederle's attempt to swim the English Channel.

"The way to television is through telephotography," David Sarnoff, president of R.C.A., once said. This was literally true with Leishman. While blazing the trail for television's forerunner, he was considering the problems of television itself: and it is almost unbelievable that an article of his, published in the *Electrical Experimenter* in 1917, explained methods that engineers resurrected many years later to solve difficulties that arose in telephotography and television.

Eight years after this article appeared, one of the first companies to sell equipment for sending pictures by radio, anxious to improve its product, offered a prize through a radio magazine for the best idea contributed during a sixty-day period that would improve the transmission or reception of pictures. When the award was made, the magazine said of the prize winner (not Leishman):

"He proposed that instead of the complicated and messy pen-and-ink arrangement used for reproducing, a piece of carbon paper and a plain metal stylus be used for writing. Certainly a very simple suggestion. But no one had thought of it before, and that is the purpose of the contest—to bring forth ideas that have not occurred to the laboratorians working on this development."

When the editor of the magazine through which the prize had been awarded, found that the prize-winning idea, although new to the "laboratorians," had nevertheless been explained in Leishman's 1917 article on *How I Telegraph Pictures*, he sent Leishman a letter censoring him for remaining in the background for so long and "keeping his light under a bushel."

Carbon paper reception is now generally used for recording facsimiles by radio, and is the principle behind machines of the Radio Corporation of America that reproduce European news-pictures transmitted to the United States.

Crude television first appeared in the "crystal-set stage" in 1927, but the engineers had great difficulty keeping the receivers in exact step, or synchronism, with the broadcasting equipment in order to make the strips of the pictures line up properly and prevent ruinous distortion. One of the leading engineers finally met the situation by giving up synchronizing devices altogether, and suggesting that manual synchronizing be used, as explained in Leishman's article of ten years before in the *Electrical Experimenter*. Though it became the accepted method of synchronizing the first "peep-hole" television sets, Leishman himself had already abandoned the system, contending that manual synchronizing was only a makeshift and that television would never be a success until a synchronizing impulse was transmitted at the end of each line or strip of the pictures. Today, no one would think of synchronizing in any other way.

Leishman's article on *How I Telegraph Pictures* closed with an analysis of the problems of television and argued that satisfactory pictures would require a minimum of four hundred lines. Twelve years later, various television laboratories contended that a sixty-line standard was suitable for commercial television; but the accuracy of Leishman's early analysis is shown by the fact that the Radio Manufacturers Association has now recommended that four hundred forty-one lines be accepted by the Federal Communications Commission as the standard for television in the United States.

The minutes of the Los Angeles Advertising Club for September 5, 1922, reveal another phase of Leishman's trail-blazing. On that date, as a feature of the club's regular weekly meeting, he transmitted the first picture in natural colors. It is thus not surprising that Leishman has a series of patent applications on natural color television, which may be one of his major contributions to this new form of entertainment. One of the less important patents in this color series has already been issued. Because of the desirability of secrecy regarding pending patents, little can yet be said about them.

It is not too early, however, to estimate that one of Leishman's television inventions is likely to bring incalculable benefits to both television and regular sound broadcasters, as well as to receiving set owners. Its far-reaching advantages were so apparent when Leishman first disclosed its workings, that one American concern, affiliated through ownership with broadcasting and motion picture companies abroad, immediately secured the exclusive rights for the country in which its interests were most directly affected. This was the tuning device mentioned at the beginning of this article.

The importance of this Leishman invention will be obvious to anyone after considering a few of the difficulties that have recently hindered the commercialization of television. The pictures and the associated sound are of necessity broadcast on separate frequencies or carrier-waves. The television sound can, of course, be transmitted by the present broadcasting stations and received with a regular radio receiving set, but the pictures must be tuned in on a short-wave television receiver. The

*Continued on page 152*

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## Blazing Trails for Television

*Continued from pages 62-151*

public, however, is not expected to consent to two tuning operations, one for the sound and another for the pictures.

Single operation tuning for television and sound has been considered so important that a recommendation has actually been made to the Federal Communications Commission that every television station be assigned an extra wave length or frequency, just above the picture frequency, for the associated sound, and that the spacing between these pairs of dial readings always be kept uniform. Television receivers could then be designed with the tuners tied together in such a way that one knob would tune in both frequencies simultaneously. This plan, of course, would leave the present broadcasters out of the television setup, and would make television, with its own sound, an independent, competitive form of entertainment, destined eventually to take away the regular radio broadcaster's audience. This plan would also require that an additional radio sound receiver be included in each television set, even though the owner might already have a good radio receiver. But single dial tuning was considered important enough to make these sacrifices worth while, and television sponsors were willing to do their part by providing an extra sound transmitter for every television broadcasting station.

All this was too much for Leishman, who no doubt inherited a frugal streak from his Scotch-English ancestry. He hates to see new equipment made prematurely obsolete or needlessly duplicated. But he had anticipated this problem well in advance, having solved a similar difficulty once before.

When electric reproducing phonographs, costing $350 to $500, first appeared on the market, they threatened to make obsolete all instruments of the previous type, however recently they might have been purchased. Leishman saw that the new electric machines contained motors and turntables similar to those in the old phonographs, and that the amplifiers, tubes, and loud speakers duplicated those in radio sets. So he supplied the missing link necessary to unite an old phonograph with an ordinary radio receiver in such a way as to obtain electric reproduction of phonograph music without a costly new instrument. Thousands of these electric phonograph pick-up combinations have been manufactured under Leishman's patents by the Pacent Electric Company, Webster Electric Company, and American Bosch Magneto Corporation; and Leishman's wafer adaptors, with which many of them were connected to radio sets, were later used to connect tone controls for modernizing old radio receivers.

His experience with this radio and phonograph invention perhaps helped Leishman to simplify the equipment for receiving television and the associated sound. At any rate, before the problems were generally realized, he worked out a solution that enables the sound for television to be broadcast by the regular broadcasting stations and received on regular radio sets, and yet the tuning is accomplished in a single simple operation—simpler, in fact, than tuning the usual radio set alone. When the proper button or lever is pressed, the television and regular radio dials each turn to the exact setting to bring in the program desired, regardless of the dial readings.

This tuner was first publicly explained before the Federal Communications Commission at a hearing on television wave lengths, and in a subsequent demonstration Leishman used it to tune to eight pairs of television and associated sound broadcasting dial readings in four seconds.

This single invention not only simplifies tuning and makes it possible to reduce the cost of television sets by omitting a special sound receiver; but it also makes possible the omission of a special sound transmitter on the broadcasting end. This last feature alone may result in a saving of millions of dollars that would otherwise be spent to supply every television station with its own sound transmitting equipment.

What this invention may mean to the present radio broadcasters is easy to see. If the television stations should be required to transmit their own sound on ultra-short waves, the regular broadcasting stations would soon find it very difficult to retain their audiences on offerings of sound alone without pictures. It would be like a motion picture studio trying to produce motion pictures without sound.

There are some broadcasters, however, who feel that television sound alone would not be interesting to those radio listeners without television receivers. And here Leishman is again blazing the trail for television. Not content with having removed the technical difficulties, he is now concerned with the artistic side of the matter and is gathering data from the leading radio and motion picture script writers who agree almost unanimously that it is easy to produce television programs and television films with independently interesting sound.

The Federal Communications Commission wants to be sure that the advent of television will be handled in such a way as to do no injustices; and in opening the last hearing at which television wave lengths were considered, the chairman stated that the Commission must consider the effect that television will have on present radio broadcasting.

That this effect will not be an injurious one, now seems assured by this most recent of a series of inventions that began twenty-three years ago when a nineteen-year-old boy read a detective story. ⌗

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National Distillers Prod. Corp., Import Div., N.Y.C.

## The Candid Cameraman

*Continued from page 85*

mores. The fancy is, as I say, thematic.

As daffy as we know the proposition to be as its entertaining events are reeled off upon the screen, and as hoary as its postulates may be, I am certain that the audience is not unaware of a legitimate question being begged here. It is more than one of maladjustment.

Since it once was observed that it might be easier for a camel to crawl through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to get into heaven, the struggle for daily existence has re-posed the question again and again, sometimes in goat song and sometimes in harebrained comedy. How big a louse can you make of yourself over money and still retain the juice of human excellence? Never having possessed but small sums of money, and these at ragged intervals, I can contribute nothing personal to the solution of this problem; I can only observe that the authors of *You Can't Take It With You* don't think millionaires have much chance of getting into heaven and only small opportunity for fun here on earth.

Go to see the film, if you haven't done so, and make up your own mind.

It's good cinema from start to finish. The capitalist louse is in mighty harsh odor with our playwrights—there's a jail scene where they rub his nose in it pretty thoroughly—but it's the playwrights' show and you'll have to take it as they hand it out to you. The direction by Frank Capra is intelligent; the cast apparently all liked the piece, and that makes for enthusiastic acting. Spring Byington's performance as the mother and absent-minded playwright is, for my taste, perfect. And Jimmy Stewart has style and a change of pace astonishing in so young an actor. This is unquestionably one of the better productions of the current winter season.

### *GOOD AND EVIL STRUGGLE FOR THE BOX OFFICE*

Every so often the motion picture capital takes its cameras on location into the never-never land of sociology. Now and then the big brains grind out the record of one of these *masse-mensch* problems, going at it hammer and tongs.

The latest of these exhibits to which I have deliberately exposed myself is the Warner Brothers film called *Angels With Dirty Faces*, starring James Cagney and the Dead End Kids. For purposes of comment I hope you will have seen it; if not, permit me to memorialize its plot.

Visualize, if you will, the slums of a great city. The less you know about the slums of a great city the better subject you are for the Hollywood species of hypnotist. If you've seen *Dead End*, that's good enough; Mr. Kingsley, in his brilliant and authentic play, personified theatrically for all time this social cosmos. Cagney and O'Brien are a couple of kid hoodlums.

We are compelled to permit the assumption that all children of the slums are dirty, rat-faced hoodlums unless regenerated by some profound and heartwarming metamorphosis. O'Brien, for example, becomes a priest, as he explains it, because one day he stood and looked out over the roofs at the humble neighborhood church. Cagney, on the other hand, sharpens his wits in various penal institutions and becomes a super-hoodlum with political protection.

Now there exists a gang of young angels with dirty faces, the identical stuff of which these two were made. O'Brien, the priest, tries to get them to play basketball, whilst Cagney, the gangster, inducts them into the mysteries of big-time crime. Meanwhile a deep and abiding affection exists between the priest and the gangster.

Up to there, it's sociology. A situation like this, however, is too big for sociology to handle, so Hollywood, with its sure dramatic sense, steps in. It's really somewhat gigantic, for can we not assume that the priest and the hoodlum are more than mere people? They actually personify the struggle between Good and Evil with the Dead End Kids as the trophy.

Slyly, then, as it always has, Hollywood proceeds, in this Rowland Brown story, to dramatize crime as something so attractive and exciting that basketball hasn't got a chance. When Cagney is eventually captured in a gun battle, the kids sit around in their cellar and admire his courage. He'll go to the chair unrepentant. He'll show 'em what guts is. What they don't know is that O'Brien, up at the death house, is pleading with Cagney to show the white feather, to play the coward in order to destroy the gang's illusions.

But his courage is all he has left, Cagney explains. For God's sake, don't ask me to do that. Not that. He refuses, to the very seat of the chair. What O'Brien doesn't know is that Cagney got into this mess because he would not let his pals wipe out the priest. Pretty dramatic. But that ain't nothing. Cagney goes to the chair. At the very last moment, whilst we're looking into the tense faces of the reporters, the sound track picks up the gangster's hysterics, and tears roll down the priest's cheeks. You pays your money and you takes your choice. Did Cagney really turn yellow? Or is this a last act of magnificent courage?

I hope I've succeeded in articulating this filmtown epic thus succinctly, for I am anxious to append my reaction to its document-making.

I found it the most specious and hypocritical film play wit-

*Continued on page 154*

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**PRESENTS**
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After 12 years of research, Post Institute presents Ultrasol, a new hair discovery. Although Ultrasol has won enthusiastic endorsement from distinguished users, the ethics of the Institute preclude exaggerated claims. The safety, simplicity and economy of Ultrasol has been demonstrated by thousands of men and women who have used Ultrasol at home and by over 100,000 treatments given by specialists. Men and women intent upon hair improvement, are invited to consult the Ultrasol specialist in the stores listed below, without cost or obligation.

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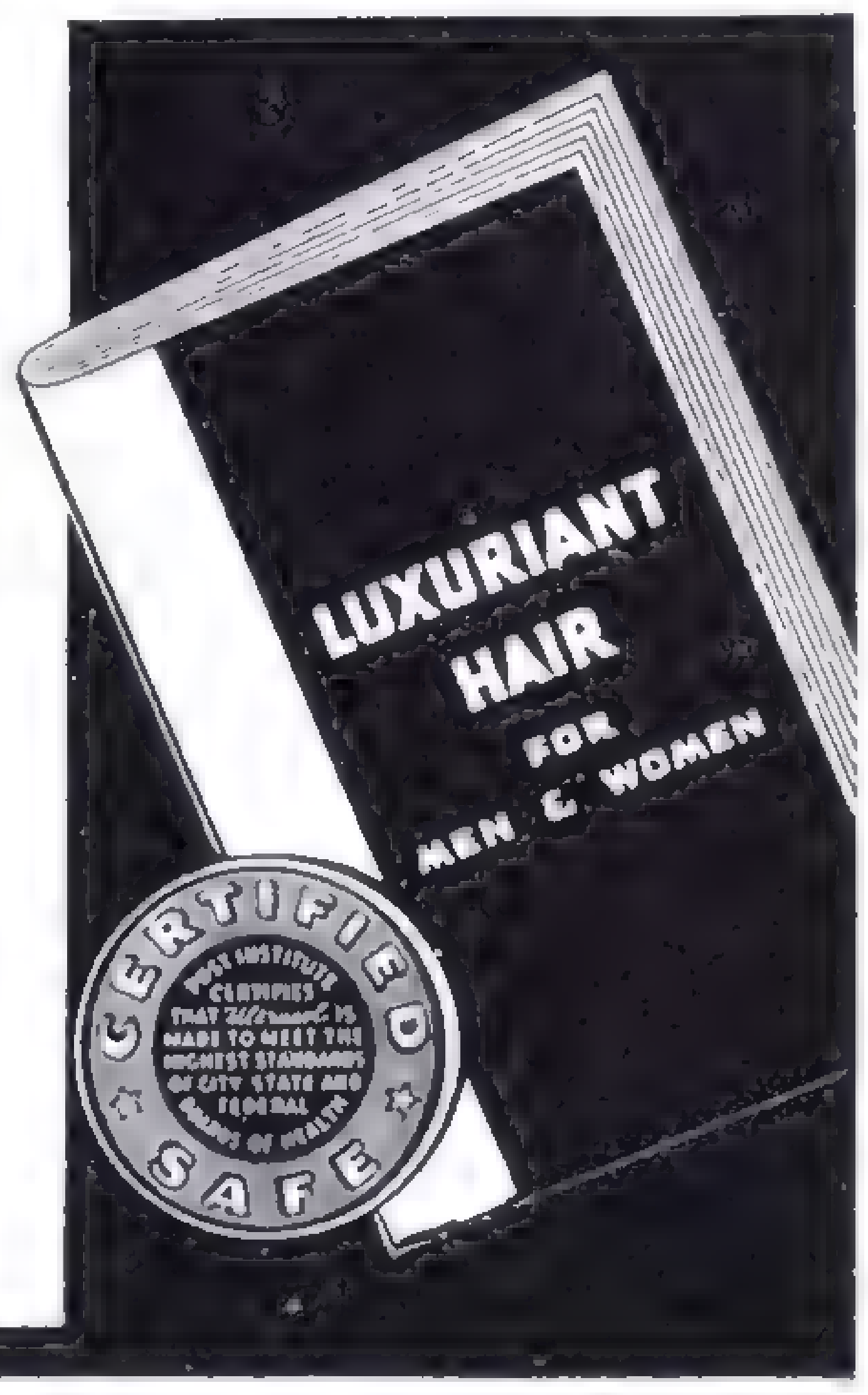

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**A New York Guide Book for World's Fair Visitors**

The Fair opens on April 30th. Take a stroll around those $150,000,000 grounds right now, as we did, and you're left breathless with the kind of awe that's inspired once in a lifetime. It's the Fair to end all Fairs, or something.

Describing that gargantuan spectacle-to-be is somebody else's business, but preparing a guide to New York for the cream of the 60,000,000 visitors that are expected to visit the New York World's Fair next Summer, is very much ours. So we're preparing one . . . and don't expect it to enlighten you on the best way to the Aquarium by subway . . . because it won't.

Esquire's "New York," which is the name of our guide, will be just what its name implies . . . an advanced course in how to be a sophisticated New Yorker, in the best and truest sense of the word.

The intimate information possessed only by those who know their way around, will be yours in this *Esquirish* guide book . . . where to go for swank and where to go for color, what clothes to bring with you for no matter how long you stay, notes on the typical New Yorker and his customs . . . all these, and much more, are yours.

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

366 MADISON AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY

## The Candid Cameraman

*Continued from pages 85-153*

nessed by me in many a day. Smugly it magnifies the virtues it clumsily pretends to condemn. It asks its audience to believe that the solution of the slum problem is somehow delicately tied up with a murderer's special conduct in the face of the electric chair. Without its particular pretensions it might very well have been the vapid grade B affair which lacks even the vitality to set in motion our annoyance.

Finely acted, technically proficient, the whole drama is so expertly composed one's anguish is inevitably increased, thinking, as one who cares for movies cannot help thinking, of its virtues prostituted and its potentialities ignored.

### *QUESTIONS ANSWERED DEPARTMENT*

Your Candid Cameraman, in these columns, has frequently made captious complaint upon the lack of story material from which movie making, in his opinion, suffers.

You cannot, as the old adage insists, get blood out of a turnip; three-quarters of the films viewed by me in the current month are obviously turnips, offering your Candid Cameraman no basis upon which to enlist his or your interest. I make this defense of my captiousness by reason of a communication in my morning mail which calls me to task upon the well-tested grounds that my gripes are louder than my constructive criticisms.

"Talk is cheap," says my correspondent toward the end of his letter. "Just what sort of stories would you bring to the screen for the entertainment of movie-goers if you were given the authority to pick and choose? It is all very well to complain about the poverty of screen material. Where would you look for stories suitable for the large audiences that the studios must please?"

Well, I'd simply turn my neck and glance at a small bookshelf of volumes which stands behind my desk.

As a matter of fact I go and pick down, with no difficulty in the choosing, four novels of recent years which, in my belief, if filmed, would offer the movie-going public pleasanter dramatic entertainment than those current films upon which I am unable to base enlightening comment. Well aware of the thousand and one taboos which modify the choice of picture material, I am nevertheless convinced that these four novels, casually chosen from a necessarily limited library, will answer my correspondent's legitimate question handsomely.

The first of these books is called *The Innocent Voyage*, whose author is Richard Hughes. A highly dramatic tale with pirates and a Caribbean hurricane for background, it is also a delightful story of a family of odd and amazing children. Its enchanting narrative is so expertly conceived from the visual point of view that its scenario for pictures would be an easy task in the hands of a journeyman screen writer. *The Innocent Voyage*, if it makes any difference to Hollywood, happens to be one of the minor classics of English literature, enjoying since its publication, steady sales in several editions, a constant source of pleasure to all who come across it.

The second of these volumes I have taken down is an entirely different sort of tale. *Homage to Blenholt*, by a distinguished young American author named Daniel Fuchs, is an amusing story laid in the tenement district of Williamsburg in the city of New York. Fuchs has brought a kind of Chaplinesque humor to his portrayal of this environment. He tells the comic yarn of a sensitive young man, ridiculous, lonely, pathetic, whose compelling desire is to attend the funeral of a slain mobster.

In his mind there is a strange analogy between Capone and Tamburlaine. The book is rich with a great wealth of purely American comedy, and any number of skilled comedians on studio payrolls could play it happily.

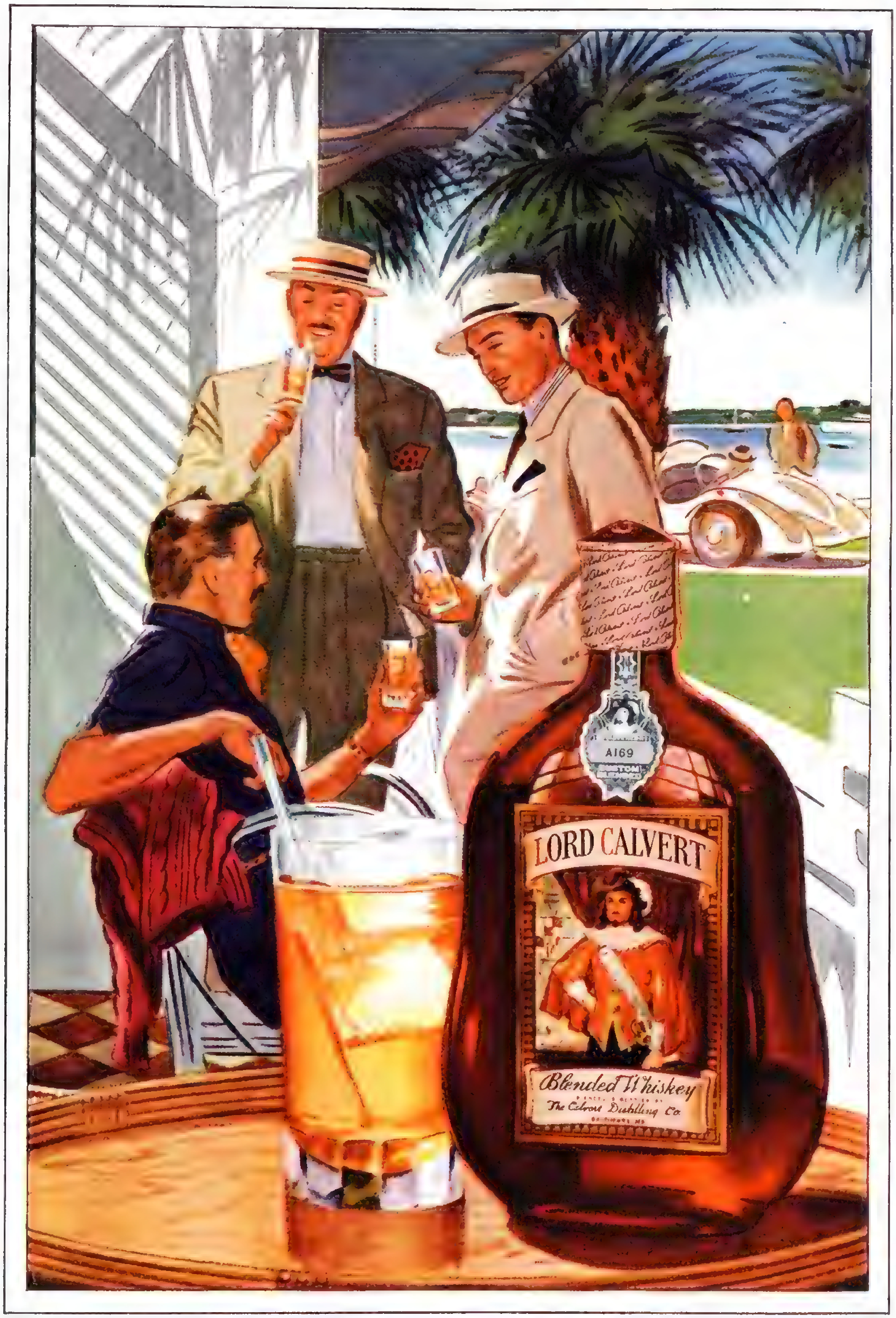
My third novel is a fine yarn of marriage and adventure, brilliantly told: *Here Lies a Most Beautiful Lady*, by Richard Blaker. Romance of the modern realistic kind, the story is laid against the background of travel, ambition, success—ofttimes reminiscent of the memoirs of Vincent Nolte, the character who played so important a part in *Anthony Adverse*. Skillfully projected by this well-known English author, this book seems to me quite perfect movie material; it enjoyed a popular success both in this country and abroad.

Its appeal is both pictorial and dramatic.

The fourth of my choices is one of the prize novels of 1935, *Not for Heaven*, by Dorothy McCleary. Here is a heartwarming, homespun tale, told in the dramatic idiom, of Ma Bostwick, alive with the traditions of Mrs. Wiggins' Cabbage Patch, but overlaid with an incisive present-day humor. It is the story of humble people and their way of life, and no better or more entertaining tale for cameras to tell have I read in a long time. I am certain that audiences everywhere would find this sympathetic, this delightfully understanding saga of the enormously vital and the enormously American Ma Bostwick altogether engrossing.

In any event, these few suggestions constitute my effort to answer my communicant's demand for constructive criticism. Hollywood being what it is, I doubt if you will see these dramas on your screen soon.

How is a producer to know if a story is any good unless a dozen other producers are furiously bidding for it? ##



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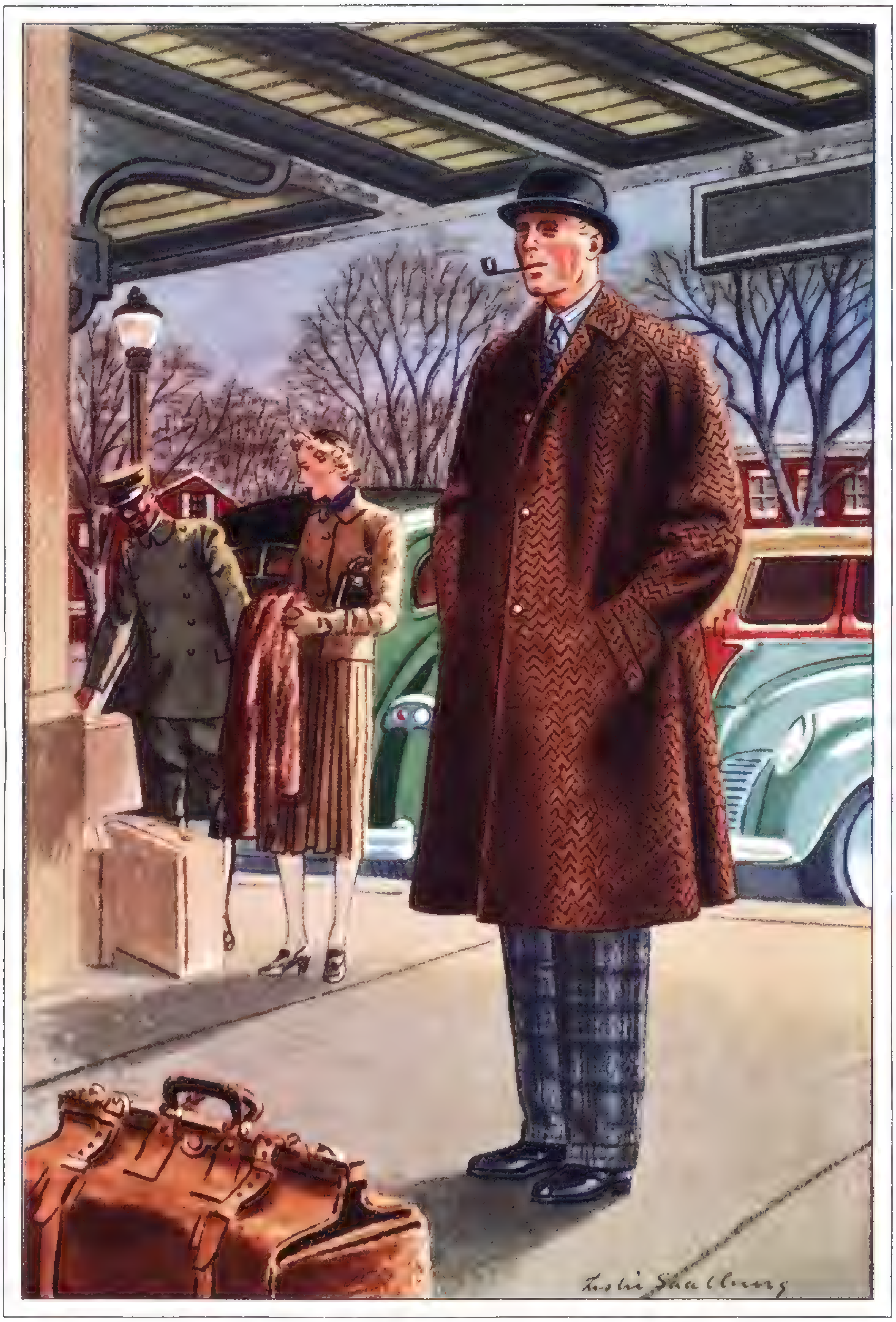

# COMPROMISE FOR COMMUTERS: FIFTH EDITION

WE'VE been solving the Problem of the Commuter for the last five years. You know—how can he bridge the gap between the country atmosphere at one end of the line and the town environment at the other? It's still the same problem but they ring in a new solution on us every year. Oh, well, who are we to hold back the wheels of fashion's progress? It's all done with compromises, of course. This year the compromise takes the form of the semi-sports outfit pictured above. The main element is the coat of rough Harris tweed in the fashionable Highland style, with raglan shoulders, military collar, leather buttons and slash pockets. This garment is compatible to either town or country, and the same can be said for the grey-blue Glen Urquhart suit. A sleeveless cardigan worn in place of a vest would tip the balance on the country side, if so desired. The rest of the outfit is self-descriptive.

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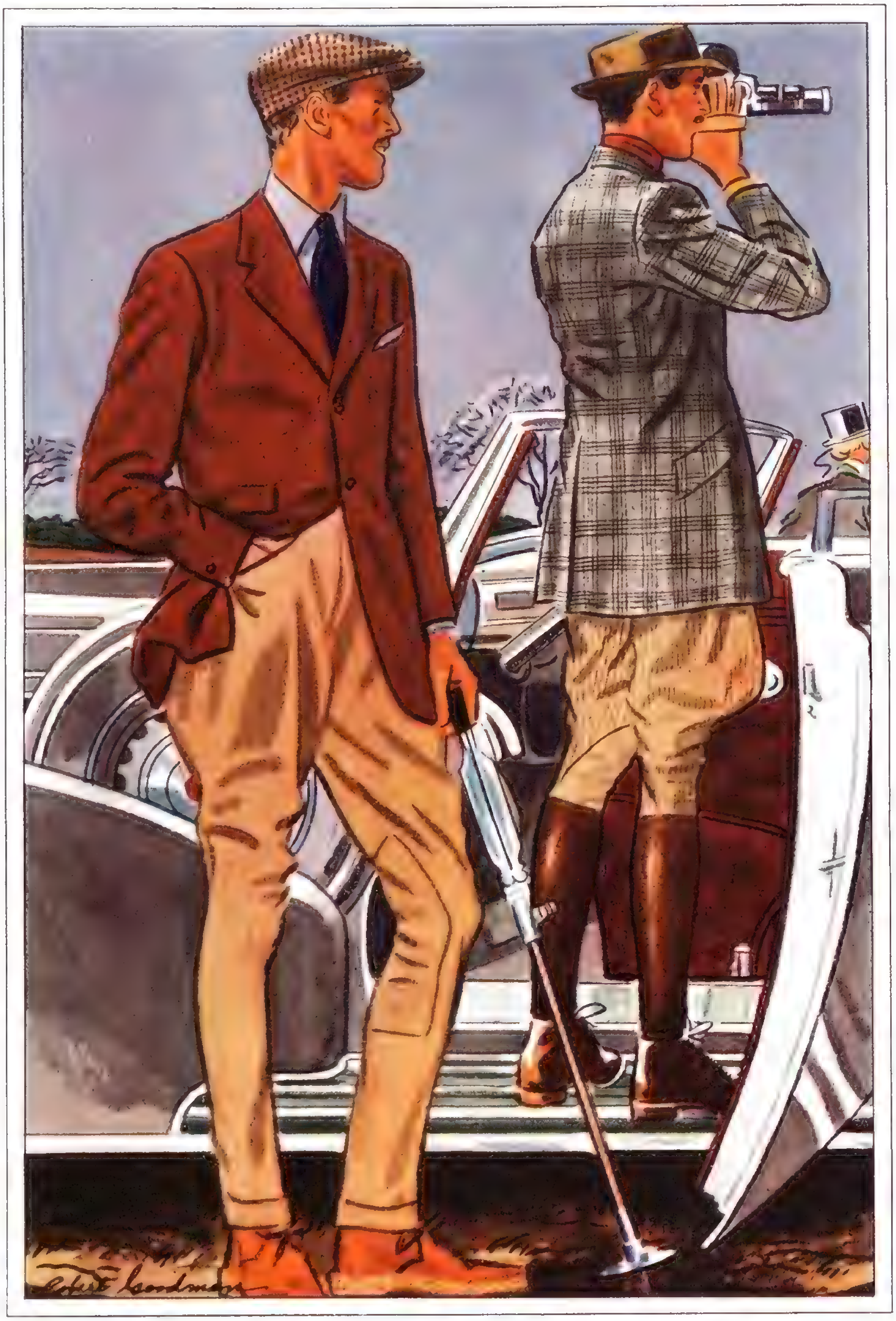

## PRESENTING THE MOST PRESTO OF ALL CHANGOS

It's always an advantage to be able to change your mind without also changing your clothes. For whatever it may be worth to them, these two men watching a country hunt race have the deep inner satisfaction of knowing that they could switch from spectator to active sports without so much as a flick of the pocket handkerchief . . . the slightly labored point being that they are correctly attired for both spectator sports wear and for country riding. The two-in-one outfit at the right consists of a Saxony riding coat in Glen Urquhart pattern with saddle pockets and long center vent, velvet cord breeches with moleskin strappings, polished pigskin leggings, high laced riding shoes with blucher front, turtleneck sweater, and tan pork pie hat. Features of the other outfit are the crotal color Harris tweed jacket, fawn color cavalry twill jodhpurs, and the new reverse calf chukkas with blucher front and crepe soles.

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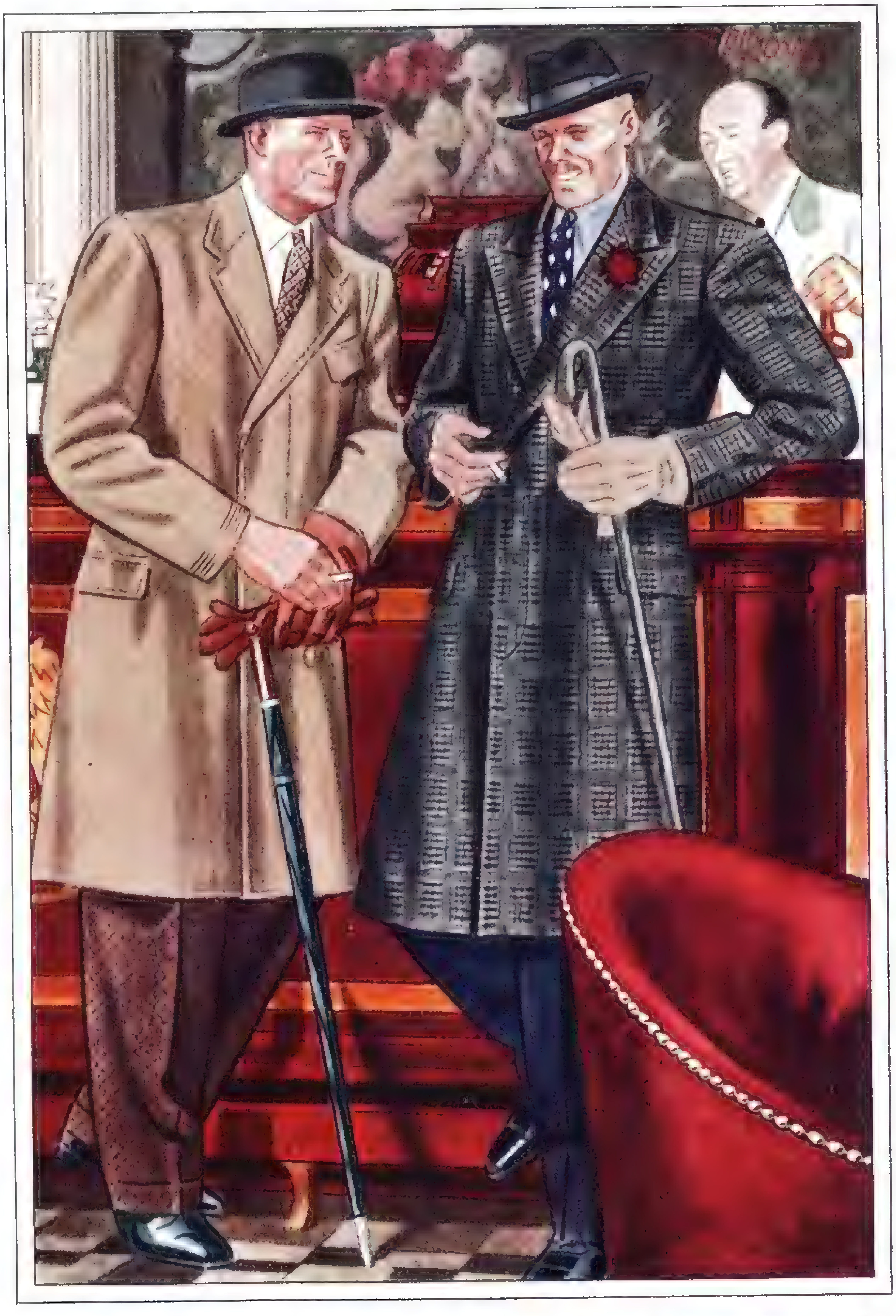

# HERE'S HOW TO MEET SPRING HALF WAY

Better keep your fingers crossed, but so far these men are under the influence of nothing more pernicious than that early spring urge to dress up. And you'll have to admit that they've yielded very sportingly. The man at the left wears a knee length, fly front covert coat; cut quite full, it conveys a sports feeling by the stitching, especially the four rows at the cuffs. A brown worsted suit, black blucher shoes, bowler hat, ivory color silk shirt, white starched collar, geometric pattern Spitalfields tie, and red goatskin gloves complete the outfit. The new sports trend in town wear is evidenced by the distinctly country fabric—a subdued check pattern with large overplaid—of the coat at the right. This garment is in the low roll lapel model with two-button front. With it are worn an unfinished worsted suit with blue stripe, pin stripe madras shirt, blue tie with white figures, Lord's hat, and town shoes.

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# 22 AUTHORS OF BOOKS ARE ON THIS NEWSPAPER'S STAFF

"To become a good newspaper writer,

"*First:* Care about it tremendously. Get on fire with the idea that writing is fascinating, thrilling, heart-breaking, better than anything in the world.

"*Second:* Work like the devil. Take hold of this man's sized job and sweat at it. Hustle.

"*Third:* Write! Write all the time, any kind of stuff. Prepare for the thousands of words you are going to write by writing hundreds of thousands.

"*Fourth:* Hang around fellows who know how to write.

"*Fifth:* Read everything that stimulates you; but leave the cheap stuff alone and don't bank too much on the best-sellers."

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•

The late Henry Justin Smith, for years managing editor of The Chicago Daily News and who, more than anyone else, nurtured and encouraged an extraordinary diversity of talent on this newspaper, pounded the above instructions into the head of many a young writer. And the advice bore fruit.

Today, The Chicago Daily News has on its staff twenty-two members who are the authors of one or more published books—more than any other newspaper in the United States, according to a survey made recently by the Press Club of the University of Notre Dame. Four more staff members will become authors of books for the first time in a few months.

EUGENE FIELD *in his office loft in the old Chicago Daily News building, about* 1893. *Nearly all of Field's writings first appeared in his "Sharps and Flats"—the first of the "day-in-and-day-out" newspaper columns—in The Chicago Daily News. An actor and an imp of the first water, Field often would strike morose poses, such as above!*

This newspaper always has believed in good writing. Its literary tradition is deep-rooted; its atmosphere congenial to men and women who take pride in doing their best. The consequence is two-fold: Good writing attracts the highest type of newspaper reader. And an atmosphere of encouragement and sympathetic direction attracts the most promising from the ranks of the younger newspaper men and women.

Thus, The Chicago Daily News builds . . . not for a day, but for permanency. That its foundation is sound is indicated both by its circulation and advertising achievements. It has *greater* Home Coverage and reaches *more* Able-to-Buy families than any other daily newspaper in Chicago. Indeed, its circulation penetrates every section of Chicago, exactly paralleling the city's purchasing power. And it has carried *more* Total Display and *more* Retail Advertising than any other newspaper in Chicago—morning, evening or Sunday *as far back as the records go.**

**Sources: Advertising Record Co., Media Records, Inc.*

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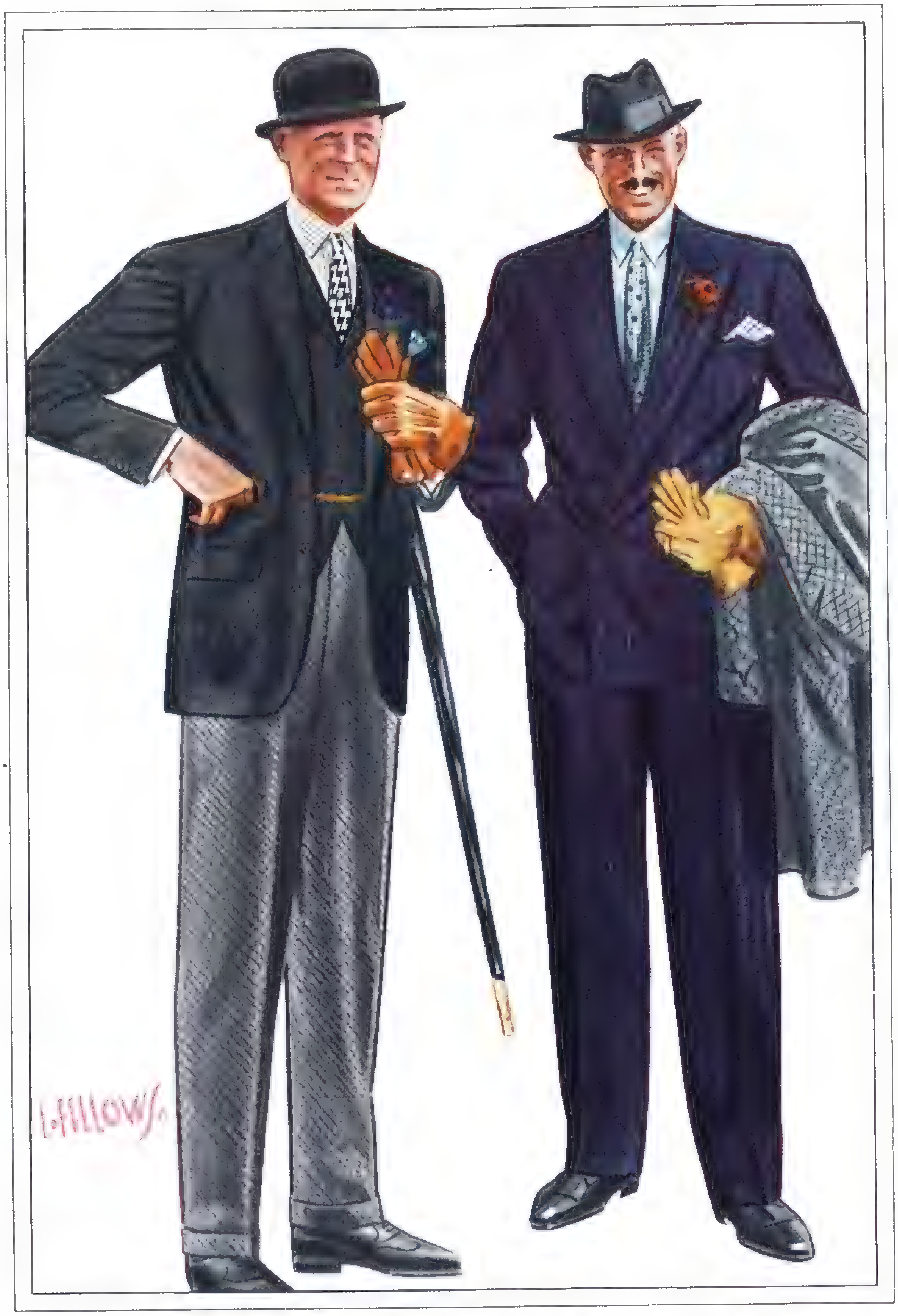

# PROVING EVEN FASHIONS IN DIGNITY CHANGE

If it's an extra special town occasion, you can still wear the black jacket and striped trouser combination. But if you want to be modern about it, you'll choose the new version demonstrated at the left. The jacket is a single breasted black herringbone cheviot, with an outside cash pocket and side vents. The waistcoat has a step or notch collar, and the grey cheviot trousers have cuffs. Even this garment is influenced by the important sports trend. The sympathetic accessories with this outfit are a grey stripe broadcloth shirt, white ground checked tie, black wing tip brogue shoes, bowler, blue cornflower, red goatskin gloves, and dotted blue handkerchief. The chief elements in the other outfit are the blue diagonal unfinished worsted suit with spaced white stripes, Eton blue shirt, Spitalfields tie, black Lord's hat, black blucher shoes, Irish homespun tweed coat, and yellow chamois gloves.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

## Cock Doom Makes Everybody Equal

*Continued from page 52*

dope suddenly attacked the senses. Reason went with the wind and what should have been a paradise proved a veritable hell for the gamblers.

"What's up next? Number Four and Number Five. Number Four win two good fights and Number Five ain't win a fight yet. Hundred to eighty on Number Four! Hundred to seventy-five oncet!"

But the birds care nothing for the odds for or against them. They meet in mid-air, three feet from the ground. This time, Number Five shows an ace. He tops the other bird and in the first pitting, Number Four loses a wing. Again, they are pitted and now, Number Four, unbalanced by its broken wing, falls to its side to be shuffled to death the following instant by the dark horse Number Five.

"How you doing?" a disconsolate gambler asks a fellow adventurer.

"Me? I'm so badly bent, if I ever get straightened out I'll curl right up again. This time, I lay the odds and for the three fights before I take 'em—and I ain't been right yet. Houdini couldn't get out of the jam I'm in!"

From nine in the morning until six at night this went on at the International Tournament. Fortunes changed hands daily. While one pair of cocks was fighting in the main pit, another pair was getting ready. Nor was even this fast enough action for the gambling mad crowd. If the fight in the central arena endured more than twenty minutes, if both cocks were disabled and neither was able to deliver the *coup de grâce*—they were taken to the "drag pit," where they might peck and claw at each other until one was finally counted out.

Many people believe cock fights invariably result in the death of one of the combatants. This isn't the case. Game cocks have been known to lose their first fight, recover from their wounds and win their next half-dozen.

The strictest of rules prevailed at the International Tournament. If one cock was on the offensive and the other showed no resistance, the handler of the aggressive rooster could call for a count. The referee then counted ten and allowed a fifteen-second interval for both pitters to nurse their birds. The chickens were again pitted and if the groggy fowl again failed to peck or strike, another count was chalked against him. Three such counts of ten and one of twenty and the fight was over. If both cocks were dying and neither was entitled to the count, the fighter that lived the longer was declared the winner. If either turned tail, no matter what the condition of its adversary, the runaway lost. There were no drawn battles.

The referee was a quiet-spoken gentleman, of impartiality and fearlessness, but a reputation throughout the south of being very unpleasant when aroused. If any handler thought his cock was entitled to the count and the referee deemed otherwise, it was useless for the handler to dispute the point.

On the whole, amazing order prevailed. There were ladies present—and profanity was not allowed. Nothing stronger than beer and no other form of gambling save betting on the roosters were permitted on the grounds. Thousands upon thousands of dollars were wagered, without a dollar being put up, without a word of misunderstanding. But almost every year, some little incident not on the program adds zest to the International Tournament, and 1938 was no exception. The setting for such an occurrence is just about perfect. With perhaps a million dollars in cash in the pockets of the spectators, with huge wagers being made and paid after every fight, with scores of rabid roosters murdering each other day after day, the nerves of the mob are stretched to the breaking point long before the last day of the meeting and the atmosphere is charged with enough electricity to drag a fair-sized freight train upgrade.

Last year, the added feature was provided by a stick-up man who crashed the gates, poked a thing that was cold and hard into the ribs of an elderly gentleman and walked off with five thousand dollars. The management of the International Tournament was much distressed. With so many strangers attending their shows, they found it almost impossible to guarantee that all were aristocrats. But, this year, when the same elderly gentleman returned, he brought with him a cute little toy with a pearl handle and a determination to protect his roll at any cost.

"I haven't so long to live anyway," he explained, "so the young fellow who held me up was laying the odds. If he tries it again, I am going to call his bet."

Fortunately, as far as could be learned, there were no stick-up men at the Nineteenth International Tournament, but the elderly gentleman who was victimized in 1937 just happens to be one of the sort that find it difficult to keep out of trouble. Although slightly uncoupled, he is as game as many a rooster, dearly loves his action and will take it where he finds it. On the second day of the meeting, he picked the majority of winners and returned to his hotel with a satisfactory profit, but that evening a crap shooter visited his room and relieved him of a thousand dollars.

Everything would have been perfectly all right had it not been for the fact that the elderly gentleman learned later that his visitor was a notorious pad roller and that he had undoubtedly been fleeced out of his hard-won money. Accordingly, when on the following

*Continued on page 164*

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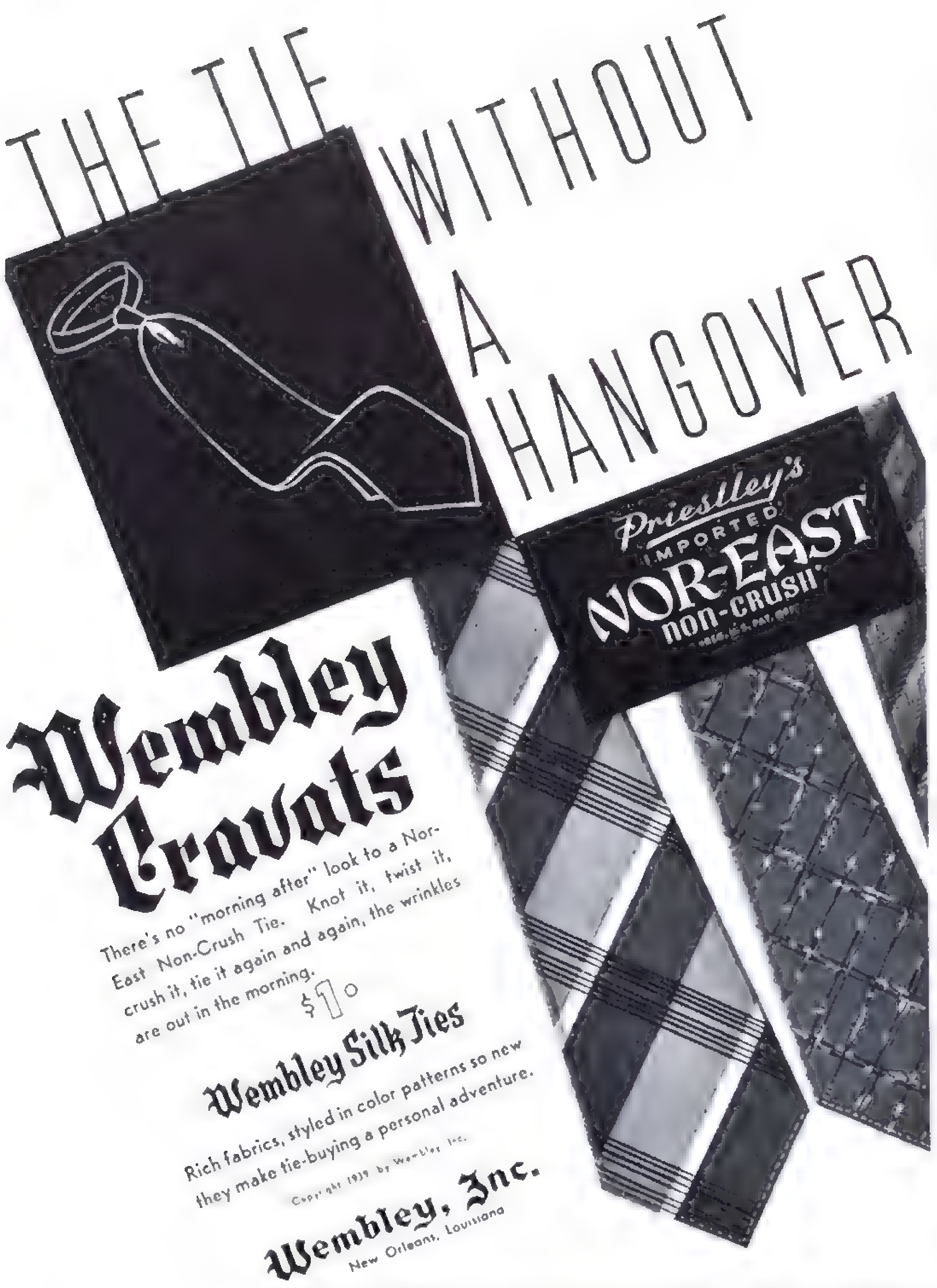
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PACESETTERS IN MEN'S FOOTWEAR

## Cock Doom Makes Everybody Equal

*Continued from pages 52-163*

morning the dice player made the almost fatal mistake of visiting the cockpit, the elderly gentleman approached him there with the announced intention of shooting him through the blind gut.

"A hundred to ten on the grey cock," a fan called out at this moment. But, there were no takers. For one reason, the other chicken had just received a death rattle and the proper odds were a hundred to one he would never strike another blow and for another, the attention of most of the gathering was at that time directed to the little by-play in the bleachers.

The elderly gentleman was maneuvering for a favorable position from which to perforate the pad roller and the latter was making a sincere and conscientious effort to melt into the crowd. About this time the law intervened, frisked the elderly gentleman of his pearl-handled trick and advised him that if he wanted it back he would have to apply at the sheriff's office on the following day. Ten minutes later, the dice player had disappeared and the incident was forgotten.

On Friday, January 29th, the final day of the Nineteenth International Tournament, the ultimate winner of the event was almost as much in doubt as at the opening. Of the sixteen entries, there were two each from Canada, New York State, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Florida and Georgia; and one each from Alabama, Texas, Ohio and South Carolina.

Of the New York stables, one had made a splendid showing with eight victories and four defeats, while the other was hopelessly out of the running with ten out of twelve setbacks. The Canadian entries were running neck and neck, one with six victories and the other with five, but neither had more than a remote chance of being in the money. Western Pennsylvania, with only five victories, was a lost cause, but Eastern Pennsylvania with seven, was still to be considered. Ohio, which had gotten off to a miserable start with six out of nine defeats, only to chalk up three straight victories, was a dark horse for place or show.

But at this point, the shuffling devils of the south began to forge to the front. They struck with or without a billhold and when they clinched, they shuffled in the air, on the ground—or on their backs. They missed few openings and fought with the desperation of Pickett, the sagacity of Robert E. Lee.

The cocker from Georgia, with the reputed six million smackers, who, on the first day had lost his main to the fancier from Ontario with the reputed sixty million, was out for revenge. It was evident he had held his aces for the tournament and had used his second-string fowl in the main. They were in superb condition, dead game, aggressive and smart.

Instead of diminishing, the betting doubled and redoubled. Those with their pockets full from having picked the majority of winners, were hungry for more, while the big losers gambled more desperately than ever in the hope that their luck would change. New York money was still strongly in evidence, but the odds abruptly shifted.

"Any part of a thousand, New York wins the next fight," a gambler sang out and he was quickly covered for the entire amount. A few minutes later, the wise money was offering a hundred to eighty against New York, with few takers.

As a matter of fact, this was the decisive battle of the tournament. If New York won, they would be in a three-way tie for first, second and third money. If they lost, they would be unable to catch the leader from Georgia.

And now, a superb Whitehackle from the north opposed a shuffling Dominick from Kentucky. The Whitehackle was a five times winner, the Dominick was one of the same strain of cyclonic body fighters as that which won the Seventeenth International Tournament in 1936. In appearance, they were both perfection, not a feather broken, their heads and bottoms the ruddy hue of perfect health, their red eyes glittering like rubies, their bodies hard, symmetrical and streamlined as are no other living creatures. But in performance, in style of battle, they were as different as Jack Dempsey and Tommy Loughran.

The Whitehackle was a boxer, the Dominick an in-fighter. And in long heels, a body fighting game cock is your best bet.

To be sure, he takes a desperate chance as he bores in, but if his opponent misses, if he strikes but fails to reach a vital spot, if he permits the oncoming shuffler to get close enough to grab a beak full of hackle feathers and turn loose that bombardment of steel-clad feet, smashing with the rapidity of a machine gun and with enough force to drive a needle-pointed gaff through an inch plank—it is all over. And that is exactly what happened now.

The Whitehackle flew high and struck hard. His left gaff pierced the tough wing feathers of the Dominick and sank into the other's breast, but the Dom, scornful of its injury, twisted and turned, dragging the other off-balance as he thrust hungrily forward for his bill hold. At last, the spur tore loose—but it was too late. In the split second before the Whitehackle could regain its balance, the Dominick had locked its powerful beak upon the long hackle feathers and with this leverage had launched its inexhaustible shuffle. Over and over they turned, for perhaps ten seconds, a seeming eternity, until at last the Dominick was on its back, still shuffling with its adversary already dead.

Abruptly, the tournament was over. It hardly seemed possible. For five days, the hubbub of bets called and taken, the cries of jubilation, the groans of disappointment, the muffled sounds as the feathered warriors struck, at first powerfully, but weaker and weaker as the death struggle progressed, the monotone of the referee as he counted endlessly three tens and a twenty, the excited interruptions of the pitters as they cried: "Give it to me!" For five days, dead game creatures slew each other until the feeling grew that the carnage would endure forever.

There were still a dozen cocks matched in the tournament, and scores of alternates, but none of the owners had a chance to be in the money so they decided to save them for the hack fights the following day. The Nineteenth International Tournament itself was cocking history. The gamblers who had won small fortunes could now relax, while the heavy losers were cloaked in a pall of gloom in the realization that there was no further chance to stage a comeback. Slowly, the crowd poured out of the canvas-covered cockpit to scan the great blackboard which contained the final results.

The winner of the silver cup and first prize money of $4,000 was Number 15, of Atlanta, Georgia. Second money of $2,500 and third money of $1,000 were divided between Number 7, of Pine Grove, Kentucky and Number 10, of Dallas, Texas. And three northern cockers, Number 2 from Ohio, Number 4 from Pennsylvania and Number 13 from New York State, optimists with every faith that their Whitehackles, Travelers and Speeders could penetrate the deep south and compete with the shuffling furies of Dixie—were compelled to be content with an equal division of fourth and fifth money—which returned to each about three hundred dollars, or a small fraction of their expenses.

"Cock doom makes everybody equal," a chicken philosopher observed. "But shufflers show best for the money." ##

## Smelling Them Out

*Continued from page 83*

starred him in *Metropolitan* and the picture did very good business.

The late Will Rogers was considered the most potent b. o. name in the U. S., just before he died. But in Europe his pictures didn't stand a chance. (And that is not as unimportant as you would think; film grosses outside the U. S. are often larger than within the U. S).

James Cagney generally means immediate b. o. in New York, but in the South exhibitors shy away from his films. George Arliss is a "critic's star"; he always gets good reviews, but the b. o. return is questionable, differing from one film to the next. Paul Muni is a "big-city" name; the hinterland isn't so sure. Marlene Dietrich always sells well abroad, but not so consistently in the U. S.

A star is born. A star is killed. A star is submerged. A star is revived. Why? Wherefore? How?

No one knows. And least of all the film "critics." Some years ago, *Variety* got to worrying about the "criticism" of films in metropolitan daily newspapers. The boys and girls were quite obviously skirting the situation; they were avoiding the issue; they were saying everything except whether or not films were good or bad. *Variety*, being interested in things like that, therefore started a box score on the critics in New York and Chicago, scoring them at the end of each season on how often they were correct from the standpoint of results.

The only yardstick was b. o. results. "Art" didn't enter into it. If the "critic" said the picture was good and the picture did good business, he got a right. If he said the picture was bad and it did good business, he got a wrong. If he simply didn't say, he got a no-opinion, which was scored in the total as a wrong.

That made for some amusing situations. The "critics" all complained, objected, and argued, but all kept their eyes peeled on the results. Fewer and fewer of them avoided the issue. They tried, most of them, to guess right.

And suddenly they found out that they had no standards to gauge themselves by. The only possible standard was public reaction. And the public reaction at one film house was totally different than the public reaction at another.

*Variety* didn't care. The first round was its. The no-opinions grew less and less frequent and it all turned into a pleasant guessing game whereby one weighed all the possible b. o. elements—subject matter, names, allure, title, ballyhoo—and reached an opinion. The contest was used every year: it became a pleasant game.

The winning "critics" rushed to their managing editors with the results and asked for raises. The losing "critics" complained or whined. The totals kept on coming.

But the interesting point, and the point that no one seemed to realize, is that it was simply a game. Because even *Variety's* staff of experts, trained to be cold, tough and impartial, wasn't too good. *Variety* is supposed to be the last word in the film business. There is no court of higher appeal; exhibitors throughout the country know that *Variety* calls 'em as it sees 'em. No matter who made the picture or who is in it, if *Variety* doesn't think it is b. o., *Variety* says so. And yet this paper's staff of cold, tough, cynical young men, weighing all the possible elements against that curious unknown thing called "public preference," faltered so frequently that, on several occasions, it ran second—or third—best in the contest.

No one knows whether a picture is good or bad. No one but the public, that is. And the public uses only one way of expressing itself. It smells them out. ##

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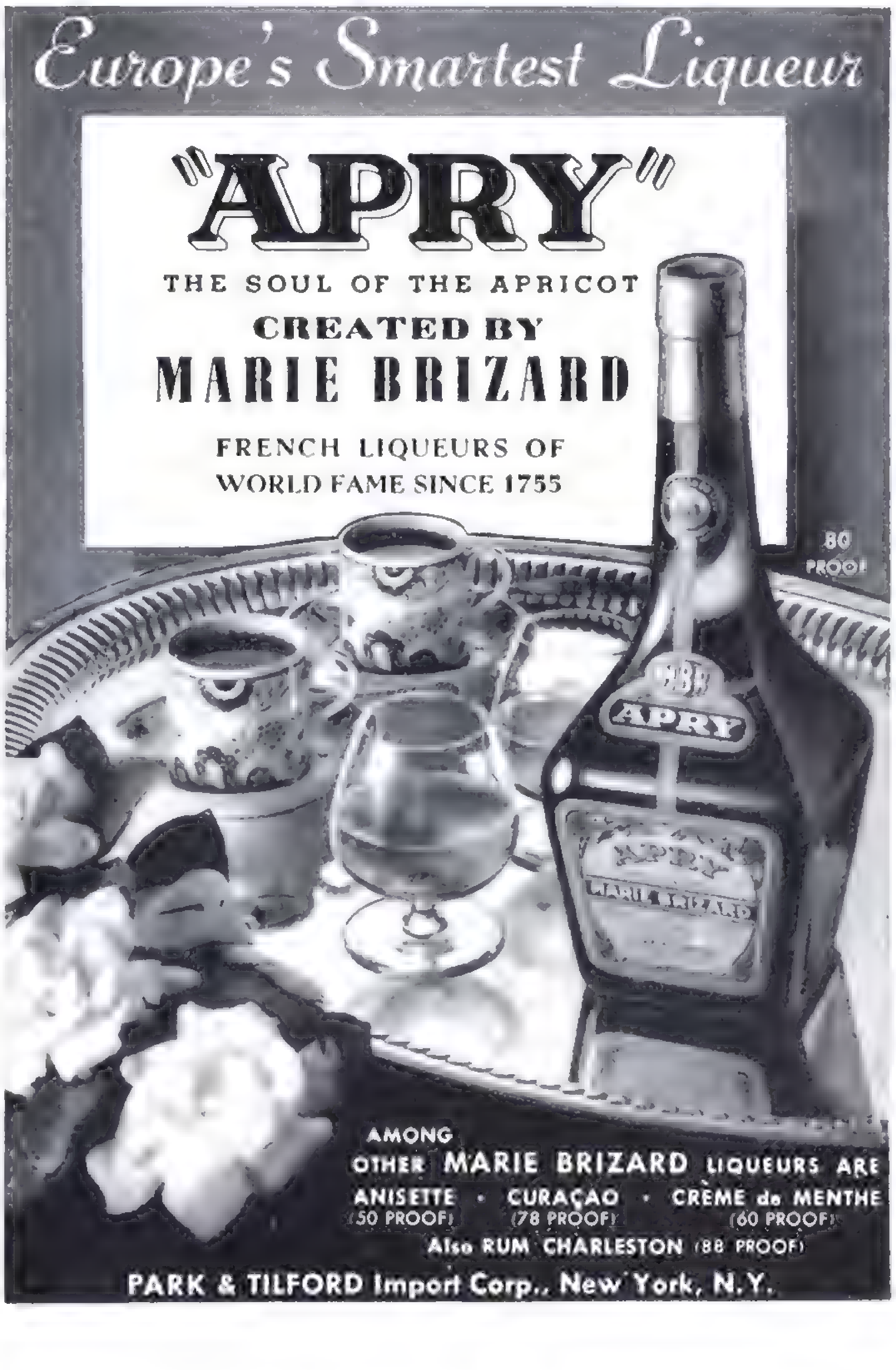

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## No Timing Whatever

*Continued from page 66*

is also another, closely related: the movies. You do hear of the marvelous timing of William Powell and Carole Lombard; and that usually refers to the choice of the right moment—the sufficient pause before the next funny remark. Or you may hear complaints about Groucho Marx's timing of his cracks—and if you do, the complaints are all wrong. It doesn't matter, at times, whether you hear every one of Groucho's remarks; the speed of speech is funny in itself. But the real timing of the movies—the essential way in which they are related to the lapse of time, is usually forgotten.

The movies play the darnedest tricks with time. You see one that lasts seventy minutes—and you feel that you have followed an experience which may have lasted a year or a century; actually if the picture has absorbed you, you have "lost track of time." And this sense of time passing, which every dramatist and novelist also has to give you, is created in the movies by a variety of ways, from the old trick of fluttering pages from the calendar, to substantial devices in the aging of characters. But the basic thing is that while you are looking at a picture, the rate at which one sequence goes is compared, in your time-apparatus, with what went before. In a good picture, you can even sniff out in advance a change in pace about to come. And that internal, basic use of time which makes or breaks a picture, is the work of the director and of the cutter. It depends on the speed at which one scene moves and on the amount of footage devoted to another; and it depends also on what sequences are placed between others, because the way movies are made allows you to shift whole sequences about. So again timing is only a short cut, and a rather uncertain one, to a whole series of problems.

Heaven knows that when we talked of style we were hiding plenty of ignorance. You can't write a whole book—you can't read the books that are written—about style before you begin to use the word. (It might be better if you had to; but we have to begin making our livings in early manhood, not senility.) But when we said "this man has style"—once we got away from the idea that he wrote a bastard Paterian English—we were throwing ourselves on the reader's mercy, asking him to forgive the vague term and to put his own meaning into it. Now, when we say that a man has timing we are pretending to use a specific term, and aren't using it properly. To find out what makes a ball player or a comedian great is worth doing; but finding the wrong answer doesn't help.

Sometime ago Ignatz Mouse said to Krazy Kat: "The secret of success is hard work" and Krazy answered, "I didn't know it wuz a siggrit." When I'm told that the secret of great form, in sport or art, is timing, I not only know it isn't a secret, I know it isn't so. ⧺

## How's Your Liver?

*Continued from page 38*

happens when infections or foreign bodies such as gallstones occlude these passages.

Disorders of the biliary apparatus are responsible for at least ninety per cent of all burps, if one excludes those backfires generated by gulping down cold beer too rapidly, and probably a great majority of all "tummy aches," "biliousness," "indigestion," "dyspepsia" and similar lay designations for abdominal distress originate here rather than in the stomach as most people suppose. Infections of these passages may be either ascending from the intestinal tract or via the blood and lymph channels from a distant focus of infection such as bad teeth, infected tonsils or sinuses. If the infection is confined to the gall bladder it is called a cholecystitis; if the difficulty is in the ducts it is known as a cholangitis. Both types may, and often do, exist concurrently. Symptoms are somewhat the same in either case except that jaundice nearly always is present when disturbances of the ducts are severe.

As the gall bladder is the most frequent offender, we'll pause a moment to give it a closer look. Its thick lining of mucous membrane and the more or less stagnant bile it contains make it peculiarly susceptible. Difficulty here is essentially a disease of middle and later life and it is more common among females than males. However, it is not preeminently confined to "females fair, fat and forty" as was formerly supposed. Any age or sex is susceptible and if you caress your drink and victuals in the manner of Henry VIII, you're laying a swell foundation for trouble in this vicinity at some future time. If an acute attack catches up with you, the picture will probably be something like this. Onset is likely to be sudden and you feel sick all the way through. There is likely to be considerable upper abdominal pain accompanied by nausea, vomiting and retching. The pain may be dull and fairly mild or severe and radiate to the back and vicinity of your right shoulder blade. The abdomen feels full and distended and is generally tender in the right upper segment. Many other conditions might present a similar picture so don't be too sure of your own clinical ability and diagnostic acumen, but see your Doctor pronto. The correct diagnosis of intra-abdominal conditions is always baffling and calls for considerable skill and judgment, and since delay may at times be extremely dangerous don't pass it off too lightly. Appendicitis, beginning intestinal obstruction, ailments of the kidney, pancreas and stomach, as well as lower lobe pneumonia and pleurisy are only a few of the important things which must be differentiated.

While acute attacks of this nature are fairly rare, low-grade chronic infections of the biliary apparatus are among the most common ailments of civilized man especially about the time "the middle-age spread" makes its debut. Obesity and continued excesses of food and drink are undoubtedly predisposing factors and in this instance, symptoms seem more or less referable to the stomach. There is present an overstuffed feeling and your belt always seems to be too tight. This feeling of distention is aggravated by the ingestion of food, and just a few mouthfuls make you feel as though you'd just polished off a sumptuous Chamber of Commerce banquet. There is vague upper abdominal distress and discomfort; the capacity of the stomach seems smaller and exhibits an intolerance to fatty or greasy foods. There is also considerable burping and belching and the old reliable sody bicarb gives little or no relief. Symptoms as the above may continue for a long time without any exacerbations or complications other than occasional attacks of acute distress brought on by such indiscretions as staging rodeos for out-of-town friends. Sometimes, however, the presence of gallstones complicates the picture in various ways. These devilish rocks derive their name from the site of origin, the gall bladder, but the exact mechanism of their formation is still a mystery which belongs to the realm of colloid chemistry. They are composed chiefly of calcium bilirubinate, a compound derived from bile pigment, and cholesterol, a substance found in such foods as brain, kidney, cream, yolk of egg, bacon and liver. Supposedly the combination of an infected roughened gall bladder wall and stasis of bile, favor the precipitation of crystals of these compounds which become larger in size by subsequent deposits. The symptoms occasioned by their presence depend chiefly upon their size and location. One might go along for years totally unconscious of these stowaways in the gall bladder until discovered by the physician investigating one of the chronic biliary complaints. If, however, a stone of any size should pass into the ducts, the phenomenon announces itself with a bang.

The migration of the stone causes the smooth muscle lining of the duct affected to contract and go into spasm, producing such intense devastating pain that it may easily be the meanest armful of agony and anguish the affected mortal has ever been called upon to endure. The pain, which is sharp and lancinating and often referred to the back and right shoulder blade, may at times be so overwhelming as to resist the strongest opiates or even cause the unhappy victim to lose consciousness. The name for this particular type of bad news is biliary colic. If now the stone becomes wedged in a location where the flow of bile into the intestinal tract is obstructed, jaundice naturally appears, along with chills, fever, abdominal pain and tenderness.

In recent years, accurate diagnosis of these biliary conditions has been made possible much more often than formerly by the assistance of laboratory aids of which the most interesting is—cholecystography—the visualization of the gall bladder by means of a dye and X-ray. The name of the dye is a good one to remember because it's an ace in the hole if ever you have to serve as chairman of a spelling bee and want to mow down the county champ in a hurry when the hour gets late. It is called phenoltetraiodophthalein! This substance, which is an iodine compound, is absorbed by the bile and after several hours finds its way into the gall bladder outlining this structure so that it may be visualized by the X-ray. An idea of the power of the organ to concentrate the dye is thus obtained. Then a fatty meal is given which normally causes the gall bladder to empty. Now another X-ray plate is made, and a comparison of the two gives a fairly good idea of the functioning ability of the apparatus. At the same time the presence of stones can be detected by a study of the different densities on the X-ray film.

Treatment of these disorders naturally varies according to the condition found and no one set rule obtains that will fit all cases. It has long been a moot question among medicos as to whether medical or surgical treatment is the procedure of choice, but it is now generally admitted that the middle road is the most desirable. Preponderance of thought favors surgery in those cases where stones are present, so don't fall for any preparation which is guaranteed to dissolve or scatter them—it just doesn't happen. In practically all cases dietary restrictions are imposed which many times spoil the ball game for those who "live to eat." In general, fatty and greasy foods aggravate biliary distress and are therefore taboo. Fried foods and pork products are also definitely out, as are eggs, cream, condiments, alcoholic beverages, fatty cheeses, rich dressings, gravies and squishy desserts. Meats rich in cholesterol such as sweetbreads, brain and kidney are also best left alone.

To the luckless afflicted epicure the prohibited list appears formidable, but he can still make out fairly well on such things as fish, poultry, lean meats, fruits, vegetables and cereals. If in addition he will obey his Doctor's orders, exercise regularly, live in moderation and remember that knives, forks and goblets have been responsible for more casualties than bullets or bayonets, he will have come a long way toward insuring for himself a happy healthy liver with well-behaved appurtenances. ⌗

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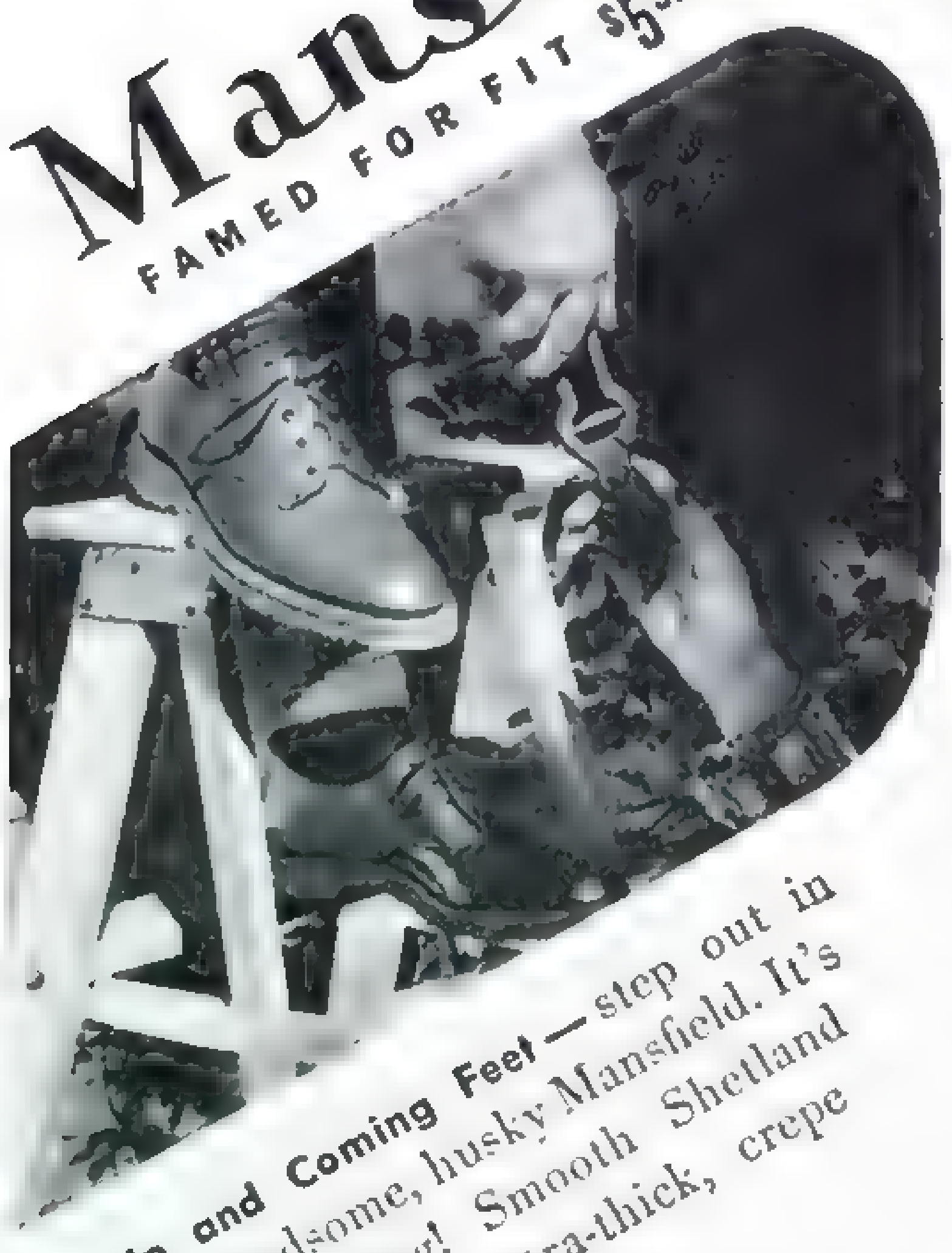

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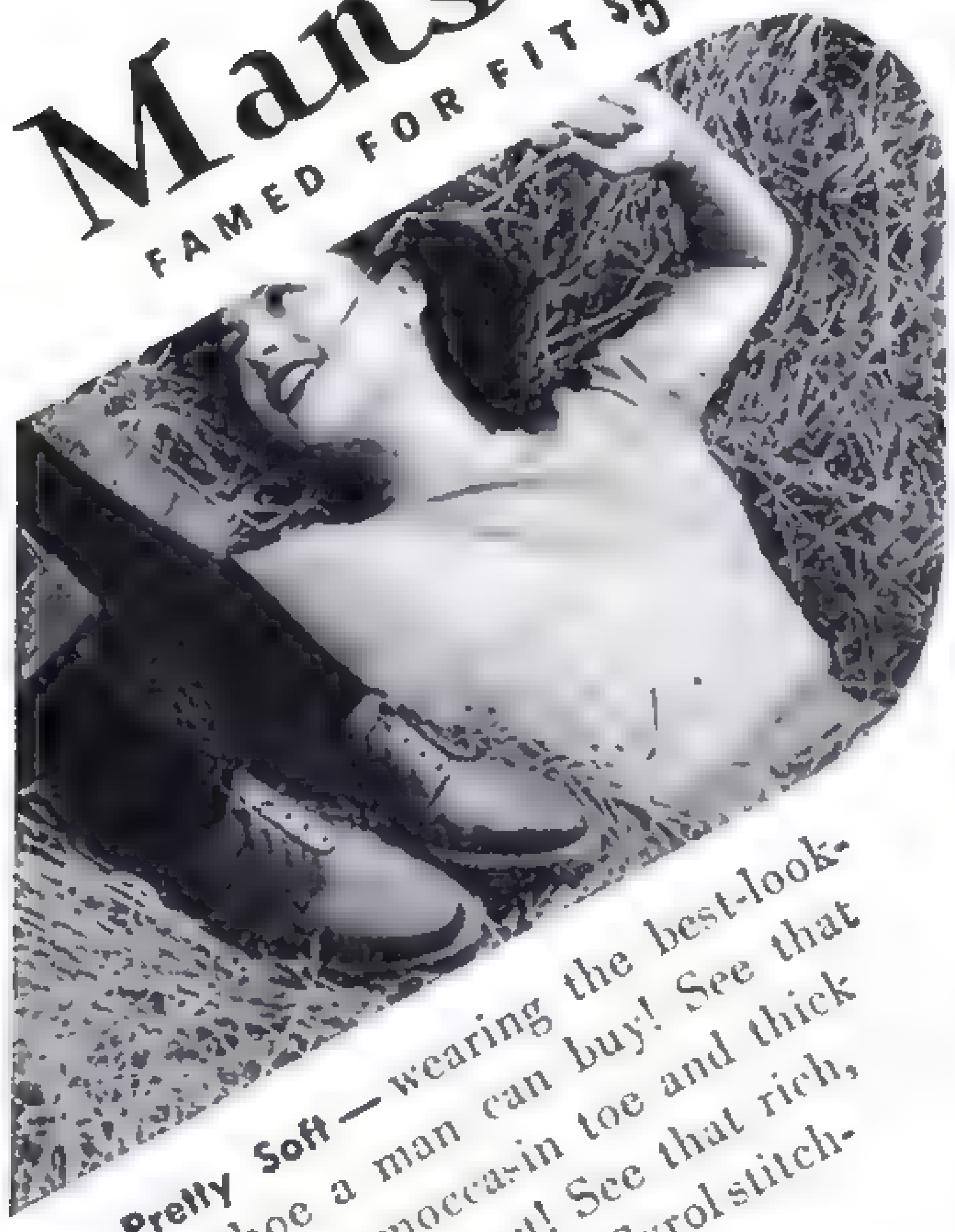
FAMED FOR FIT $\$5^{50}$ TO $\$6^{50}$



**Pretty Soft**—wearing the best-looking shoe a man can buy! See that smooth-top mocca-in toe and thick crepe sole? Comfort! See that rich, Norway Tan leather and Tyrol stitching? Style!

**Write for Right Styles!** *free!*

Latest, smartest, Mansfields for Spring. Close-ups of pace-setting patterns in this *free* booklet! Write Mansfield Shoes, Whitman, Mass.

Mansfield
Shoes
SPRING

"BELIEVE ME—
IT'S TRUE!"

*Miracle Elastic*

PARIS
GARTERS

-S-T-R-E-T-C-H-
AROUND YOUR WAIST

EVEN IF YOU WEIGH 275 LBS.

They simply won't bind your legs . . . they won't chafe . . . with all their amazing elasticity they won't slip . . . they're as secure as they're gentle. Paris Garters must fit perfectly because you simply adjust them to your leg-size.

**FOR YOUR HEALTH'S SAKE**

. . . don't risk uncomfortable tight pressure on your legs . . . a possible danger in many substitutes for Paris Garters, such as some ill-fitting, non-adjustable "self-supporting" sox.

When you wear Paris Garters you're safe . . . you're comfortable . . . you're saving money . . . see the new styles at your dealer's now. 50c and up. Your money back if you're not extremely pleased. Millions of men wear—

**PARIS GARTERS**
No metal can touch you

*Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association*

No. 184 50c
No. 1557 50c
No. 116 50c
No. 1162
Double Grip
50c

A. STEIN & COMPANY • Chicago • New York

*It's packed with style!*
the genuine
Ensenada
Suit

JR. AND PREP SIZES
Same as the men's suit. With either long trousers or shorts. Junior sizes (with Lastex back) from 4 to 12. Prep from 8 to 18.

MEN'S
Shirt worn in or out. Sanforized Hollywood Sacking. Natural beach tan's the color. Self belt. And they're so fine you'd expect to pay twice $1.95

Golf is easier—the beach is breezier—the girls are teasier—when you play and lounge in your genuine Ensenada Suit! Its casual swagger and cool comfort make you feel like a king. And best of all—these *genuine* Ensenada Suits are now *only* . . . $1.95

*ASK YOUR DEALER* for Ensenada Suits—if he doesn't have them, mail the order blank below:

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING CO.
212 West Monroe Street, CHICAGO, ILL.
GENTLEMEN Please send Parcel Post Prepaid ☐ Ensenada suits (in sizes indicated below) at $1.95 each. Satisfaction guaranteed
☐ Cash enclosed ☐ Money Order ☐ C O D
Additional post office delivery charge of 17 cents on C. O. D. shipments
Shirts (small, medium, large)
Pants waist (29 30 31-32 33 34 36 38 40 42)
inseam (30-31-32-33-34)
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

## As a Little Child

*Continued from page 65*

"What's the matter? The blonde turn you down again?"

"She turns me down every time, Eddie. It's not that altogether. I think I'm going to get myself analyzed."

"Very fashionable just now," I said. "But you make a hundred bucks a week. You haven't had ulcers. You go to Bermuda in the winter. Why spend your money just to see if you were frightened by a train when you were little?"

As I look back, I don't see how I could talk to him like that, but after you live with people a while you take them pretty much for granted. You don't think about them much.

"Get out, Eddie, will you?" he said.

"O.K., if that's the way you feel," I said. I put on my plug hat and went to the party. It was a dinner for the guy I write publicity for.

When I got back to the apartment, Howie was still awake and not so drunk as I expected. It had all been pretty deliberate. He was in a dressing gown. The whiskey bottle was two-thirds empty on the side table next to his chair. There was nothing but water in the ice bowl and the ash tray was full of butts. He had been sitting there alone all the evening looking at the wall.

"Shake hands with a lot of people, Eddie?" he asked me.

"Seventy-three and a fraction," I said.

"Have I got a soul?"

"Tradition's in your favor. Science can't deny it. The odds are about five to two, I should say."

"People you shook hands with got souls too?"

"Sure."

"Poet says souls kiss at meeting. Literary man like me is necessarily familiar with the best said and best thought. Use it in my business. Souls kiss, don't they?"

"It's a noble sentiment."

"But, Eddie, why doesn't my soul kiss their souls when I meet 'em? Something screwy. I look into the eyes, windows of the soul, and what do I see? Retina. Vile jelly." He began to laugh. Then he stopped and looked at the wall some more.

I am always patient with drunks. I went into my bedroom and began to undress. I called to him and asked him if he wanted to go to bed.

"Why not? Knit up the old sleeve," he said. He got up and went into his bedroom, swaying a little.

The next day was Saturday and I left early to spend the week end in Jersey. I looked in at Howie. He was fast asleep and I did not wake him.

When I got back from the week end Sunday night, Howie was gone. There was a note explaining that he had seen Max Gremmer, the psychoanalyst who had told him that if he wanted to be cured, he had better spend six months at Gremmer's retreat a little way up the Hudson. He said he really wanted to be cured so he had gone up there. He had left a check for his share of the rent and would I come up and see him occasionally. He guessed visitors were allowed.

I had always thought that people who got themselves analyzed were like the ones in the case histories. In fact I have always imagined Vienna as a beautiful place with the streets full of officers in red tunics, pretty girls eating pastry and drinking coffee at the café tables under the lime trees, and then, to spoil it all, a parade of dopes and incompetents wandering gloomily up and down waiting to be analyzed; the kind of people who thought they were being oppressed by the milkman, or kept trying to hang themselves, or couldn't like their wives unless they wore wigs, or took a keen interest in little girls' underclothing in trains. Not people like Howie. I know a man named Jim Collingwood who always sleeps with his light on, and Porter Davis has stayed on the lobster trick of the *Sun* for years and years so he can sleep in the daytime and at night he can keep out of crowds. Obviously they have something on their minds but they never tell what it is and you can joke with them about it and they never get sore and they don't go to the witch doctors either.

I couldn't figure Howie out. I had known him since college—we had lived in Harkness together. He used to write some things for the *Lit* and in his senior year, he was on the swimming team. He had played around with the usual girls, and he spent an occasional week end in New York with some dolly from the *Vanities*. He drank some but always quietly and usually he talked about Life when the bottle was half gone. He was the only guy I knew who would lend money without asking what it was for. Aside from the fact that he always wore blue neckties, I could think of nothing strange about him at all. He wasn't shy, merely quiet, and he got along very well with people. But, as I say, when you live with someone, you cease to observe. There must have been something I had overlooked because Howie would not be psychoanalyzed just for a gag.

I was very busy for the next two or three months trying to get the public to esteem my client, a captain of industry who had been peered at pretty ruthlessly by two Senate Committees. In the end, I hit on the idea of making him a rose fancier. We had some choice rose bushes dug up out of a greenhouse and entered in the Flower Show, and we had the photographers take pictures of the old boy with his arms full of flowers, smiling his dreadful smile. His teeth were black and the prints for the rotogravure sections had to be retouched heavily but the public seemed to like it. They stopped

PARIS

New Jewel-crafted...
Fingertip Control
KLIXON ENDS

The new jewel-crafted "Klixon" fingertip-control grip automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of trouser-top and stays set until you say otherwise. For style . . . flexibility . . . dependability . . . and value—"Free-Swing" can't be duplicated . . . though they're widely imitated. You . . . like the millions of men who wear them . . . want the security and comfort of the famous "Can't skid off your shoulders" feature found only in "Free-Swing." Get what you want . . . several new pair of "Free-Swing" . . . one for each suit . . . at your dealer's. Most styles $1.

A. Stein & Company • Chicago • New York
Los Angeles • Toronto • Buenos Aires

PARIS
Free-Swing
SUSPENDERS
Can't skid off your shoulders

writing letters to the papers about him anyway. It was a tough job, and I didn't write Howie, partly because I was too busy and partly because I didn't know if psychiatric patients were allowed to receive letters from their old life.

But as soon as I had my robber baron safely endeared to the masses, I took a day off and borrowed a car to drive up and see Howie. It was a fine bright winter day, and as I drove along beside the river, I envied Howie living up in the country where he could see trees and the river when he went out for walks. They must let him out walking; there wasn't anything wrong with his legs.

Gremmer's retreat was one of these modern buildings, concrete and frosted glass, one story high. There were some pine trees around it. I parked my car and went in. Inside it was light, white and somehow medical although there was no smell. A nurse was sitting at a table which had curved legs of shiny pipe. There was a cactus on the table in a little pot. It was all very clean and my feet made no noise on the floor. I asked if I could see Mr. Howard Chapin.

She said she would see. Would I wait a moment? She went out.

In a recess in the wall there was a row of books. I looked at them while I waited. They all had titles like these: *Lehrbuch der Nervenkrankheiten*, and *Bildnereider Geisteskranken*. The photographs in them were very unpleasant. I put them back and waited. The nurse was taking a long time.

I went over to the table and fooled with the cactus until I pricked my finger and then I walked down the hall to look around. I found a door slightly ajar and I pushed it open slowly thinking perhaps I would find someone.

In a large crib I saw Howie. He was sitting up in a long white gown. A man who I guessed was Gremmer was holding a child's rattle up in front of Howie, shaking it and cooing. Howie laughed and went "ga, ga, ga." He reached for the rattle jerkily, drooling saliva over his chin. I saw all this at once and shouted, "Howie, for Christ's sake!" He threw his head up the way a baby does, eyes wide and blank until he saw me. Then his face began to pucker up and he started to whimper. His fists were clenched and his face got dark red. I noticed that he needed a shave. Gremmer whirled around and said, "One moment please, one moment please."

I backed out and was sick in a closet where they stored mops. Then I walked back up the corridor and sat down in the reception room. The nurse was there and she said, "Dr. Gremmer will see you in a moment." Howie was screaming. I could hear it way down the hall through the closed door.

Gremmer came in. "I am so sorry. You wished to see Mr. Chapin. He iss doing splendidly. It iss a new treatment. We call it 'regression.' By means of hypnosis, we reconstruct the past, even to childhood. We make him in fact a child, a baby if it iss necessary. Thus we discover the shock, the trauma which oppresses him, remove it, and restore him to his age. As you see, it would be useless for you to visit Mr. Chapin just now. He is in the infantile state. He would not recognize you."

I knocked him down with a short right and I nearly kicked him as he fell. I went out and got into my car and drove back to the city. There didn't seem to be anything I could do about Howie.

### III

I didn't try to see Howie again and I couldn't see any sense in writing to him; as long as they kept him in that crib, he would probably tear up the letter so he could play with the pieces.

In about three months, he came back from Gremmer's. He looked fine. He was about five pounds heavier with a good color and he seemed to have any amount of what ad writers call "zest for life." I didn't ask him anything about Gremmer's and he didn't say whether he knew I had called on him or not.

He went back to work at the agency and three or four days later I had lunch with one of the copywriters from Howie's office, and he said Howie was turning out the best stuff he had ever done in his life. It looked as if he were cured, although I figured maybe the rest and the country air had something to do with it.

Then one day about lunch time I was walking up Lexington near 44th Street and I saw Howie and his blonde come out of the *Crillon*. They talked a minute or two, then Howie tipped his hat and walked away. Barbara watched him and then she turned and began to walk down Lexington toward me. She seemed to be thinking hard because she bumped into a couple of people.

"Hello, Barbara," I said, "Have a good lunch?"

"I was with Howie," she said.

"I know. I saw you come out with him."

"He proposed to me again," she said, as if marriage were illegal.

"Well, didn't you know he would? Why do you think he went away?" I asked.

"To California, you mean. He surely didn't go out there to 'forget,' did he?"

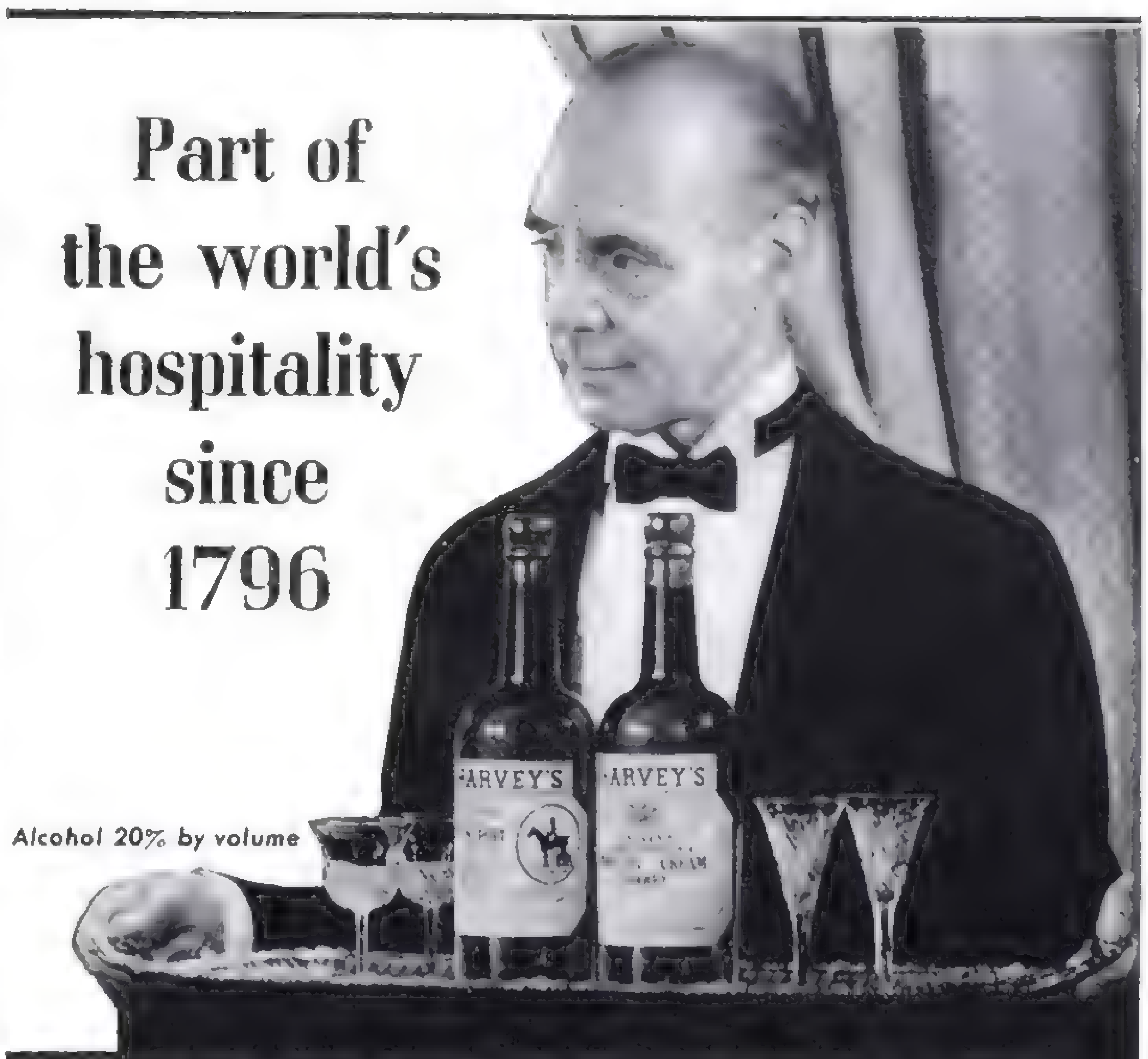
"What do you mean, California to forget? He hasn't been in California."

"He told me he went to Los Angeles to settle his aunt's estate," she said. "Wasn't he really out there?"

"No. He was right up here in Westchester. I don't know all the reasons why he was up there but you were certainly one of them." I told her what they had done to him. It took a long time and we were across Fifth Avenue and nearly to Radio City when I finished. I wasn't too pleasant about it. Who the hell did she think she was, turning Howie down all the time.

She looked for a minute as if she

Continued at top of page 170



Part of
the world's
hospitality
since
1796

Alcohol 20% by volume

HARVEY'S
Sherries & Ports
BRISTOL, ENGLAND
Imported Exclusively by
PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N.Y.

YOU SHOULD WEAR A
SUPPORT-"U"

• Guards against strain. • Offsets fatigue. • Improves posture. • Slims, trims down waistline. • Makes clothes fit better. • The only Supporter Short with *completely* detachable pouch.

Featured by leading men's stores. If no dealer is convenient, use coupon.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL COMPANY
Dept. E-19—231 South Green St., Chicago, Ill.
Enclosed $____. Send me ____ SUPPORT-"U" shorts.
☐ Standard, $2 ☐ Longfello Standard, $2
☐ Lightweight Zephyr, $3 ☐ Zephyr Longfello, $3
Waist measurement ____
Prices slightly higher in Canada.
Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____

Congratulations

AL DONAHUE

Your HILDICK STAR Cocktail Wins the HILDICK Award-of-the-Month . . . . . *a Silver Cocktail Shaker*

*. . . here's the way Al Donahue makes his drink. Try it!*

½ HILDICK Applejack Brandy
½ Italian Vermouth
Dash of Bitters

HILDICK
Applejack
BRANDY
BLACK LABEL 90 PROOF
WHITE LABEL 100 PROOF

Hildick's uniform natural flavor makes a finer, more delicious drink—tall, cocktail or straight. Always specify "Hildick"—You'll like it better!

HILDICK
Applejack Brandy
*A Natural Flavor that never changes*

DISTILLED LIQUORS CORPORATION, 271 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

## THE WINNERS IN Esquire's DECEMBER GAG-LINE CONTEST

### Winners of the Five First Prizes of $100.00 each:

J. J. Slattery, 133 East Woodlawn, San Antonio, Tex.
J. R. Quisenberry, 1508-B Lewis St., Charleston, W. Va.
Edward Nagle, Jr., 37 Birch Place, Buffalo, N. Y.
Miss Frisco Devere, Will Rogers Memorial Hospital, Saranac Lake, N. Y.
Leonard Cooper, 119 North Main, Salinas, Calif.

### Winners of the Five Second Prizes of $50.00 each:

Donald H. Nusbaum, Sgarlat Apt. 22, 259 Wyoming Ave., Kingston, Pa.
Alma Marcott, Route 2—Box 129, Beaverton, Ore.
L. Thelma Blackiston, 1925 Leavenworth St., Apartment 6, San Francisco, Calif.
William J. Miller, 230 Seneca St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Robert D. Gould, Jr., 4841 Iroquois Ave., Detroit, Mich.

### Winners of the Ten Third Prizes of $25.00 each:

N. M. Sambor, 79 Lincoln Park, Newark, N. J.
Robert W. Hartune, General Delivery, Clearwater, Fla.
Mrs. Daniel Klineburger, 3512 Tudor St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Rufus Eure, Box 125, Forest, Miss.
Chester R. Harris, 1602 North 35th St., Omaha, Neb.
Erroll A. Moss, M.D., 1516 Westwood Blvd., West Los Angeles, Calif.
E. L. Riego, 7404 North Hoyne Ave., Chicago, Ill.
J. J. O'Connor, 318 Sixth Ave., South, Clinton, Iowa
Bob Williams, 504—4th Ave., East, Twin Falls, Idaho
Chas. M. Young, 9 Irene Ave., Toronto, Can.

### Winners of the Twenty Fourth Prizes of $10.00 each:

George C. Davis, Jr., 515 Nirk Ave., Kirkwood, Mo.
Alma Seaman, Box 315, Clinton, Iowa
Edward Kramer, 2528 Pennsylvania Ave., Baltimore, Md.
E. H. Kollman, 5124 Pleasant Run Pkwy., Indianapolis, Ind.
Clyde N. Cook, 407 Center St., Huron, Ohio
Richard Allen, 1215 Harvard Rd., Grosse Pointe Park, Mich.
Clyde J. Swale, 1321 Bemidji Ave., Bemidji, Minn.
Robert Griffin, 45 Old Colony Rd., Wellesley Hills, Mass.
E. J. Merz, 44 Lark St., Rochester, N. Y.
James T. Walls, 318 Medical-Dental Bldg., Portland, Ore.
Emil B. Dandar, 430 S. 11th St., Indiana, Pa.
James Hand, Western Union Telegraph Co., Marshall, Minn.
Wesley Sanford Bird, 72 West Blake Ave., Columbus, Ohio
Fred Robinson, U.S.S. Minneapolis, San Pedro, Calif.
Carl F. Silberg, 3620 West Market St., Louisville, Ky.
Warner Dejulio Anthony, 2322 North Kenneth Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Richard Dodge, 240 Van Cortlandt Park Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.
Martin E. Healy, 3435 Gates Pl., Bronx, New York, N. Y.
Albert M. Vitale, 10 Brook St., Lincoln Park, N. J.
Robert S. Jacobs, M.D., 1401 Fairmont St., N.W. (Apt. 100), Washington, D. C.

*Grand Prizes in the contest will be announced in the April issue of Esquire, on sale March 15th at your newsstand.*

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN
919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago

## As a Little Child

*Continued from pages 65-169*

were going to cry. She stopped and looked at me and said, "My God, really?" Then she began to laugh and laugh and the tears ran down her face.

"Shut up," I said, "What's so funny about it?"

"Do you want to know why I can't marry Howie?" She tittered again. "Do you really want to know? It's because of his lip. He make a little smacking noise with his lip when he eats. Tsap, tsap. Like that. I couldn't tell him, you see. It's just one of those things you can't live with. And this noon he did it again. Tsap, tsap. That's all it was. Don't you see?"

"Good-bye, Barbara," I said. I turned away from her and walked down 52nd Street into one of those bars and ordered a lot of Scotch. I kept saying to myself, "This would be funny as hell if it happened to someone you didn't know," but the inside of my nose prickled, and finally I cried, and got over it. I sat there trying to think of something to say to Howie when I saw him, some little thing. ##

## Set 'em Up in the Other Alley

*Continued from page 47*

mysterious to the uninitiated as the patter at Alcatraz. The legends of tenpin characters from pin-boy to the headline "slicker" are passed on by word of mouth as religiously as the rites of the Delphian oracle.

There's the yarn, which happens to be true, about the rabid league official whose automobile was demolished by a truck in the five o'clock traffic. He was carted home in an ambulance. Two doctors were working on him at eight o'clock when his team captain phoned. "Accident hell," bawled the captain, "we're rolling tonight against the team that we're tied with for first place. No substitutes around here now. I'll give you fifteen minutes to get down here. We gotta have five men on deck."

Doctors protested. His wife wept. With "No fool like an old fool" ringing in his ears, he limped into a taxi, groaned all the way to the alleys and in the opening game shot the first perfect "300" game of his long career! (For the benefit of the golfers a "300" score is comparable to a 66 count on a tough par-72 course.) It means tossing twelve consecutive strikes and has been done only five times in thirty-eight national tournaments, with an accumulation of 1,750,000 games.

Then there is the classic of the salesman who had called vainly on the Dodge Motor Car Company for six years, seeking a million-dollar equipment order. At long last he was to get the coveted document at ten in the morning. But one of the officers couldn't get to the important meeting until late that afternoon.

To the motor magnate's utter amazement this bowling salesman said, "Well, you'll have to wait now until tomorrow—I got to get home (some 350 miles) to bowl tonight against the Dodge dealers team for the final championship-deciding game in our automotive league!"

The gasoline biggies frowned, grew indignant and finally burst into a roar of laughter. The salesman after a strenuous trip arrived at the home alleys at 8:35, just under the wire before the fifth frame of the first game. He pounded out a 190 average which nicked the rival Dodge aspirants by ten pins and a one-game margin, for the coveted loop title. He caught a midnight train back to Detroit—and got the order!

A couple of winters ago when the world was hanging on its radios in breathless, twenty-four hour vigil as the greatest flood since Noah's time was engulfing the populous banks of the Beautiful Ohio, the secretary of the American Bowling Congress received this spine-tickling epistle from a humble kegler in the Cincinnati area:

"Dear Sec.: I am writing this with pencil by candle light, in my attic. I do not think the water will get above my second floor. Have not seen my teammates for a week. Hope they're not drowned. Think I can get this letter out on the food boat in the morning. My bank is nine feet under water, but I'm enclosing my check for $75.00 entry fee in the five-man, doubles and singles for the world's championship tournament at New York.

"Haven't missed my nine games in the tournament for twenty-two years and I don't intend to let a flood stop me. Now, Sec, take care of me in case my check can't clear until the bank gets the mud washed off its dough. This flood can't last forever and if it does everybody in the country will be drowned too, so we'll all miss the show together. I'll be seeing you *some* place."

There's the story of the pin "boy"—a grizzled roustabout who had worked the W. K. Championship Tournaments year after year, even as One-Eyed Connelly bobs up from oblivion to crash the big sport classics. This veteran stick-spotter rolled off the rods of one of the few freights that was chugging through Columbus, Ohio in those dark days of March of 1933.

"Give me half a Charlie for cakes and Java," he demanded belligerently from the gloomy Tournament Secretary. "I ain't had nuthin' but my cud to chew on for three days. I gotta get my 'strenth' to lift a few tons of that lumber durin' this tournament. I cum seven hundred miles by thumb and blind baggage without a thin piece o' silver. I ain't missed one of these shows in seventeen years and I don't intend to stop now just 'cause the world run out o' somethin' to use for lettuce."

The show did go on and some

DON'T BLAME THE MOTHS

Blame Yourself!

THIS YEAR DO YOUR MOTH-PROOFING RIGHT! USE LARVEX!

Instead of tedious sprinkling and wrapping and "storing away" . . . use *Larvex* this year to keep woolen clothing and rugs and furniture safe from moths. You'll save both money and bother and *stop* moth damage cold!

Moths *will not eat* Larvexed wool. Larvex is simple to use, has no odor, requires no wrapping or packing. When bought by the gallon, Larvex is so cheap that a man's 3-piece suit can be protected for less than 25¢.

Just spray liquid Larvex on wool clothes and furniture according to instructions. It's easy with the Larvex hand sprayer, still easier with the power sprayer on your vacuum cleaner. Then rinse blankets and washables in Rinsing Larvex and the job's all done, and done *right!*

LARVEX
MOTHPROOFS
One spraying mothproofs for a whole year

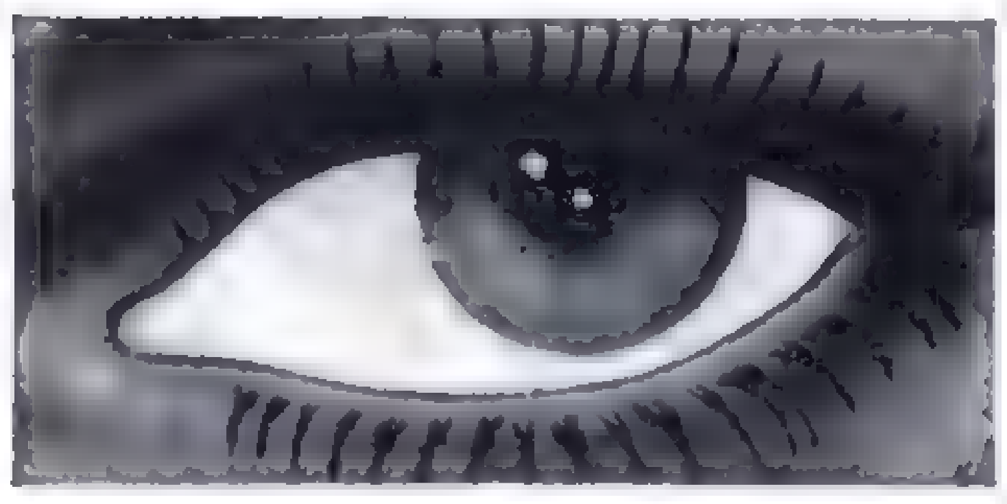
THIS YEAR DO YOUR MOTHPROOFING RIGHT

LARVEX

IS QUICK, CHEAP, SURE

Clear, Soothe TIRED*EYES in Seconds!

Only **TWO DROPS** of this eye specialist's formula are needed to **SOOTHE** and **REFRESH** dull, tired eyes. Its special **EXCLUSIVE** ingredient quickly **CLEARS** eyes red and inflamed *(from late hours, fatigue, etc.).



Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary, safe **EYE-GENE**, because it is quickly **EFFECTIVE** in making **EYES FEEL GOOD. WASH** your eyes today with **EYE-GENE.** On sale at drug, department and ten-cent stores.

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau
EYE-GENE
Eye Drops

USE EYE-GENE

three hundred score markers and "pineroos" who annually follow the ABC like a circus, were on the job as usual.

Then there's the tale of the Chicago kegler who tarried for one more drink and missed the train, tournament-bound with his team. So he bought a ducat for Toledo. Arriving there, he ordered the taxidriver to take him to the Tournament Building. But there was no Tournament in Toledo! So he called a bowling pal and found the classic was in Columbus, Ohio.

He snuggled back in the taxicab with the curt command: "Columbus!"

All of which expresses, to some degree, the interest the boys take in their own "world series." Last year, when the tournament was staged at Chicago's Coliseum, no less than 4,957 five-man teams from seven hundred cities, toed the line. They came from coast to coast and two quintets traveled from Honolulu—yes, Hawaii—a mere matter of nine thousand miles (coming and going) to roll nine games!

The annual shows have grown from an entry of 215 men in 1901 to 24,785 last year. Many of the teams are sponsored but most of the boys pay their own freight to act in their own show.

The congress is independent of any manufacturer and no bowling operator is allowed to hold office. It is strictly of the bowlers, for the bowlers, by the bowlers.

The national interest surrounding the ABC can be gleaned from the press reports filed on the last show at Chicago, where more than three million words were sent from the arena by Western Union and Postal Telegraph services. The home town folks like to know how their boys perform.

One of the features of the last ABC was a forty-team squad of high school boys from Chicago's public schools. Avoiding any chance of tainting the youngsters with professionalism, trophies and cups were awarded the kids, rather than the cash prizes.

If you happen to be a known kegler and come before one of Chicago's numerous bowling judges, you're apt to be given a break because chances are he's a member of the Judges and Lawyers weekly league. Hizzoner will likely take his mind off legal snares and call you into his private chamber to discuss the merits of a good "hook" ball, if he knows you are a knight of the mapleways. A team of judges competed in the last ABC while five Buffalo priests performed on adjoining alleys.

Bowling is now the favored winter recreation for golfers and major-league ball players. Many diamond artists and stars of former years have been infected by the bowling bug. Quite a few of them have invested their savings in pin plants and are doing all right for themselves.

Among the big-time operators are Ray Schalk, Everett "Deacon" Scott, Jimmy Dykes, Jimmy Archer and Bob O'Farrell. Schalk invested approximately $200,000 in a scrumptious, air-conditioned plant near Chicago's rather uppish Beverly Hills and numbers among his many leagues, an eight-team loop for physicians and surgeons.

"It was tough at first, getting the medicos organized," says the former All-American backstop, "but it's swell promotion for bowling. Imagine what the Doc will tell the patient who comes to him with ragged nerves and in need of exercise. You've got the answer—'Go out and do some tenpinning'."

Scott, who held the record for consecutive major league ball games till larruping Lou Gehrig came along, owns a chain of drives in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and rates as one of the top flight keglers of the country. O'Farrell, former Cub and Giant backstop, is boss of a chain of drives in Buck Benny's home town, Waukegan, Illinois.

Jimmy Dykes, White Sox skipper, conditions himself in the winter season by tossing a few on his own alleys in Upper Darby, a Philadelphia suburb, while Jimmy Archer, of the Tinker-Evers-Chance era, is manager of fifty-two lanes in Chicago's loop. Gabby Hartnett, Cub pilot, was one of the pin snipers who shot at the $199,158 prize melon in the 1938 ABC championships.

While the American Bowling Congress, with its paying membership of 700,000 men, is the parent, governing body of tenpins, there are sections of the country, particularly in New England and parts of the Eastern Seaboard, that stick to rubber-necks, candles, ducks, and other variations of the pin sport. Some Southern precincts prefer duck pins but New York, most of Pennsylvania, the entire Midwest, Southwest and far West are all big pins, under "ABC" jurisdiction.

Many students of American recreation attribute bowling's dizzy growth to the sudden development of women's interest in tenpinning. Most of the gals take up the game to seek the modern Hollywood streamline figure. They start romping on the drives and then romp on Papa for weekly league dues. Now headlines in the society columns speak of wedding-bowling breakfasts, tenpin cocktail sessions and tea-strike receptions.

Carole Lombard sports a 166-league average among the film colony keglers who have become addicts since the screen capital opened a typically glamorous bowling palace.

Harold Lloyd, however, is a veteran of the old school and has been knocking 'em over for a quarter of a century. After Harold had lost an important digit while making a rough-and-tumble flicker, back in the early celluloid days, when a bomb exploded out of turn, he had a bowling ball specially bored to fit his mangled mitt.

Up to twenty-one years ago, the women held their own annual tournaments after the men had completed their show, on the new ABC lanes. It was found, however, that strikes, spares, men and lady

*Continued at top of page 172*

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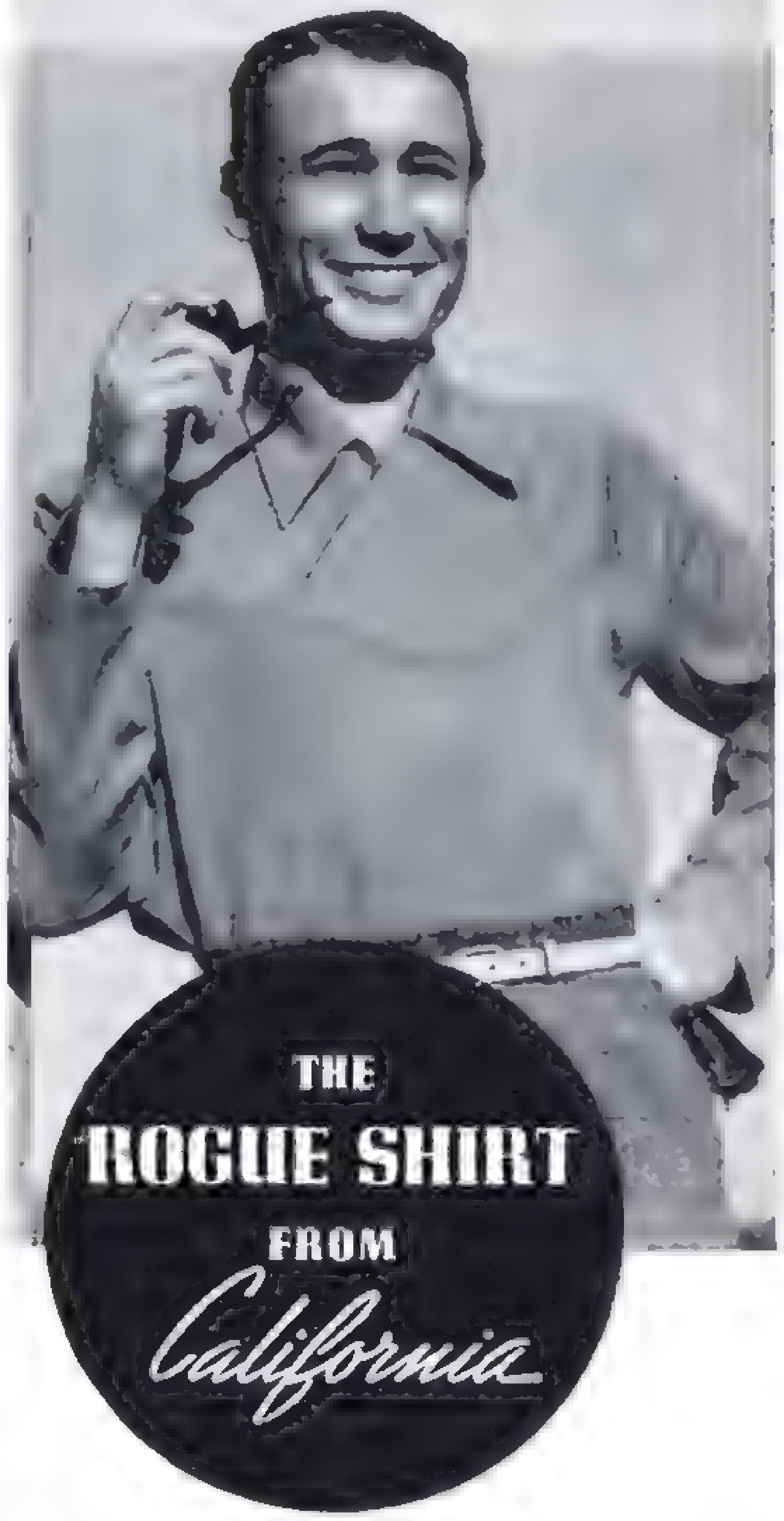

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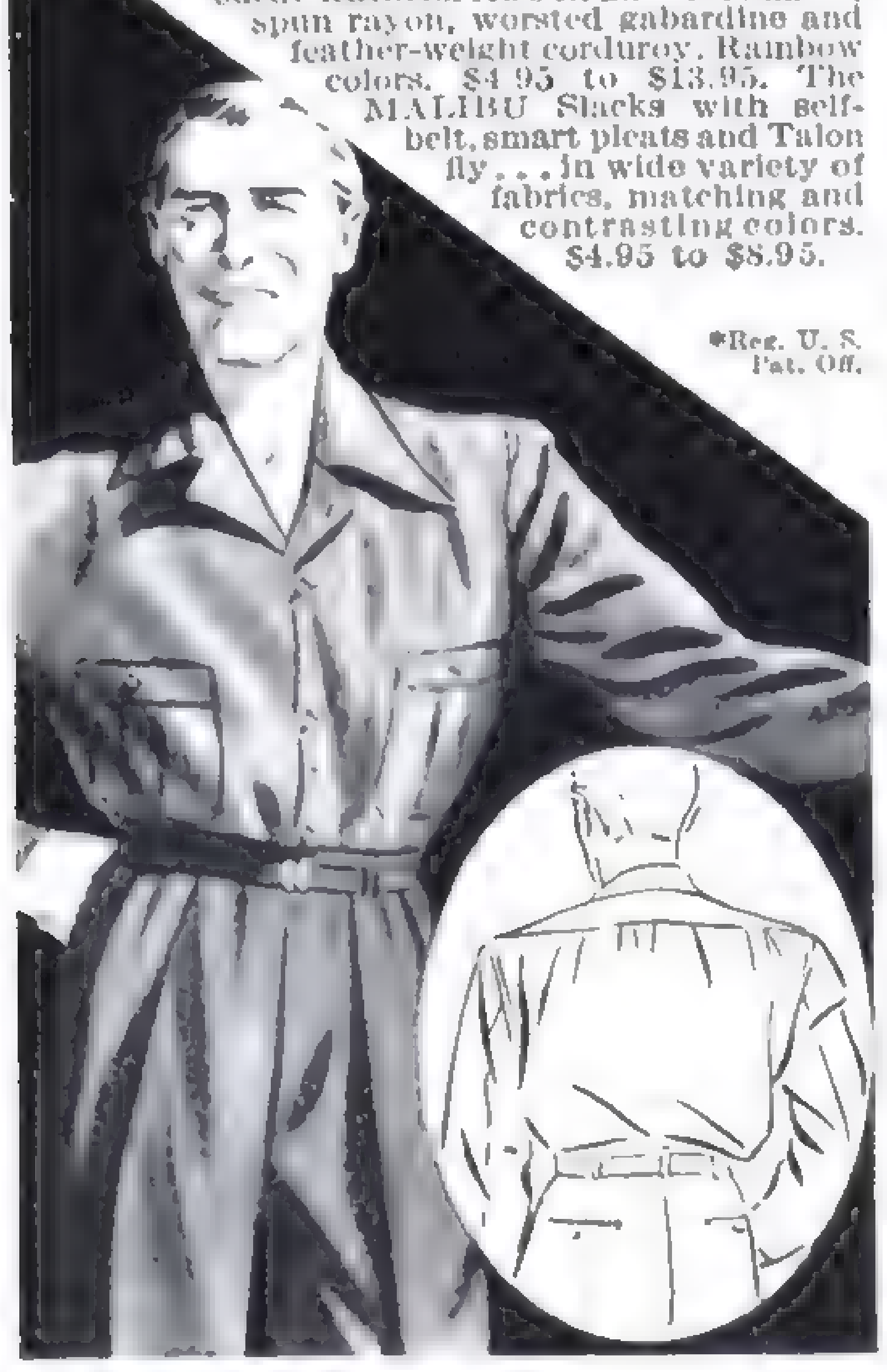

## Set 'em Up in the Other Alley

*Continued from pages 47-171*

bowlers did not mix. So now the gals hold their own International classic, independent of the men's ABC, and boast some fifty thousand members in the "For Ladies Only" division.

Bowling has become important in politics. It took the maple maulers to lick the "organization" and make Dick Reading mayor of the metropolis of Detroit. It took the keglers to upset the smooth-running apple cart of the La Follettes in Wisconsin for the first time in forty-eight years and elect a bowling governor in Julius P. Heil, the Milwaukee industrialist.

Heil is a dyed-in-the-wool bowling fan. He blasts the sticks regularly in league play and sponsors loops and teams. He is the backer of the current Match-Game champions of two continents and also of the Women's International Bowling Congress world's title holders.

The surge of public interest in the tenpin game is too big to be accounted for solely by the efforts of a powerful organization or the new influx of industrialists, ladies, and socialites. That's the effect. The cause is that deep-seated, inherent quality of American spirit for the expression of untrammeled individualism.

It's the modern survival of the spirit of action, self-expression, competition, fair play, tolerance and the belief in a sane mind in a sound body. It's the stuff that makes these United States the most successful experiment in self-government in all the world's history.

Yes, it's only a short time back that men had to sneak out the back door, down an alley and into an alley to do their pin-popping.

Nowadays they put on a uniform of many colors or their Sunday-Go-to-Meetin' clothes and take the Missus and the kiddies along. #

## Seven Men of Honest Report

*Continued from page 37*

do? I play so lousy that I'm always getting trimmed. Yeah, it's a tough life—always getting all the breaks where the other guys are running into tough luck, and still ending up behind the eight ball."

This little dissertation was also received favorably by the judges, and it is giving away no secrets to state that he was being considered favorably for the award when the next candidate stepped onto the platform. "And what, may I ask," remarked the judge, "would be your trouble."

"I don't keep up with things," replied the contestant, a tall man with a handsome profile.

"You'll have to explain a little more fully," requested the judge.

"I don't keep up with what's going on in the world. Don't follow foreign affairs, or domestic politics or read good books or listen to music or get interested in art."

"I understand," said the judge. "Too busy."

"That's what you said to the fellow who was behind in his correspondence, but you're just as wrong. It isn't that. And it isn't because I think modern developments are uninteresting. It's just because I'm intellectually lazy. My mind is stagnating, but I just can't seem to make the effort to improve it. It's a bad situation, isn't it?" he concluded, and sat down.

There was a reasonable burst of applause for this speech because, although it was brief and lacked some of the highlights of previous expositions, it was nevertheless a statement of commendable simplicity and clarity.

Several of the judges had to assist the next contestant to the platform because he was wobbling badly. His eyes were glassy, his face an ashen hue, and his hands shook like leaves in the winds.

"Goodness me!" remarked the judge. "You seem to be in bad shape."

"Terrible!" gasped the contestant. "Ghastly. Oh! Ooooh! I'll never live through the day."

"What's the trouble, my good man?"

"It was that party last night. Oh, *what* a party!"

"Aha," said the judge. "I know the trouble. You mixed your drinks."

"No sir. I did not. I stuck to Scotch and soda all evening."

"Doubtless, it was something you ate for dinner that upset you. Lobster or cucumber or something like that?"

The suffering man shook his head. "Everything I ate," he stated, "would have agreed with a two-year-old."

"This is very mystifying. Perhaps you feel so badly today because you smoked too much or were in a poorly ventilated room filled with smoke."

"No, I never touch tobacco, and we had the windows wide open all the time."

The judge scratched his head. "This case is unprecedented," he said. "Let me see—Ah! It was your nerves. You've been worrying about something, and every little thing upsets you. Is that it?"

"Wrong again. I haven't a care in the world, and my nerves are like iron."

"But haven't you any theory at all about your present terrible condition?" insisted the judge.

For the first time the contestant broke into a suggestion of a smile. "Of course I have," he replied. "My theory is that I have this lousy hangover for the simple reason that I drank too damn much alcohol last night."

At this pandemonium broke loose in the hall, and all judges, although they had not as yet been

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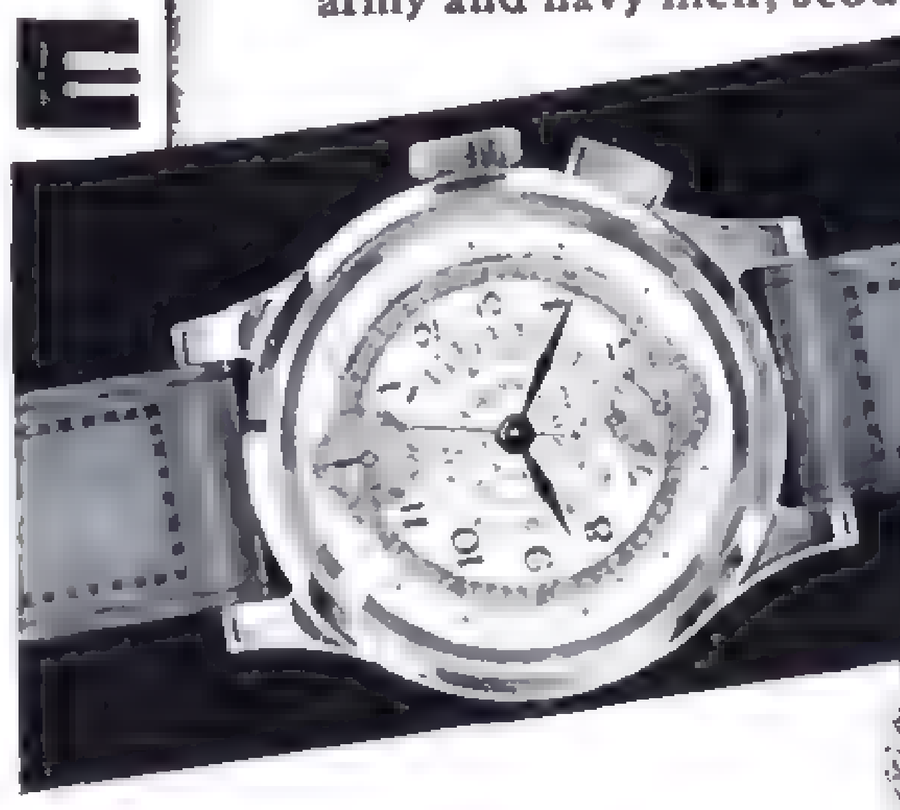

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asked to mark their ballots, were of the opinion that nothing but a miracle could prevent the unfortunate inebriate from carrying away the prize.

"The gentleman who has just sat down," remarked the judge, as the next candidate stepped to the platform, "would appear to be in the lead by a mile—or perhaps I should say by several quarts," a rather feeble sally which nevertheless drew considerable laughter from everybody in the assemblage except the rather dour-faced individual on the platform.

"I said," repeated the judge, looking hard at the next contestant, "that the gentleman who just sat down would appear to be in the lead now by several quarts."

"Hm," said the dour-faced man.

"That," said the judge, "was a joke."

"Well," said the contestant, "you are wasting your time if you tell jokes to me."

"Indeed?" said the judge, "and why, may I ask?"

"Because," retorted the dour-faced man, "I haven't any sense of humor."

There was no applause at this sally, merely a stunned silence. And indeed this was entirely befitting for an assemblage of men who had sat in the presence of a miracle. The prize was a check for seven thousand, four hundred and eight dollars and forty-two cents. ⧺

## Here's to Your Health

*Continued from page 91*

you will find he falls into one of two categories: a person with a deficient ego or one who has not been toughened enough by reality to face vicissitudes. Both of these categories are the not unusual concomitants of youth and are soon outgrown.

Rule 1, then: Drink as a complementary item to the pleasant art of living well; never try to use it as a substitute for anything. It is only a means, never an end in itself.

It might be well at this point to look at liquor as a food. As Cicero, and the Doctor, so well said, it is excellent for replenishing strength. The French learned, after many scientific researches, that soldiers on the march when given wine were relieved of fatigue. Ever since then wine has been an accepted part of the French soldiers' rations. Also athletes, whether amateur or professional, find that alcohol supplies the readiest source for furnishing pure carbohydrate to the muscles which have burned up the fats in their activity. The rest of your drink, water, is taken care of by the system. A normal amount of liquor, you can see, is taken in its stride by your body's metabolism.

Rule 2 might well be: Remember there are no set rules for the consumption of liquor. For your own good find out, as soon as you can, how much you can really enjoy, how much you require for the lift of the body or soul.

Another chemical aspect of drinking might be borne in mind, especially by college students. The frowning upon drinking during a football game is not merely a censoring of social manners. There is sound common sense behind it. When you drink, the heart sends the warm blood to the periphery cells. If the day is cold, the result is just opposite to what you want. You are warm on the surface but very cold inside. What you want and need when you are very cold is something warm in the central heating plant. Arctic explorers, skiers and mountain climbers are never foolish enough to drink when they are outside, exposed to the extreme cold. But they do require a drink when they get inside, to restore circulation. In a contrary sense, that is why you are able to drink to such good advantage in the tropics. The drink really acts as a cooling system.

If in the interests of good fellowship or for other inescapable reasons you drink more than you should, there is little you can do about it except remember the experience as a precept. There are no laws about overindulgence in food but any life insurance table will show you what overeating does. For some reason, that, as yet, has never come under the frown of those who set themselves up as mentors of man's social habits. But your system has a much easier time with the assimilation of excess carbohydrates than it has with the proteins, starches and things it has to conquer after you have overeaten. The lungs, when normal, can take care of the carbon dioxide and the muscles soon take care of excess carbohydrates.

Rule 3. Regulate your drinking to your metabolism. Do not drink a great deal if you have been eating a great amount of candy or sweets. Do not drink a great deal if you are compelled to remain seated or live too sedentary a life.

A word about the legendary "cures" is in order. Our Doctor says there is no such thing. He says that of course there are persons who should never drink, just as there are some who should never eat protein or sugar. But a normal person is supposed to know that very early in life. Stripped of fancy phrases, the only thing for excess, according to my informant, is the old, old custom of walking it off. The muscles thus normally use up the excess carbohydrates and you bring your system into balance.

There is another way of bringing yourself up sharp when you have taken more than your system can easily assimilate. And that way has been furnished by nature itself. When a person is suddenly angered, or stirred emotionally, by fear, the glands secrete adrenalin into the system. This immediately oxidizes the alcohol and the person is as normal as before. Manifestations of this phenomenon are familiar to nearly anyone who has

*Continued on page 174*

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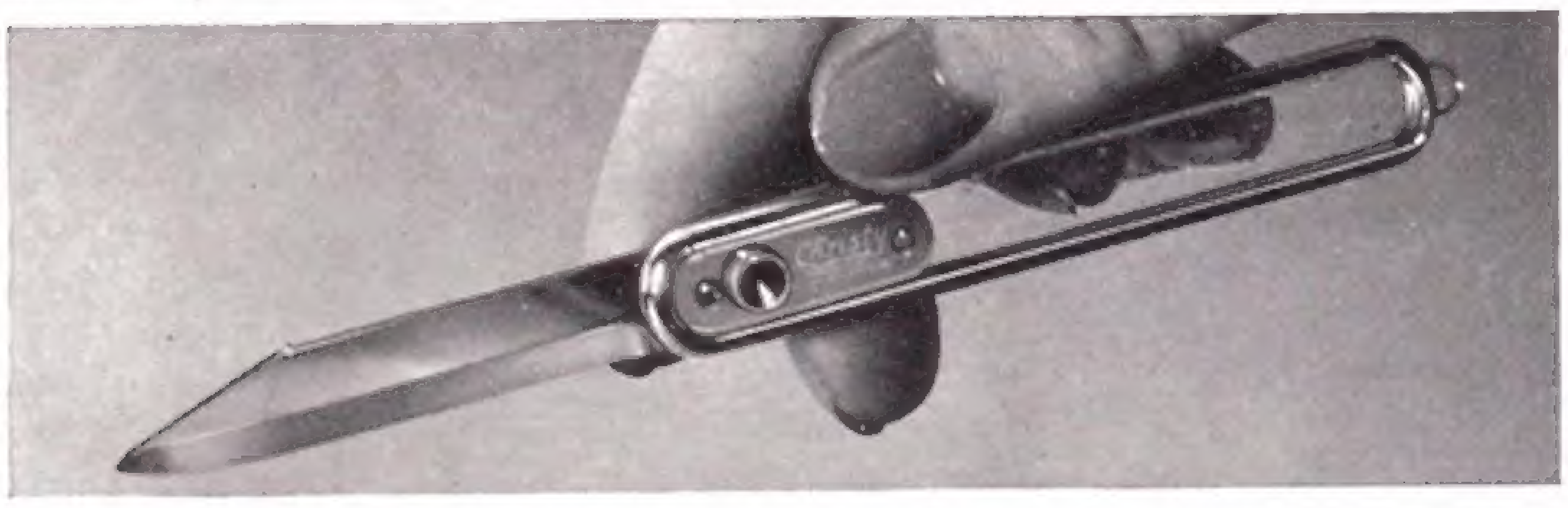

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## Here's to Your Health

*Continued from pages 91-173*

come in contact with the more rugged phases of life. Wise men never start a combat with a man who they believe has had too much to drink. A sudden blow will almost immediately bring the man back to normal and will also give him the strength of lions. So when you size up such an opponent, remember that you are also taking on a matter of adrenalin, one of the best fighters in the world.

This physiological fact is the basis of the old saw about God taking care of fools and drunkards. The will to live is deeply seated in the subconscious, that great reservoir of racial heritage—the fundamental laws of nature that keep us alive in a world of struggle. The subconscious, so often wiser than the vacillating conscious mind, sees to it that your feet keep a straight course when actual danger threatens.

We have been mainly concerned so far with the chemical aspect of drinking. While the food value is seldom emphasized in this country, it is a factor highly considered everywhere else. There are many salts and minerals in wines that are not found in other foods. Continental races begin to use wine at an early age as a natural beverage. Sherries and ports, mixed with milk and eggs, are often recommended by physicians for convalescents. Many gallons of tonics, consumed yearly in this country, are made on a wine base. In American whiskies there are fourteen esters, agreeable salts, used by the system.

The fallacy, so often heard from those who are opposed to drinking, is that there are deleterious factors in liquors. Such is not the case as any true chemical analysis will prove. Good liquor is good and all good. Moderation in its use is necessary, as it is in eating. Also, as in eating, it is the obligation of the individual to insist on a product of quality. That is what labels are for; a mark of a manufacturer's integrity. Learn to know your labels and reward honesty in merchandise by accepting only the best.

Since drinking is almost wholly a social pastime, the social aspects of moderation are as important as the physiological phases. If you have taken too much for your own personal metabolism, *i. e.*, more than you can absorb in the normal sleep period of eight hours, you have an adequate and accurate measure of your overindulgence. Still your condition next morning is your own affair and seldom intrudes on the pleasure of others. But to become immoderate at a social function, whether formal or informal, comes under the general head of bad manners and greed. And no right-thinking person sets out to be a bore or make a nuisance of himself in a group where the amenities are the rule.

The part that wine and spirits have played in the history of our literature, art, architecture and even politics, has been touched upon many times in these pages. No one in his right mind tries to deny the "increased happiness and decreased hostilities" that has come into the world through the flowing cup from Genesis to Joyce. It is so much a part of our civilization, our "mores" that it cannot be easily disassociated or brushed aside. It is on our tongue in thousands of words whose derivations are in the roots of the vine. Honeymoon: in early days, man wed at the new moon, took his bride off to a cave or dwelling and devoted the phase of that moon to love and drinking mead—a drink made from honey. The language is replete with such items. Glance back at the golden age of literature and watch the wits in the Mermaid Tavern: Bacon, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson. Who would want to face a world devoid of the elements that have come from the brimming bowl?

The savants, who like to go back of our lore and thus substantiate legend with the cold basis of scientific fact, have come to the conclusion that "manna from Heaven" was a real article of sustenance furnished a hungry people. The manna comes from a sort of shrub or tree; it is a flaky-like substance and is not unlike hops in its fermenting potentialities. Often, in regions described in the Bible, the manna falls in depressions hollowed in the rock by the winds and rain. At night the dew settles on it and under the next day's sun, it ferments. This liquid, a sort of mild beer, was not only a tonic to the wandering tribes but it was a safe substitute for the brackish water thereabouts which was undrinkable. If the manna chanced to fall upon a rock where the bees had stored their honey, a sort of mead resulted. So even the tribes on their way to the promised land were doubtless sustained on their way by the thing we call alcohol.

"Oh that second bottle," the Earl of Rochester wrote to Henry Savile, "it is the sincerest, wisest and most impartial downright friend we have; tells the truth, of ourselves, and forces us to speak truth of others; banishes flattery from our tongues and distrust from our hearts; sets us above the mean policy of Court-Prudence, which makes us lie to each other all day, for fear of being betrayed by each other at night."

The Earl was writing his friend about an affair of the year 1676. What the young man of 1939 has to remember is that central heating has changed the nature of things considerably. There is no longer the physiological need that there was in Noah's day, or Ben Jonson's, or even in the days of our rugged forefathers, the Pilgrims. That is a great deal better too; drinking then becomes mainly social and as such can be used for the exhilaration, the lift, the freer intercourse of truth so necessary now in a confused world. #

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